JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 16

2000AD PROGS 236-239
JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE 1.11-1.20
YEAR 2103-2104

Written by

Art by

2000 AD

2000 AD
£1.75
NO.4 1991
JUDGE DREDD
MEGA-SPECIAL
DEATH
Screem!

THE DARK JUDGES HAD DEVASTATED MEGA-CITY. NO PESTILENCE HAD EVER BEEN SO HIDEOUS NOR SO FATAL...
..BUT VINCENTE PROSPERO HAD NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY, THINKING HIMSELF THE SAFEST OF MEN IN HIS LUXURY, ULTRA-SECURITY CONTROLLED APARTMENT.
Edgar Allan POE BLOCK
HE GATHERED HIS FRIENDS AROUND HIM, SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT NOT EVEN THE DARK JUDGES COULD PENETRATE HIS VAST AND EXPENSIVE DEFENCES...
NONE COULD ENTER AND NONE DEPART AND IN THE MEANTIME IT WAS FOLLY TO GRIEVE...
Masque OF THE JUDGE, DEATH
SCRIPT SI SPENCER
ART JOHN McCREA
LETTERING J. McCREA
FROM AN IDEA BY DEAN ORMSTON

13.
VINCENTE HAD PROVIDED ALL THE APPLIANCES OF PLEASURE... THERE WAS TOBACCO, THERE WAS LIMPTY CANDY, THERE WAS SUGAR...
MY FRIENDS, MY FRIENDS, FORGET THE DEATH THAT RAGES ALL AROUND... IN HERE WE ARE SAFE.
PARTY DOWN!
ANOTHER HIT OF THE SWEET STUFF, ROGER DEAR?
DON'T MIND IF I DO, MONTRESOR.
..ALL THESE AND SECURITY WERE WITHIN - WITHOUT WAS DEATH.
VINCENTE WOULD BROOK NO DISSENTERS FROM THE REVEL...
ENJOY MY FRIENDS, YOU MUST ENJOY...
...AT LEAST READ AN OLD COMIC!
OH, WE'RE HAVING A FINE TIME, THANKS VINCE.
BESIDES, AREN'T THEY... WELL.. ILLEGAL?
THE JUDGES ARE LOST, AND IN HERE WE ARE SAFE FROM THEIR FIENDISH COUNTERPARTS!
WITHIN THESE WALLS...
...I AM THE LAW.

PERHAPS SOME MENTION SHOULD HERE BE MADE PERTAINING TO THE PECULIARITIES OF THE APARTMENT WHEREIN THE FEVER'D PARTY RAGED.
SEVEN ROOMS THERE WERE, IN ALL, EACH RICHER THAN THE LAST AND EACH A DIFFERENT HUE...
THESE SYNTH-GRAPES ARE DIVINE, VINCEY-POOS.
I AIM TO PLEASE MY DEAR... I AIM TO PLEASE.
...EACH LIT BY GENU-FLAME TORCHES(TM)
IN EVERY ROOM THE PEOPLE DANCED, THE RICH SOUND OF 20th CENTURY CHAMBER MUSIC FILLING ALL WITH MERRIMENT...
♫ YOU'RE BENDING MY CANTALOUPE MAN... SOMEBODY CALL A JUDGE... ♫
PORK
YO, I'M ON ONE, VINCE, MAN!
I'M SO THRILLED...
...IN EVERY ROOM...
SAVE ONE, THE SEVENTH CHAMBER.
22:59
A ROOM SO BLACK AND GHASTLY THAT NONE WOULD ENTER; VOID, EXCEPT FOR A GIGANTIC CLOCK OF EBONY.
DOES NONE HERE LIKE MY FINAL JEST? THIS LAST EXQUISITE CHAMBER OF DARKNESS?
'S NOT TH' ROOM MAN... ITS THAT CLOCK...

THE GIANT CLOCK, WHOSE TOLLING OF THE HOUR WAS SO DEEP AND LOUD AND CLEAR, SO MELANCHOLY...
BONG
BONG
LEAVE IT OUT LADS... THE HOURS UP!
BONG
23:00
BONG
BONG
BONG
THAT AT EACH LAPSE OF AN HOUR, A HIATUS WAS FORCED UPON THE MUSIC...
AND THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE GAY COMPANY, A SHUDDER RAN...
4 BONG
BONG
BONG
4
UNTIL THE FINAL ECHO FADED INTO SILENCE...
23:00
BONG
BONGGG

WHEREUPON THE COMPANY FELL ONCE MORE TO REVELRY UNTIL THE HOUR AT LEAST...
PHEW!
ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR...
THE CLOCK, THE BLACKENED CHAMBER, THEY WERE ALL ASPECTS OF VINCENTE'S TASTE FOR THE BIZARRE...
THE COSTUMES HE PROVIDED, YET ANOTHER...
HERE, KID, GROW UP FAST...
GREETINGSSSS VINSSSSENTE...
ALL MEGA-CITY WAS HERE, ALBEIT IN MERE COSTUMED PARODY...
4
UNTIL, THAT IS, ONE OF THE COMPANY OVERSTEPPED THE BOUNDS OF TASTE AND DISCRETION...

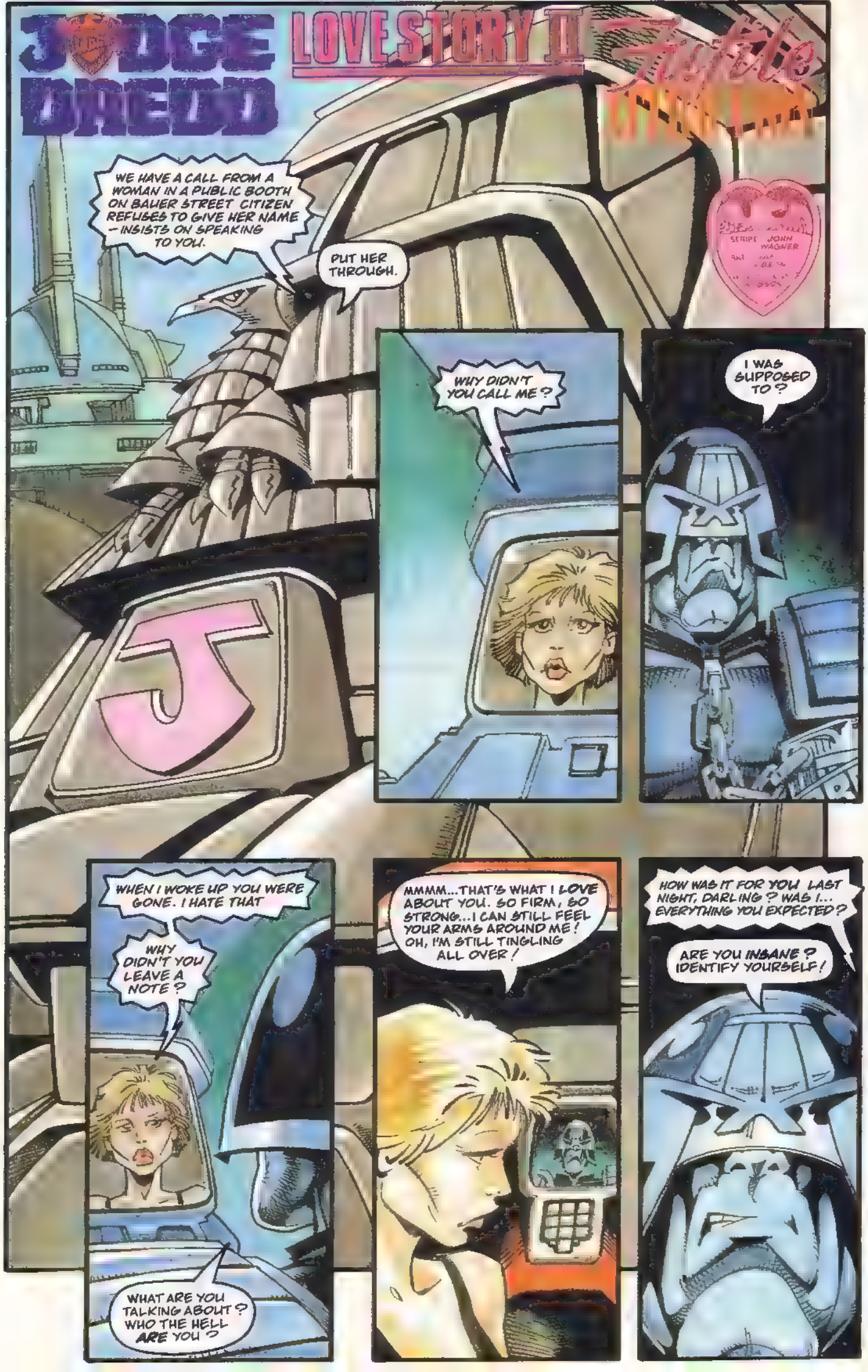
SOME JESTS OUTSTRIP THE WIT AND PROPRIETY OF EVEN THOSE SOULS ALREADY LOST...
...TO REMIND THE FEVER'D REVELLERS OF THE PERILOUS OUTSIDE WAS ONE SUCH IMPROPER GESTURE.
WHO DARES??WHO DARES INSULT US WITH THIS BLASPHEMOUS MOCKERY? SEIZE HIM!
"SEIZE HIM AND UNMASK HIM.."
YESSSS.... SSSSEIZZZE ME...
DEATH
COME, PROSSSSPERO.

4
WITH EVEN, MEASURED TREAD THE RUDE INTRUDER PACED THE LENGTH OF THE ASSEMBLY...
McCrea '91
NOT ONE AMONGST THEM WOULD OBEY THEIR HOST AND CHECK HIS BALANCED GAIT.
6
TILL SHAMED AND ENRAGED, PROSPERO TOOK MATTERS INTO HAND...
AND ADVANCED UPON THE INTRUDER WITH MURDEROUS INTENT.
7

VINSSSSENTE PROSSSSPERO....YOU HAVE BEEN JUDGED...THE CRIME ISSSS LIFE...
DEAT
THE PUNISSSHMENT ISSSS DEATH!
SQUIT!

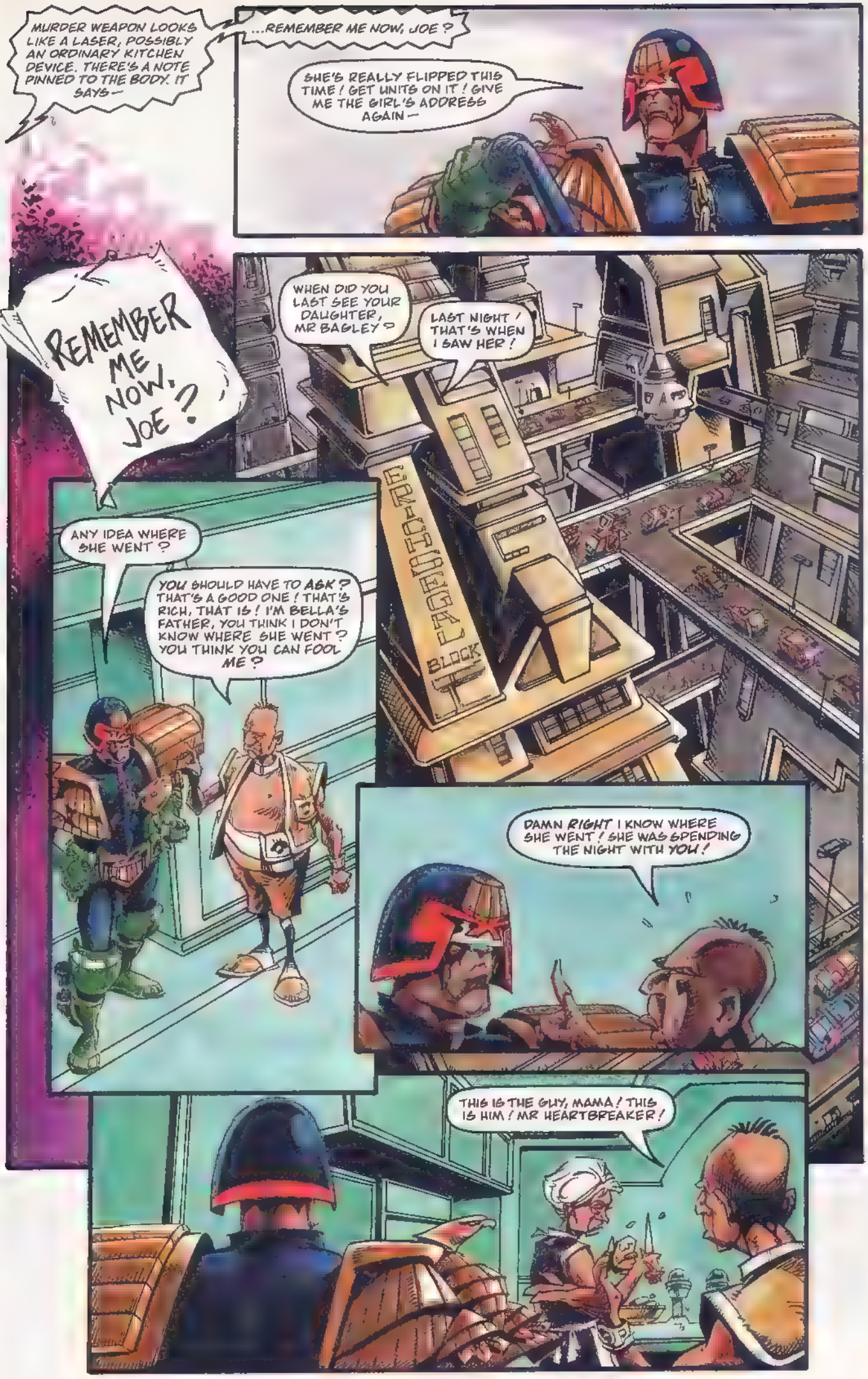
AND NOW AT LAST WAS ACKNOWLEDGED THE PRESENCE OF JUDGE DEATH...
...AND DEATH STALKED THE THRONG LIKE AN AVENGING ANGEL.
MY DEAR!
SMEK
GUESSSS WHO?
TILL NONE THEREIN REMAINED ALIVE.
YESSSSS
AND LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT...

HE VANISHED...
AND THE LIFE OF THE EBONY CLOCK WAS DONE...
death
All
block
AND THE DARK JUDGES HELD DOMINION OVER ALL NECROPOLIS!


JUDGE DREDD
LOVE STORY II
WE HAVE A CALL FROM A WOMAN IN A PUBLIC BOOTH ON BAUER STREET CITIZEN REFUSES TO GIVE HER NAME – INSISTS ON SPEAKING TO YOU.
PUT HER THROUGH.
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME?
I WAS SUPPOSED TO?
WHEN I WOKE UP YOU WERE GONE. I HATE THAT
WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE A NOTE?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
MMMM...THAT'S WHAT I LOVE ABOUT YOU. SO FIRM, SO STRONG...I CAN STILL FEEL YOUR ARMS AROUND ME! OH, I'M STILL TINGLING ALL OVER!
HOW WAS IT FOR YOU LAST NIGHT, DARLING? WAS I... EVERYTHING YOU EXPECTED?
ARE YOU INSANE? IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

EXCUSE ME, DEAR, ARE YOU GOING TO BE—
SHUT YOUR MOUTH!
IDENTIFY MYSELF! HOW DARE YOU! AFTER EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED BETWEEN US! YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST FORGET ME?
WELL YOU'RE WRONG, JOE! YOU'VE GOT RESPONSIBILITIES AND YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE UP TO THEM!
SEE, IT'S NOT JUST YOU AND ME NOW, JOE. I'M PREGNANT.
I'M HAVING YOUR BABY.
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, JOE? YOUR BABY!
CONTROL, TRY TO GET AN I.D. ON THIS CALLER. GET A UNIT OVER TO THAT PUBLIC BOOTH. THIS CITIZEN IS SERIOUSLY DISTURBED.
ROG.
SO DON'T THINK YOU CAN FORGET ME! DAMN YOU! I'LL MAKE YOU REMEMBER!
FINISHED NOW, DEAR—?
NO, I'M NOT FINISHED!
I'VE ONLY STARTED!

DREDD, WE'VE GOT A MATCH ON THAT CALLER.
BAGLEY, BELLA, AGE 28. CURRENT ADDRESS APARTMENT 211C, ERICH SEGAL BLOCK. YOU DEALT WITH HER CASE A FEW YEARS BACK.
DON'T RECALL IT.
GIRL DEVELOPED AN ABNORMAL ATTACHMENT TO YOU - STARTED MAKING A NUISANCE OF HERSELF.
YOU SENT HER TO THE PSYCHO CUBES.
SHE'S BEEN IN AND OUT EVER SINCE. CURRENTLY RELEASED INTO CUSTODY OF HER PARENTS.
LOOKS LIKE SHE'S UP TO HER OLD TRICKS
CONTROL / POLANSKI, AT THE BOOTH ON BAUR.
WE HAVE A PROBABLE HOMICIDE.
WOMAN IS ELDERLY, RIDING A ZIMMERSKIMMER. PAPERS IDENTIFY HER AS A Ms HAPPY BELGRANO. THAT SOUND LIKE DREDD'S CALLER?
NEGATIVE.
DIDN'T THINK SO.


MURDER WEAPON LOOKS LIKE A LASER, POSSIBLY AN ORDINARY KITCHEN DEVICE. THERE'S A NOTE PINNED TO THE BODY. IT SAYS—
...REMEMBER ME NOW, JOE ?
SHE'S REALLY FLIPPED THIS TIME ! GET UNITS ON IT ! GIVE ME THE GIRL'S ADDRESS AGAIN—
REMEMBER ME NOW, JOE ?
WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR DAUGHTER, MR BAGLEY ?
LAST NIGHT ! THAT'S WHEN I SAW HER !
ANY IDEA WHERE SHE WENT ?
YOU SHOULD HAVE TO ASK ? THAT'S A GOOD ONE ! THAT'S RICH, THAT IS ! I'M BELLA'S FATHER, YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE WENT ? YOU THINK YOU CAN FOOL ME ?
DAMN RIGHT I KNOW WHERE SHE WENT ! SHE WAS SPENDING THE NIGHT WITH YOU !
THIS IS THE GUY, MAMA ! THIS IS HIM ! MR HEARTBREAKER !

A MAN OF YOUR AGE! SHAME ON YOU! YOU'RE ONLY USING HER, YOU KNOW!
YOU GOT A KITCHEN LASER, MRS BAGLEY?
ON THE HOOK.
YOU THINK WE DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU TWO GET UP TO? I'M HER MAMA—SHE TELLS ME EVERYTHING
THAT SO?
WHY DON'T YOU DO THE DECENT THING AND MARRY THE GIRL?
YOUR DAUGHTER IS OBVIOUSLY DERANGED—AND BY THE SOUND OF IT YOU TWO AREN'T FAR OFF.
OH, THAT'S GOOD! THAT'S RICH! YOU HEAR THAT, MAMA! WE'RE CRAZY NOW! MR HOTPANTS HERE USES OUR BELLA FOR HIS PLAYTHING AND HE CALLS US CRAZY!
CONTROL TO DREDD! WE'VE LOCATED THE BAGLEY GIRL!
SEARCH UNITS CORNERED HER IN St PETER ROOT HOSPITAL. SHE'S LOCKED HERSELF IN A WARD AND TAKEN HOSTAGES. ONE DEAD ALREADY—BY THE TIME WE BREAK IN SHE COULD POLISH OF ANOTHER THREE OR FOUR MORE.
NOT GOOD
SHE INSISTS ON SPEAKING TO YOU WE'VE GOT HER ON THE LINE NOW.
'KAY, PUT HER THROUGH HERE
BE CAREFUL, DREDD. SHE'S IN A VERY DISTURBED STATE OF MIND. HUMOUR HER.

REMEMBER ME NOW, JOE ?
I REMEMBER YOU, BELLA.
DARLING ! CALL ME DARLING ! IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU LAST NIGHT !
DARLING.
GOOD ! SO YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DENY LAST NIGHT EITHER- ?
BE HONEST, JOE- HOW WAS IT FOR YOU ? DID THE EARTH MOVE ?
YOU WERE..FINE.
OH, THAT'S NICE ! OUR DAUGHTER IS ONLY FINE !
ALL HIS OTHER FLOOZIES, NO DOUBT THEY'RE TERRIFIC ! BUT OUR DAUGHTER -A GOOD, CLEAN-LIVING GIRL- SHE'S ONLY FINE !
DADDY ! MAMA ! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE ?
HE'S IN OUR APARTMENT ! YOUR MR HOTPANTS. HE'S HERE ! OUR DAUGHTER'S NOT ENOUGH - HE THINKS HE OWNS OUR HOUSE NOW !
BELLA- DARLING - THIS IS JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME. THERE'S NO NEED TO INVOLVE ANYONE ELSE. LET THOSE PEOPLE GO.
OH, YES, AND WHAT HAPPENS THEN ? YOU LOCK ME UP AGAIN - OR SHOOT ME - AND THEN YOU CAN GO BACK TO PRETENDING WE NEVER HAPPENED ! VERY CONVENIENT FOR YOU !
WELL, YOU CAN'T FORGET ! I WON'T LET YOU ! BECAUSE IT'S NOT JUST YOU AND ME NOW, JOE - THERE'S OUR BABY TO THINK OF !
A BABY YET ! AIIII ! THIS SHE NEVER TELLS US ABOUT !
SHAME ! SHAME ON YOU !

DO YOU KNOW WHERE I AM, JOE ? I'M IN A GERIATRIC WARD. WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET SOME OF THE PATIENTS ?
I'LL JUST TURN THE SCREEN ROUND SO YOU CAN SEE THEM...
THIS IS EGNES. SAY HELLO TO MY BOYFRIEND, EGNES.
SHE'S ALL RIGGED UP TO GO, JOE ! ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS CUT THE CORD—
THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE SHE CAME FROM ! SO GET OVER HERE ! YOUR PLACE IS BY ME !
GET OVER HERE NOW !

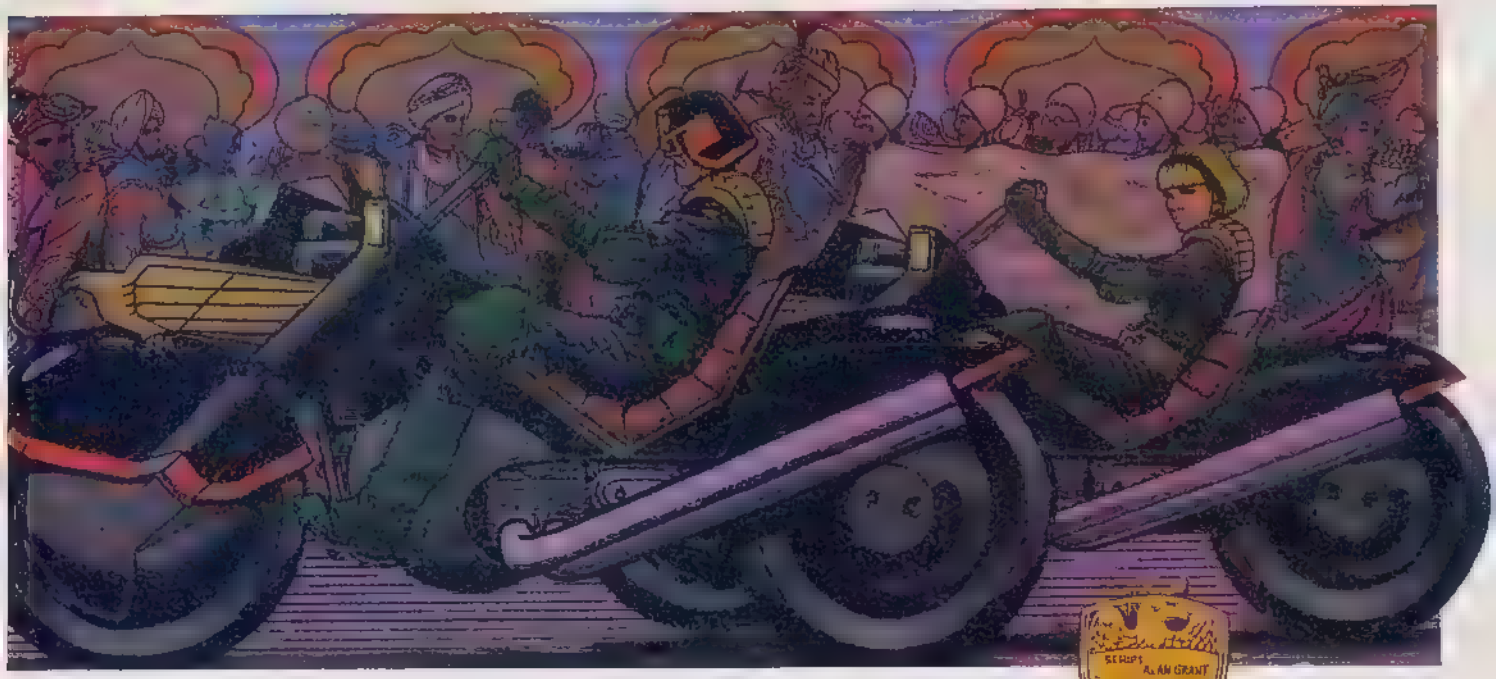
I'M ON MY WAY, CONTROL!
ST. PETER ROOT HOSPITAL
SCRATCH ANOTHER HOSTAGE!
NURSE STATION
PETE WATERMA
WARD.
SHE WANTS YOU UNARMED—AND CUFFED.
REMEMBER, HUMOUR HER.
I'LL HUMOUR HER, ALL RIGHT.
YOOHOO! DARLING! IT'S ME!

OPEN
HELLO, MY SWEET!
YOU'VE BEEN VERY CRUEL TO ME, JOE
I KNOW, MY LITTLE LAMB. A THOUSAND APOLOGIES
THIS IS THE WAY IT'S GOING TO HAVE TO BE FROM NOW ON. IF YOU WON'T DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD, I'LL HAVE TO MAKE YOU.
YOU SEE, WE WERE MEANT TO BE TOGETHER ADMIT IT, WE WERE ATTRACTED TO EACH OTHER FROM THE FIRST MOMENT WE MET. YOU FELT IT, DIDN'T YOU, JOE?
HIT ME LIKE A THUNDER-BOLT.
I KNOW I'VE.. HURT SOME PEOPLE, BUT YOU CAN MAKE IT ALL RIGHT. YOU'RE A JUDGE—YOU WON'T LET THEM ARREST ME, WILL YOU?
NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS, MY ANGEL.
THAT'S BETTER! IT'S SO MUCH BETTER WHEN YOU CO-OPERATE! YOU'RE COMING TO REALISE, AREN'T YOU?
WE LOVE EACH OTHER—IT'S NO GOOD FIGHTING IT! YOU AND ME, TOGETHER FOREVER! THAT'S THE WAY IT HAS TO BE!
YOU'RE SO RIGHT. WHAT A BLIND FOOL I'VE BEEN. OH, BELLA, DARLING, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH.
COME CLOSER, DARLING. KISS ME. LET ME FEEL YOUR SWEET LIPS ON MINE.

RAPP!
THUNNK!
THE POWER OF LOVE, HUH?
WHEN YOU'RE TAKING HER BACK TO THE PSYCHO CUBES, YOU MIGHT STOP OFF FOR HER PARENTS.
YOU'VE GOT TO COME DOWN
BUT I WANT TO GO ON THE SLIDE!
I'LL SAY THIS FOR YOU— YOU SURE CAN KISS.
THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

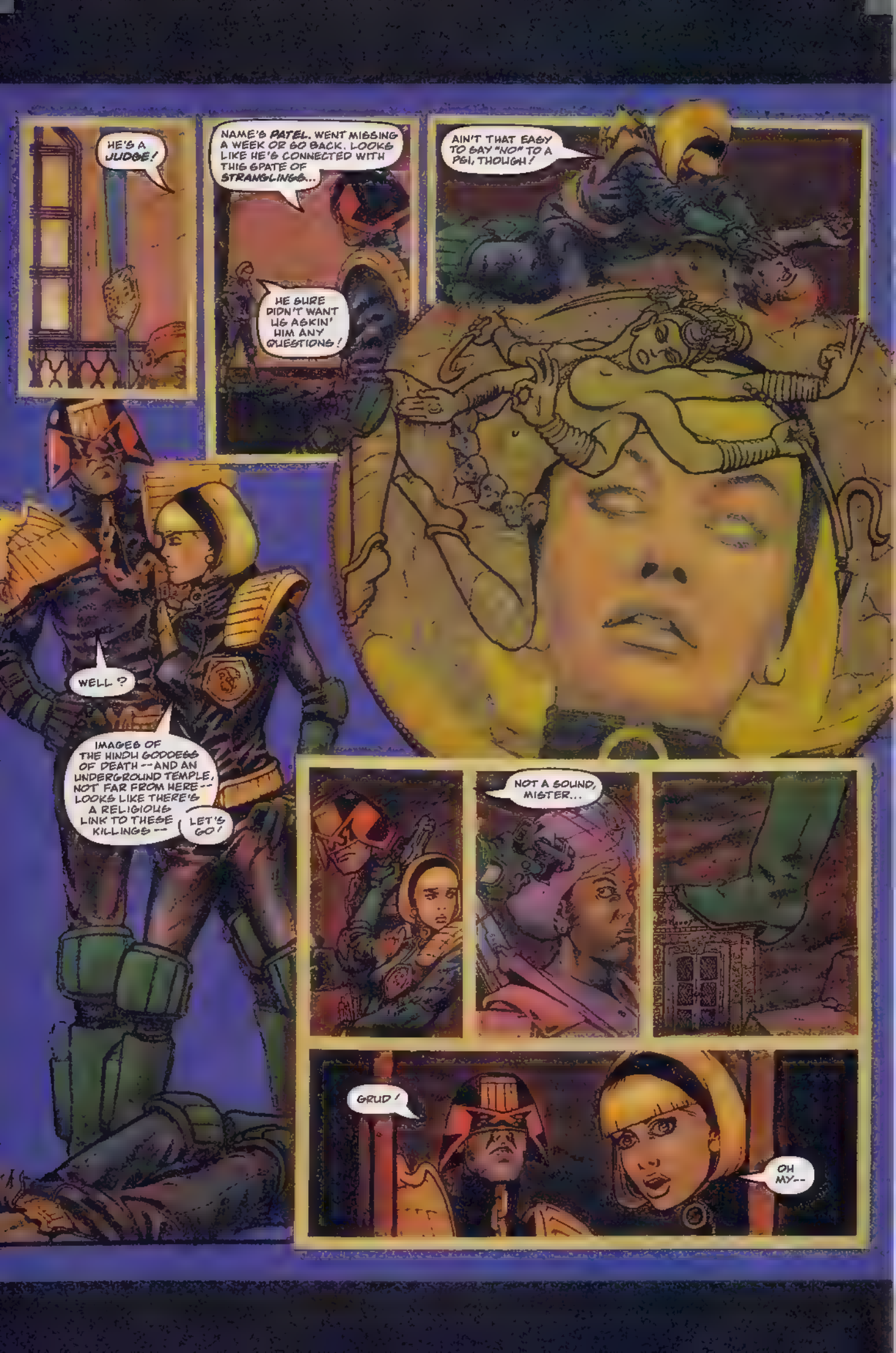
Cult of the Thugee



SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART GLYN DILLON
LETTERING KEV ROBSON

SHE WILL DRINK DEEP TONIGHT
THE NOOSE IS HER WAY--
THE [illegible]ANGLED CRY HE[illegible] MUSIC--
DEATH IS HER LIFE

ANOTHER SOUL FOR HER DARK COLLECTION. ANOTHER TALE IN THE NEVER-ENDING STORY.
A LIFE FOR THE GODDESS A LIVING FOR THUGEE--
YOU! HOLD IT!
ERT!
STOP OR I SHOOT!
FEAR NOT, TERRIBLE ONE! THEY WILL NOT TAKE ME
VOUM VOUM!
MY LIFE IS YOURS--
AND MY DEATH!
BOBBONGKOKAK!
GRUD!


HE'S A JUDGE!
NAME'S PATEL. WENT MISSING A WEEK OR SO BACK. LOOKS LIKE HE'S CONNECTED WITH THIS SPATE OF STRANGLINGS...
HE SURE DIDN'T WANT US ASKIN' HIM ANY QUESTIONS!
AIN'T THAT EASY TO SAY "NO" TO A PSI, THOUGH!
WELL?
IMAGES OF THE HINDU GODDESS OF DEATH--AND AN UNDERGROUND TEMPLE, NOT FAR FROM HERE--LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A RELIGIOUS LINK TO THESE KILLINGS--
LET'S GO!
NOT A SOUND, MISTER...
GRUD!
OH MY--

THUGEES—CHILDREN OF KALI! YOU WHO BRING LIFE'S GREATEST GIFT—THE GIFT OF DEATH—KNOW THIS!
YOUR GODDESS LOVES YOU!
THUGEE! THUGEE! THUGEE!
OY! OY! OY!
KALI SAYS—KILL! KALI SAYS—STEAL! KALI SAYS—KILL AGAIN!

HE'S USING THAT LIGHT TO HYPNOTISE THEM! VISOR DOWN!
COVER ME! I'M GONNA SHOOT OUT THE--
KALI...KILL FOR KALI!
GUUUUH!
STRANGERS! BLASPHEMERS!
KILL THEM! KILL THEM FOR KALI!
SORRY, ANDERSON— BETTER IF YOU SIT THIS ONE OUT!
WHOOOOOSH
WAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH

KILL FOR KALI!
NO POINT SLAUGHTERIN' THEM— THEY'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE--
POK!
WHAT..?
WHERE AM..?
KALI WHO..?
PRIEST'S GETTIN' AWAY! CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT--
HI-EXPLOSIVE!
KKBOUF!
EEEEEOUSSPLUD-O-O-OR!

CHEEZ! PROFITABLE BUSINESS, STRANGLIN'!
YEAH--BETTER THAN DOUGHBOY IN A POPPADUM SHOP--WHICH IS WHAT THE PRIEST DID BEFORE HE LATCHED ONTO THE OLD "HYPNOTIC EYE" ROUTINE!
WHAT ABOUT THAT LOT?
EVERY ONE OF THEM MURDERED--YET NOT ONE OF THEM'S GUILTY!
GIVE 'EM A WEEK IN THE KOOK-CUBES TO CHECK 'EM OUT, THEN SEND 'EM HOME!
WHAT, WHAT HAPPENED, DREDD?
ME AN' THE GODDESS DIDN'T SEE EYE TO EYE
I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT SOON AS YOU GET OUT THE KOOK-CUBE!
THE END

THEY WERE PICKING UP MESSAGES ON EARTH, SIGNALS TUMBLING FROM SPACE LIKE CRUNCHED-UP LOVE LETTERS FALLING FROM A SCHOOLBOY'S SWEATY POCKET...

AND THE SCIENTISTS WERE PUZZLED BY THESE MESSAGES, LIKE BAFFLED PARENTS READING THEIR SON'S CRUNCHED-UP PASSIONS AND FORGETTING WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE YOUNG AND IN THE LURCH...

SO HE CONTINUED TO DRIFT LIKE THE WHIFF OF DAMP SHEETS TOWARDS EARTH...

AND LOVE...

JUDGE PLANET

WORD — PETER MILLIGAN
VISION THING — SHAKY 2000
SPACE PAINT — JO PLATTERS
BALLOON VOICE — BAMBOS

IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO KNOCK EARTH OFF IT'S AXIS. IT'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR US AND WILL HIT IN UNDER A WEEK. AND WE'VE STILL NO LUCK WITH THE *SIGNAL*...

IT'S A KIND OF CONTINUOUS LOOP. FOUR BLOCKS OF SOUNDS OR WORDS REPEATED OVER AND OVER...

WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT THEY *MEAN* THOUGH.

WELL THE PEOPLE ARE GETTING SHAKY. THEY RECKON IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD. THEY'RE RIOTING.

IT'S TIME WE STOPPED TRYING TO *UNDERSTAND* THIS BIG LUMMOX AND *DID* SOMETHING ABOUT IT...

AND SO RAKISH MISSILES WITH NAMES LIKE RAM AND SHARK AND DESTROYER RIPPED THROUGH THE QUIVERING MEMBRANE OF SPACE TOWARDS THIS UNWELCOME GUEST...

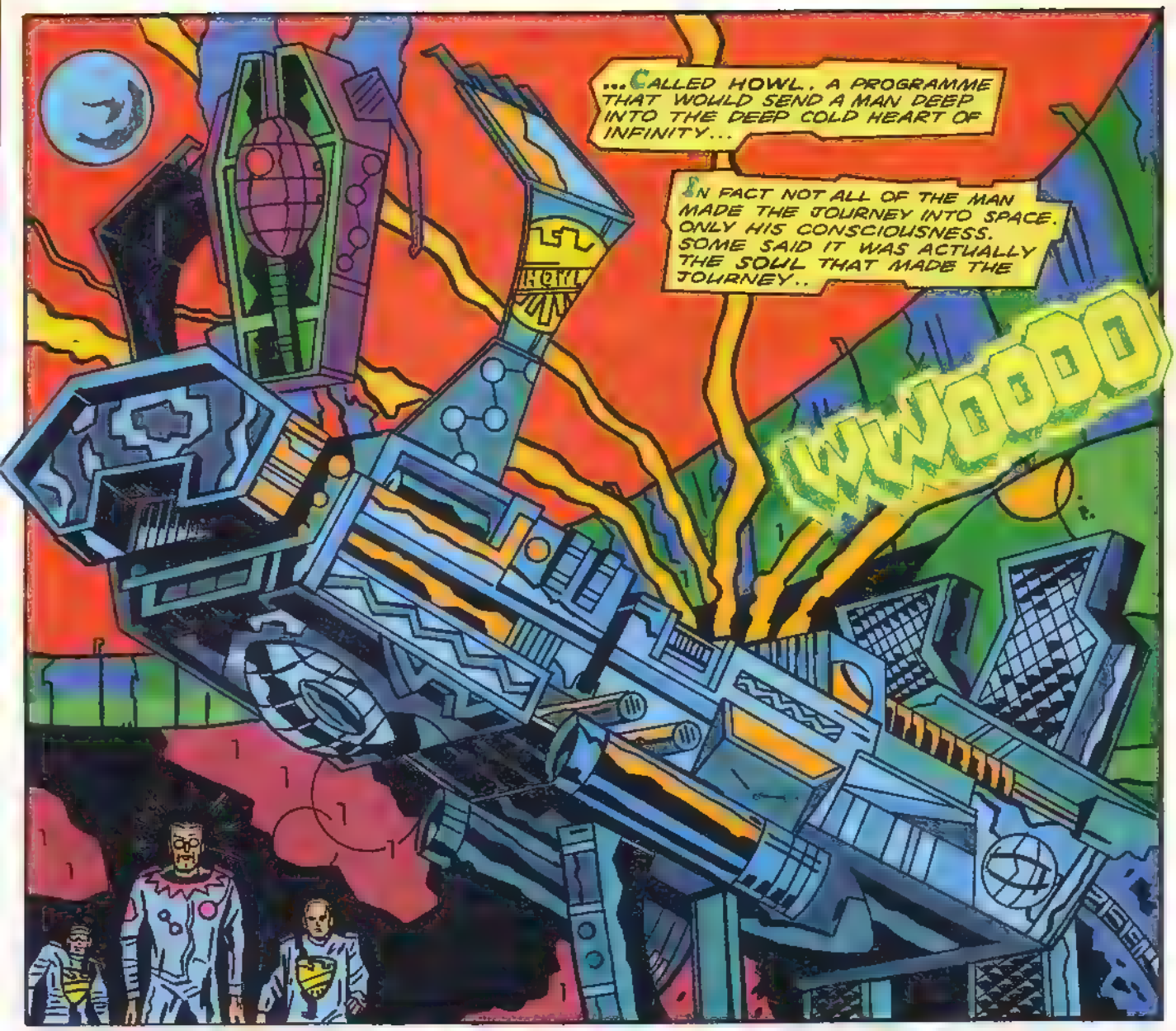
GOT IT!

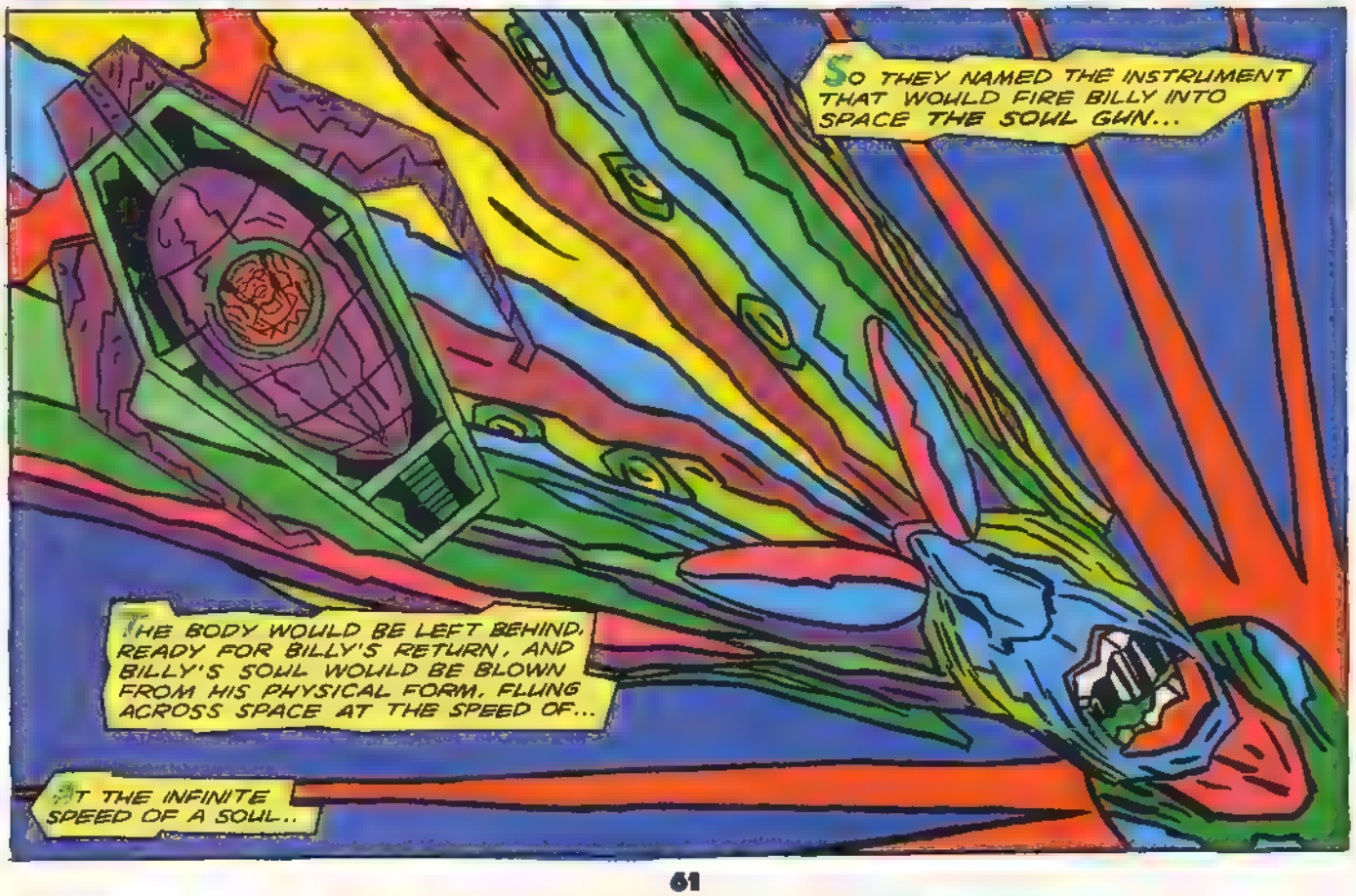
BLAAOMM!

WAIT. SOMETHING *WEIRD'S* HAPPENING...

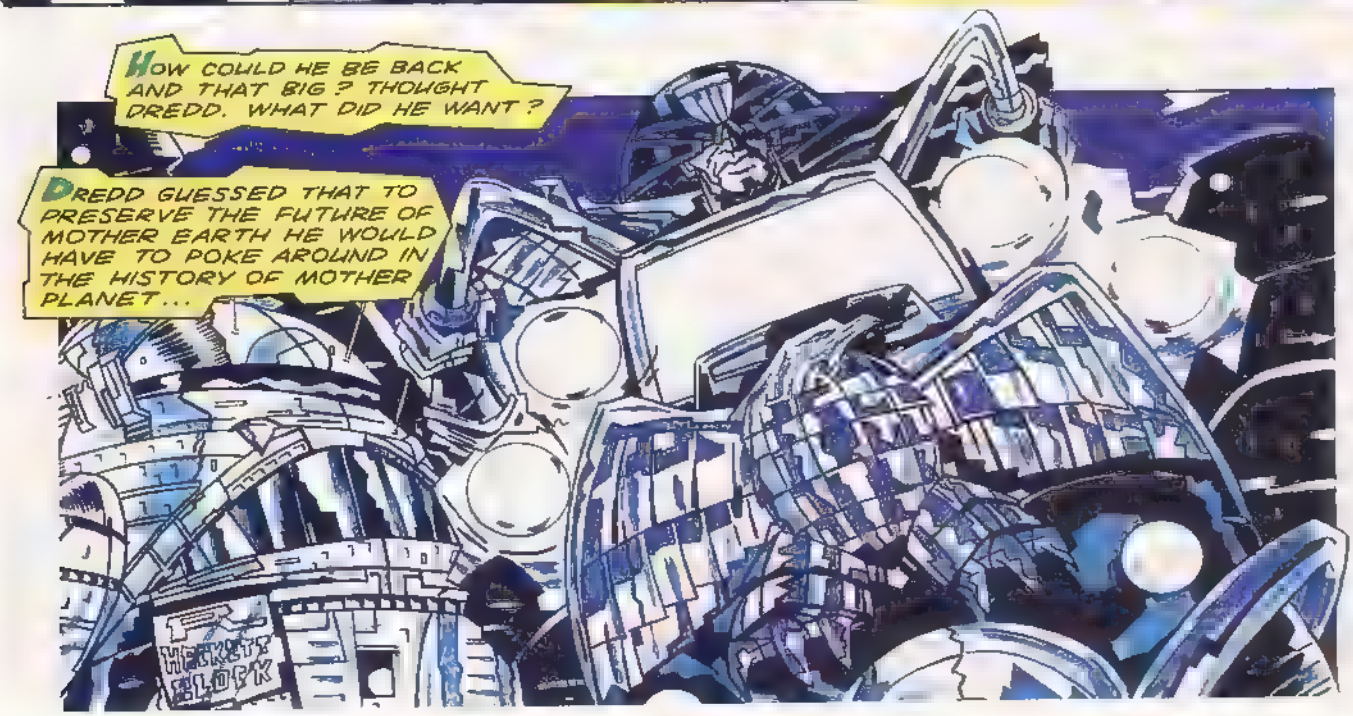
"THE CREEP'S REFORMING!"

YES! OVER THE FOLLOWING DAYS THERE WERE MORE RIOTS, MORE MISSILES, MORE MIRACULOUS REFORMATIONS..
AND MORE SIGNALS, THE ONES LIKE FADED LOVE-LETTERS SO SADLY, SO BADLY MISUNDERSTOOD...
UNTIL...
WE'VE DECODED THE SIGNAL!
BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE THIS, DREDD...
JUST TELL ME WHAT THE GOON'S SAYING...
IT'S SAYING...
I'VE WET MY KNICKERS.
I'VE WET MY KNICKERS. I'VE WET MY KNICKERS.
I'VE WET MY KNICKERS
WE ALSO HAVE A BETTER PICTURE OF THE LEVIATHAN NOW, DREDD...
YEAH, SO I..
GOOD GOD! I KNOW THAT MAN. HE USED TO BE ONE OF US!
IT'S JUDGE PLANET!
HE'S COME BACK!!
YOU KNOW THAT BEHEMOTH
KNEW HIM. BILLY PLANET. KNEW HIM WHEN HE PASSED OUT OF THE ACADEMY OF LAW
HE TOOK PART IN AN EARLY SPACE PROGRAMME...
ONLY IN THOSE DAYS HE WAS A LITTLE... SMALLER..
IT WAS TRUE. YOUNG BILLY PLANET HAD ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY SPACE AND THE STARS.
THAT'S WHY LATER, AS A JUDGE, HE VOLUNTEERED FOR THE LAUGHABLY DANGEROUS AND SINCE ABANDONED SPACE PROGRAMME...


...CALLED HOWL, A PROGRAMME THAT WOULD SEND A MAN DEEP INTO THE DEEP COLD HEART OF INFINITY...
IN FACT NOT ALL OF THE MAN MADE THE JOURNEY INTO SPACE. ONLY HIS CONSCIOUSNESS. SOME SAID IT WAS ACTUALLY THE SOUL THAT MADE THE JOURNEY..
WWOOOO


SO THEY NAMED THE INSTRUMENT THAT WOULD FIRE BILLY INTO SPACE THE SOUL GUN...
THE BODY WOULD BE LEFT BEHIND, READY FOR BILLY'S RETURN, AND BILLY'S SOUL WOULD BE BLOWN FROM HIS PHYSICAL FORM, FLUNG ACROSS SPACE AT THE SPEED OF...
AT THE INFINITE SPEED OF A SOUL..

KRAKAAM!
BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG. THE SOUL GUN EXPLODED.
EVEN AS BILLY'S SOUL WAS TORN FROM HIS SHRIVELLING CORPOREAL FORM...
PLANET
IT WAS PRESUMED THAT WITH HIS BODY DEAD THE SOUL OF BILLY PLANET WOULD DIE ALSO. WOULD SHRIVEL AWAY IN SOME MONEYFORSAKEN STRETCH OF THE UNIVERSE...
BUT IT DIDN'T. NOT QUITE
AND DEEP IN THE COLD HEART OF INFINITY BILLY'S CONSCIOUSNESS BEGAN TO ATTRACT STARDUST AND ASTEROIDS.
SHAPED BY HIS OWN SELF-IMAGE, THESE MATERIALS GATHERED AROUND BILLY IN THE FORM OF BILLY'S OWN POOR LOST BODY..
THOUGH OF COURSE OUT IN THE EMPTINESS THERE WAS NO MEANS OF JUDGING SCALE..
SO BILLY BUILT A BODY THAT WAS THE SIZE OF A LARGE PLANET OR TWO...


HOW COULD HE BE BACK AND THAT BIG ? THOUGHT DREDD. WHAT DID HE WANT ?
DREDD GUESSED THAT TO PRESERVE THE FUTURE OF MOTHER EARTH HE WOULD HAVE TO POKE AROUND IN THE HISTORY OF MOTHER PLANET...
HEAVY BLOCK

BILLY'S MUM ..
ME AND BILLY WERE ALWAYS CLOSE. OOOH. HE WAS A LITTLE SWEETIE TO HAVE, HE WAS. NO TROUBLE AT ALL. AND POLITE ?
I SWEAR HE KNOCKED AND ASKED FOR PERMISSION TO ENTER BEFORE HE SPRUNG FROM MY WOMB..
THIS IS BILLY'S ROOM AIN'T BEEN TOUCHED OR CHANGED SINCE
WIRED
SHUT UP FOR ONE MINUTE, YOU MAD OLD CROW. BILLY WAS A LATE VOLUNTEER TO THE ACADEMY OF LAW. WHAT MADE HIM GIVE UP CIVIE STREET ?
IT WAS HIS DAD, GOD TORMENT HIS SOUL. BILLY NEVER LIKED ALL THAT HE-MAN STUFF. HE WAS SENSITIVE...
USED TO SNEAK AWAY FROM WORK AND VISIT EVERY WEEK EVEN THOUGH IT WAS AGAINST THE LAW. LOCK HIMSELF IN HERE FOR A FULL HOUR, HE DID...
AND WHAT DID HE DO IN HERE ?
PLAY WITH HIS DOLL. HIS DAD TOOK IT AWAY FROM HIM WHEN HE WAS FOURTEEN. SAID DOLLS WERE GIRLY, BUT I RESCUED BILLY'S DOLL FOR HIM.
TWKK!
DAD FOUND THIS LETTER ONCE LOVE LETTER I SUPPOSE YOU'D CALL IT. FELL OUT OF BILLY'S POCKET...
A LOVE LETTER FROM BILLY TO... TO HIS DOLL, BETSY WETSY...
I'VE WET MY KNICKERS I'VE WET MY KNICKERS.

WIRED WORLD 2000
THE ONLY TIME BILLY WAS EVER REALLY HAPPY WAS WHEN BETSY WAS WETTING HER KNICKERS AND BILLY HAD TO JUDGE HER.
I MEAN CHANGE HER...
I'VE WET MY KNICKERS. I'VE WET...
...MY KNICKERS... I'VE..
DROKKING HELL! AND NOW BILLY'S COMING BACK FOR HER!
CLOSER AND CLOSER CAME BILLY...
WHILE ON EARTH, JUDGE DREDD HATCHED AND PUT INTO ACTION A PLAN AS SIMPLE AS NAPPY RASH...
IT TOOK FIVE HUNDRED MEN AND A THOUSAND ROBOTS THREE DAYS TO BUILD. IT WAS THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD...
THOUGH SOON IT WOULD BE SENT INTO SPACE...
WHERE IT'S COLD-SENSITIVE BIO-PLASTIC EPIDERMIS GREW AND GREW UNTIL THE PRETTY THING WAS THE SIZE OF A HAPPY MOON...

REDD WATCHED FROM THE GROUND AS THE LOVERS MET AND BILLY HELD HIS SWEETHEART IN HIS STARDUST ARMS AND FELT FOR ANY WET SPOTS...
BEFORE DRIFTING AWAY INTO THE DEEP COLD HEART OF INFINITY WITH HIS BRIDE...
H...EXCUSE ME ONE MOMENT..
I THINK I'VE WET MYSELF AGAIN...
ILLY'S RUGGED MANLINESS AND HIS SOFTER PERSUASIONS ARE AT LAST CO-EXISTING IN COSMIC HARMONY..
UT HOW DO I KNOW ALL THIS ? IT'S SIMPLE BLISSFULLY SIMPLE.
AM BETSY WETSY.
HEREAS BILLY'S CONSCIOUSNESS FORMED A BODY AROUND ITSELF, MY BODY ACTED AS A MAGNET TO ALL THE STRAY, LOST STRANDS OF CONSCIOUSNESS DRIFTING AROUND SPACE...
HIS IS A BEAUTIFUL MARRIAGE I WET MY KNICKERS, BILLY CHANGES ME.
N THIS SMALL WAY WE HAVE FOUND HEAVEN IN THE DEEP, COLD HEART OF INFINITY

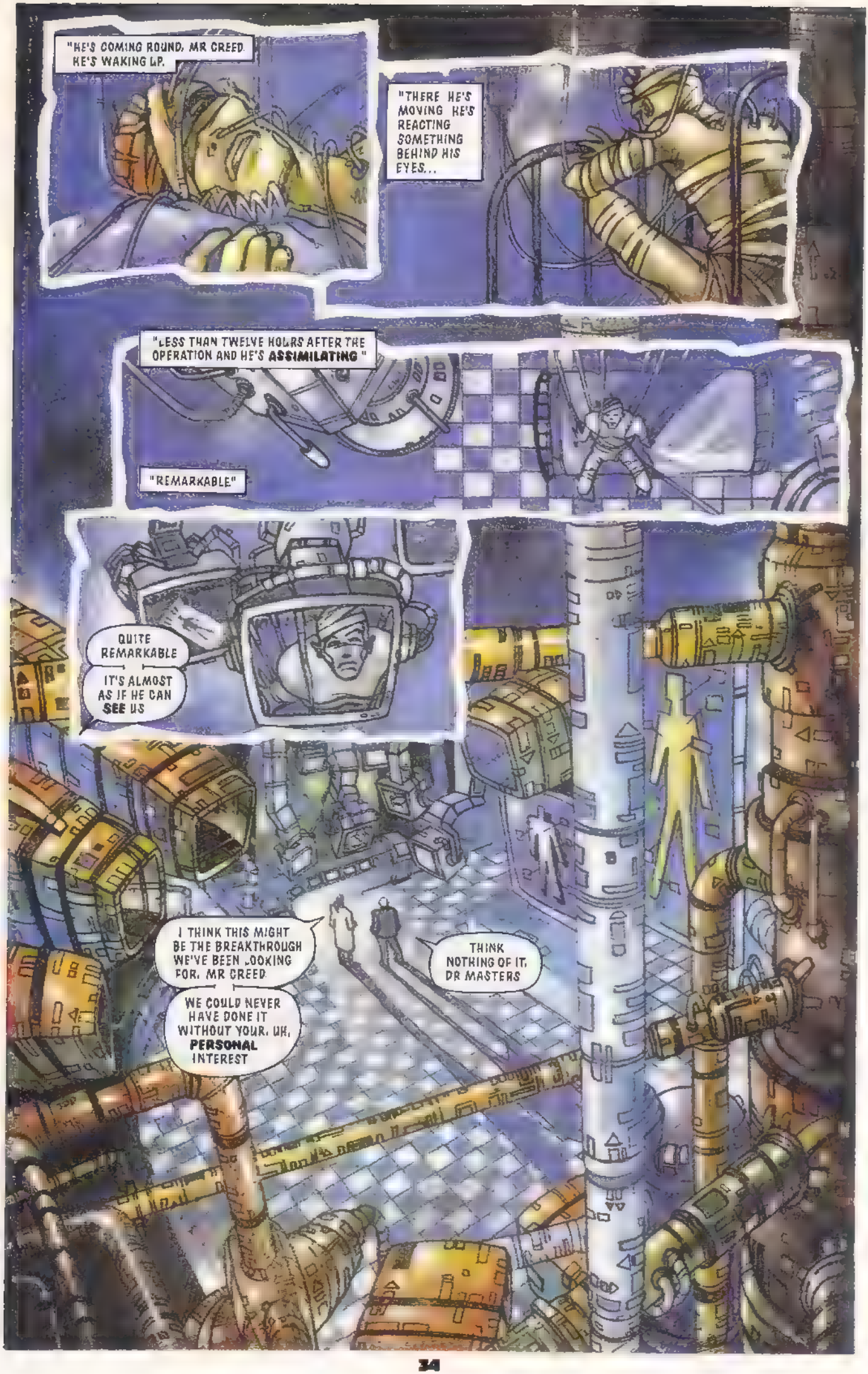
I AM THE FIRMAMENT!
PLANET

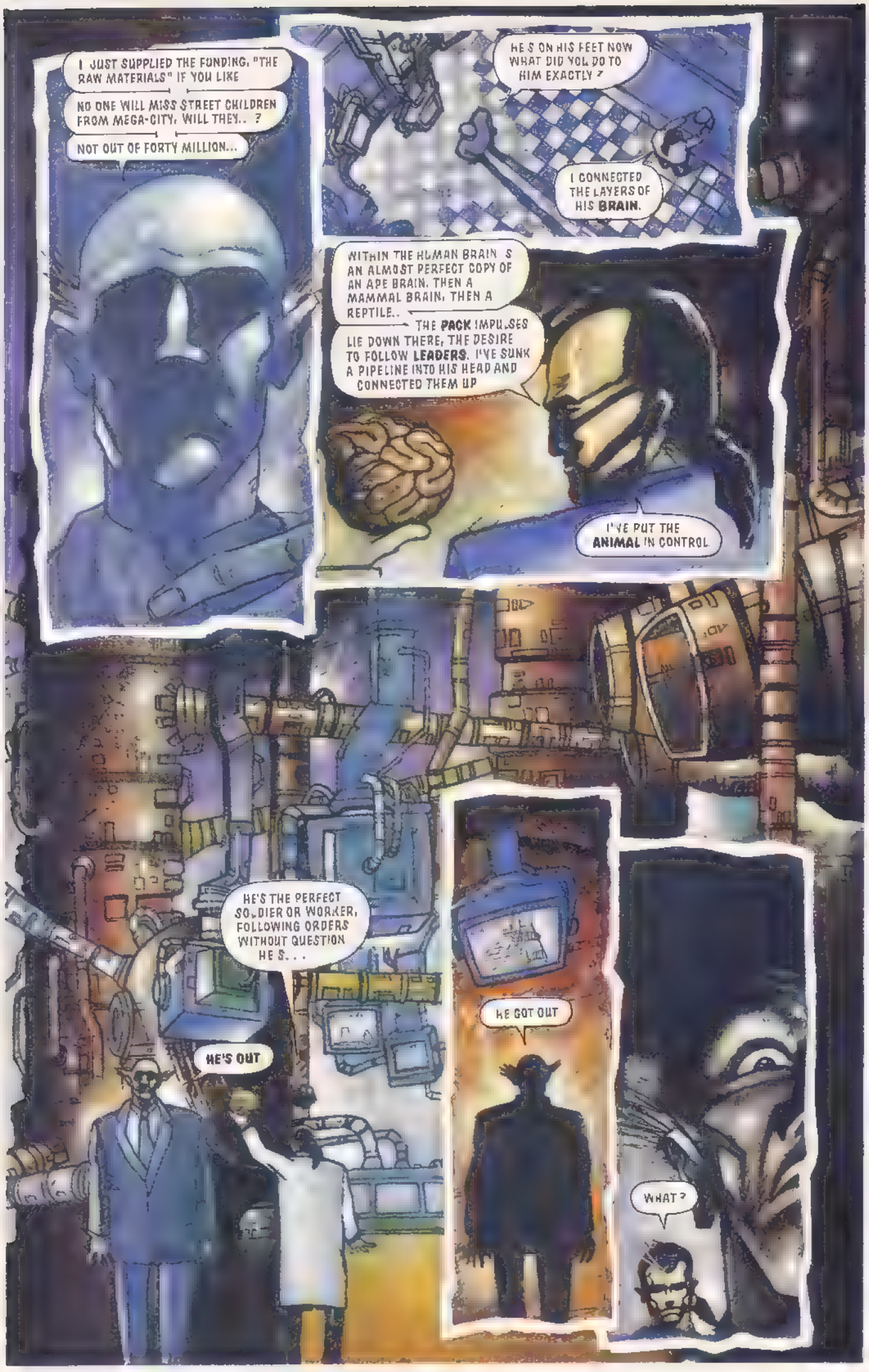
A TYPICAL SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN EAST-MEG TWO

...THERE WAS A TINY ARM HANGING OUT OF THE PUPIL OF HER LEFT EYE. SO WHITE IT WAS. SO PALE! ..
WE HAD TO... AVOID CERTAIN PARTS OF THE ROOM YOU SEE. WE HAD TO...
DAVID STONE
DEAN ORMSTON
TOM FRAME
AH
HELLO AGAIN. I'M JUDGE EDWINA STRANGE, BRINGING YOU ANOTHER TALE FROM THE DARK SIDE OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
WELCOME. MY HOME IS YOURS
THE HUMAN BRAIN IS A FASCINATING OBJECT, DON'T YOU THINK? EVERYTHING THERE EVER WAS AND EVERYTHING THERE EVER WILL BE, ALL LOCKED UP IN A SINGLE MEAT MACHINE...
I REMEMBER A MAN, JONATHAN CREED, WHO WAS OBSESSED WITH THE HUMAN BRAIN... BUILT A WHOLE COMPLEX OUT IN MUTIELAND TO EXPLORE ITS FUNCTION.
IT WAS A MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION
AND LIKE EVERY OBSESSION, OUR STORY BEGINS WITH A DREAM...
STRANGE CASES

MY EYES!
THEY SLICED MY EYES!
RAZORS SLIDING IN MY HEAD, SLICING IT AND STITCHING IT INTO NEW SHAPES
I WAS..!.
THE TILES WERE BRITTLE, COLD AGAINST MY SKIN AND SHATTERED TEETH. THERE WAS BLOOD IN MY NOSE AND IN MY MOUTH AND...
AND THEN THEY
THEY.

FLUNCH!
YOU WALK AND TALK AND I WIND YOU UP. !


"HE'S COMING ROUND, MR CREED. HE'S WAKING UP.
"THERE HE'S MOVING HE'S REACTING SOMETHING BEHIND HIS EYES...
"LESS THAN TWELVE HOURS AFTER THE OPERATION AND HE'S ASSIMILATING "
"REMARKABLE"
QUITE REMARKABLE
IT'S ALMOST AS IF HE CAN SEE US
I THINK THIS MIGHT BE THE BREAKTHROUGH WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, MR CREED
WE COULD NEVER HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOUR, UH, PERSONAL INTEREST
THINK NOTHING OF IT, DR MASTERS


I JUST SUPPLIED THE FUNDING. "THE RAW MATERIALS" IF YOU LIKE
NO ONE WILL MISS STREET CHILDREN FROM MEGA-CITY. WILL THEY.. ?
NOT OUT OF FORTY MILLION...
HE'S ON HIS FEET NOW WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM EXACTLY ?
I CONNECTED THE LAYERS OF HIS BRAIN.
WITHIN THE HUMAN BRAIN IS AN ALMOST PERFECT COPY OF AN APE BRAIN. THEN A MAMMAL BRAIN, THEN A REPTILE..
THE PACK IMPULSES LIE DOWN THERE, THE DESIRE TO FOLLOW LEADERS. I'VE SUNK A PIPELINE INTO HIS HEAD AND CONNECTED THEM UP
I'VE PUT THE ANIMAL IN CONTROL
HE'S THE PERFECT SOLDIER OR WORKER, FOLLOWING ORDERS WITHOUT QUESTION HE S...
HE'S OUT
HE GOT OUT
WHAT ?

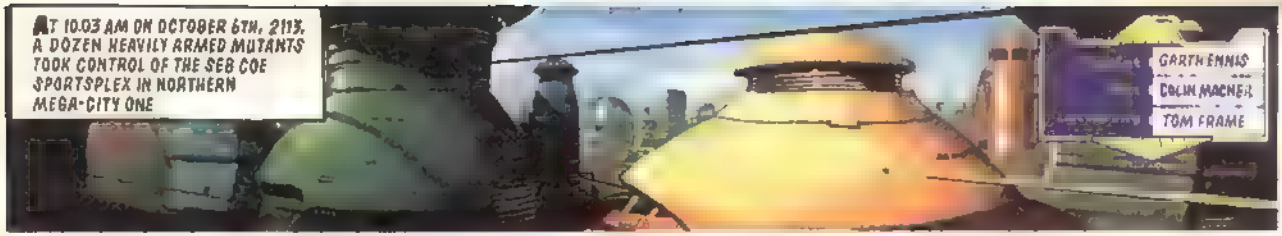
I FEEL SO STRANGE.
I FEEL SO STRANGE.
THERE'S SOMETHING HUGE AND RAGGED IN MY HEAD AND IT FEELS LIKE IT'S GOING OUT OF CONTROL... A RAGING SEA OF FEAR AND HUNGER AND BRITTLE GLASSY PAIN..
IT'S DROWNING ME.
SO I BUILD A RAFT.
I FEEL LIVING THINGS AROUND ME...FRIGHTENED CHILDREN, GUARDS ON OVERTIME ..KILLERS IN THE BACK ROOM, EVIL ON THE AIR...
MINE
THEY'RE MINE

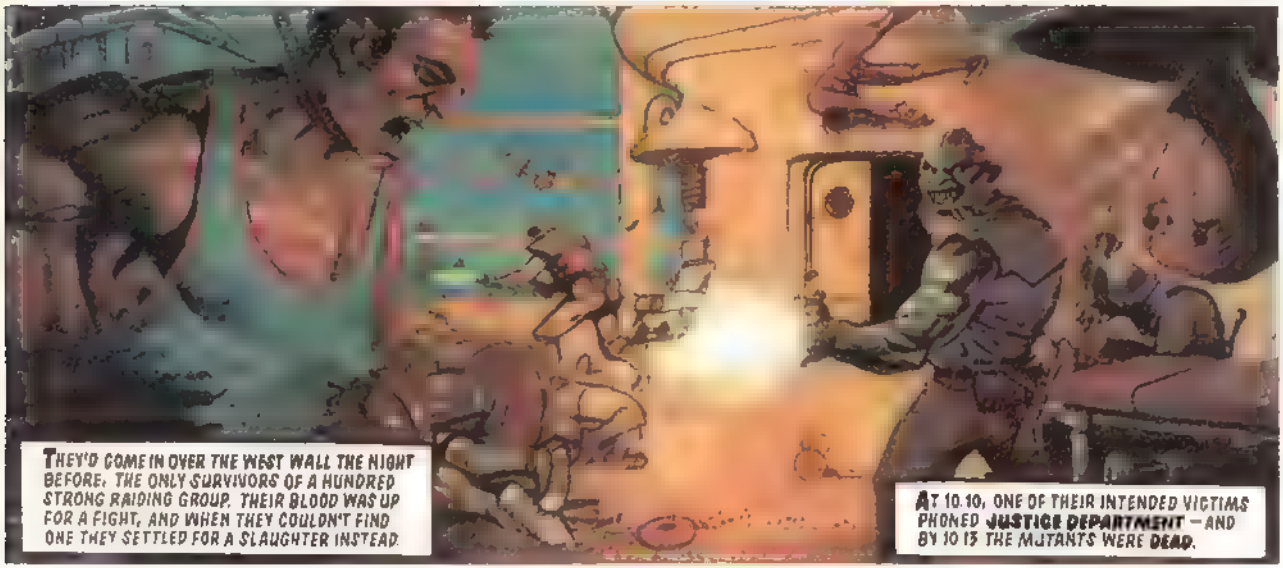
I CAN'T SEE...
THE GUARDS WHERE ARE THE GUARDS ? HE HAS TO BE, HAS TO BE SOMEWHERE...
HE HAS TO BE
HERE HE'S HERE OH GRUD HE'S HERE HE'S.
CRAANG!

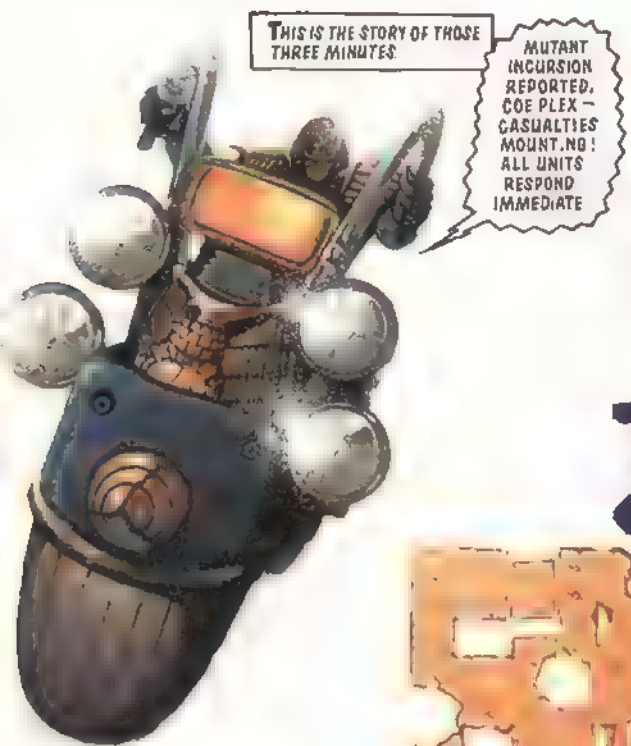
THEY SUNK SOMETHING INTO MY HEAD, OPENED UP THE UNUSED SECTIONS OF MY BRAIN..
MADE ME AWARE OF THE TINY LINKS THAT HOLD THE WORLD TOGETHER
IT'S ALL CONNECTED... AND WHEN YOU CAN SEE THE CONNECTIONS YOU CAN TWIST IT, TURN IT...
YOU CAN TURN THE WORLD
WILL THEY GET THEM OUT? WILL THEY GET THE CHILDREN OUT? IT'S THEIR CHOICE
I DON'T CARE
THERE'S AN ANIMAL IN MY HEAD AND IT'S HUNGRY FOR THE WORLD
NOBODY GOT OUT
THE BOY WAS NEVER FOUND. HE'S STILL OUT THERE, SOMEWHERE, GONE FERAL.
BUT NOW, I HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY WORK. MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN SOON JUST YOU
I THINK I'D LIKE THAT..

THE END

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 736
45p
22 JUN 91
MUTIE
& THE BEAST!
DREDD'S ON THE WARPATH
– THIS PROG







JUDGE DREDD

FIREPOWER

AAAAARGHH!
ROSS! REPORT STATUS!
LOUSY, DREDD. BACK UP'S THIN ON THE GROUND THIS MORNING — H-WAGONS ARE AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES OUT
TOO LONG. ROSS CITIZENS ARE DYING MOM.
STAND BY TO PICK UP ANY RUNNERS I'M GOING IN.
UUHHGH!
HELL! LAWBOY!
GO! GO TELL STUMP! WE HOLD!
HOLD THIS!

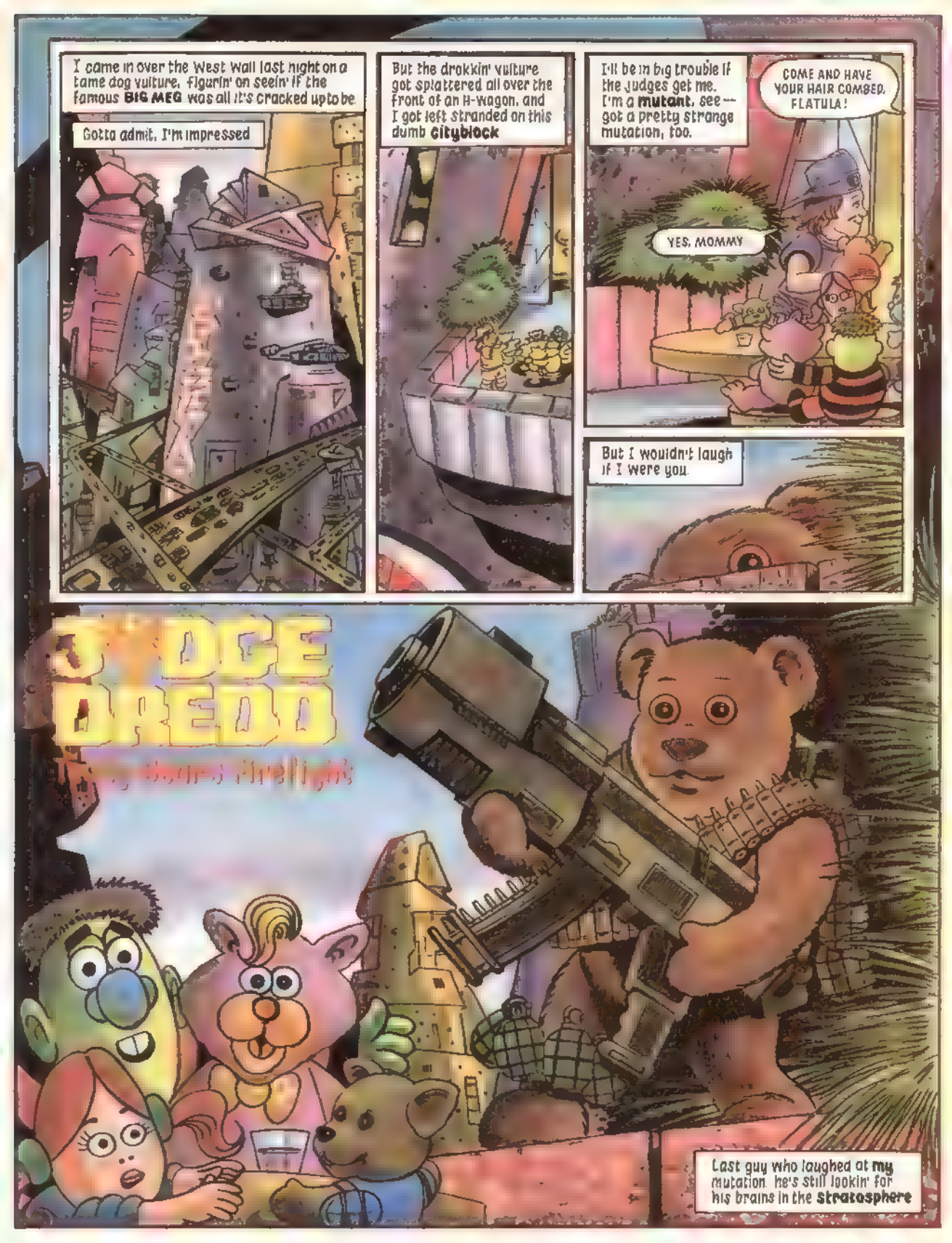
RUN! DEATH COMING! DEVIL RIDER!
AAAKK!
AAHHH!
WE DEAD, STUMP-- HE KILL ALL! NO STOPPING HIM!
HIDE AT DOOR, FOOL! SURPRISE!
ARMOUR PIERCING!
UUHNN!
EEAGHH!
HOLY HUMP!
MORONS USELESS. BELCH! DO STUFF!
YUSSBOSS!

TAKE BEST SHOT, WEED!
YOU TAKE 'EM, PUNK!
HAWHAWHAW
CREEP'S GOT A BUILT IN FLACKJACKET! GONNA TAKE SOMETHING EXTRA TO GET THROUGH SKIN LIKE THAT.
AT'BOY, BELCH! SPLATTER LAWJOCK!
RUN, LAWBOY! TAIL 'TWEEN LEGS! SCAREDY!
THE BOARD...?
BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, UGLY!
AARGH
GONNA SIT UP THERE, YELLOWMAN? WE PLUCK LITTLE CHICKEN OFF PERCH!
MAY AS WELL GET RID OF THE DISTRACTIONS.

LITTLE YELLOW CHICK--URK!
SCUM! SCUM! COME FACE ME!
ON MY WAY, MEATHEAD
RRRRRNNNNN
KOOOOM
RUH . ?
OVER TO YOU, BIKE.
WILCO. THANKS A BUNCH.

DEAD MUTIES EVERYWHERE!
GRUD! YOU DIDN'T EVEN NEED BACK UP, DREDD! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR US!
SURE THERE IS —
YOU CAN MAKE A START ON THE PAPERWORK

THE END


I came in over the West Wall last night on a tame dog vulture, figurin' on seein' if the famous BIG MEG was all it's cracked up to be.
Gotta admit, I'm impressed
But the drokkin' vulture got splattered all over the front of an H-wagon, and I got left stranded on this dumb cityblock
I'll be in big trouble if the judges get me. I'm a mutant, see — got a pretty strange mutation, too.
COME AND HAVE YOUR HAIR COMBED, FLATULA!
YES, MOMMY
But I wouldn't laugh if I were you.
JUDGE DREDD
Last guy who laughed at my mutation, he's still lookin' for his brains in the stratosphere

An' who the hell are these guys, huh?
Lousy city slobs, grown fat on the easy life while us Cursed Earth plebs get to eat dirt!
Well, no more!
No more!
GOOD GRUD!
MY DOLL ES!
DREDD TO CONTROL-- SOUND OF GUNFIRE COMING FROM GRIZZLY ADAMS BLOCK. HIGHER LEVELS
AM INVESTIGATING

WHAT THE DROKK-?
MY DOLLIES' PICNIC! WAAAAAH!
Huh? Normos?
Wel, I ain't afraid of you snobbers!
Die, you -- aw, drokk it!
Furshlugginer no fingered hands!
LOOK, YOU FURRY FREAK -- YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE LIKE THIS SHOOTING AND TERRORISING DECENT FOLK!
Oh yeah? Stick this in your pipe an' smoke it!
CRUNKK
EEEEEEGGHHH!
Enough of the Winnie-the-pooh bull--time to get outta here!
NNNG! NNNG! NNNNG!
FLOOR ONE OR SIX -- HAVE A NICE DAY!
WE--WE WERE JUST USIN' THE ELEVATOR! WE AIN'T DONE NOTHING WRONG!
WHO SAID YOU DID? NOW SHUT IT, DOUGHBALL.
I'M BUSY!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, YOU!
Stomm' A judge!
Eat lead law-norm'
BUDDABUDDABUDDA
WRONG MOVE
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
Shrip.
Shrip.
Shrip.
Try again, chinface. I'm tougher than the average bear!
BUDDABUDDA
BLAM!
WHAT THE DROKK'S THIS CREEP MADE OF?
INCENDIARY!

Yaaaaarrghhh!
Somebody put me out! I'm a fire-hazard--my fibrous insides contain toxic chemicals!
Heeeelllpp!
HEAD UP, FURBALL—
BOOT!
Bummer

B-B-BUT HE WAS ONLY A CUTE LITTLE TEDDY BEAR!
YEAH
REAL CUTE
Hey! The wind's blowing the fire out! I'm gonna make it!
Looks like I'm gonna land right about there
CONTROL, JUST DUSTED A LIVING TEDDY BEAR. PROBABLY MUTANT. GRIZZLY ADAMS BLOCK, RESUMING PATROL
UH YEAH ANY REMAINS?
CREEP TOOK A TUMBLE — LOCATION UNKNOWN.
"BUT HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE"
Sheesh!

JUDGE DREDD
MEGA CITY ONE HOME TO A HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE
...A HUNDRED MILLION POTENTIAL CRIMINALS
HERE, JUSTICE IS FOUND IN THE SHAPE OF JUDGES LAWMEN OF THE FUTURE
BUT TONIGHT, JUSTICE SHALL EMERGE FROM DIFFERENT QUARTERS
MEGA CITY ONE HAS FOUR NEW CHAMPIONS, AND TONIGHT IS THEIR NIGHT FOR THEY ARE
THE JUVE MUTATED KUNG FU
KLEGS
ANDY LANNING!
STEVE WHITE
GERMOT POWER
POLLY

ORPHANED AT AN EARLY AGE
THEY WERE FOUND BY A GENTLE BENEFACTOR
WHO TOOK THEM INTO HIS HOME AND RAISED THEM AS HIS OWN
HE BECAME THEIR GUARDIAN. THEIR SENSEI THEIR FATHER
TAMING THEIR BESTIAL FURY
HONING THEM INTO INSTRUMENTS OF JUSTICE, FORGED IN THE IMAGE OF THE LAWS GREATEST STANDARD BEARER!
TPER

YEARS OF TIRELESS STUDY SHARPENED THEIR MINDS AS WELL AS THEIR BODIES.

SO IT WAS THAT THE TIME EVENTUALLY CAME TO GRADUATE...
TO THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE ON THE STREETS ABOVE AS GUARDIANS OF LAW AND ORDER

BUT NOT BEFORE A CELEBRATORY TREAT

TINKLE DINKLE
DOINGG

ULP!

AND SO, IT IS WITH A LUMP IN HIS THROAT
THAT THE TEACHER BIDS HIS STUDENTS FAREWELL
WATCHING AS THEY SET FORTH
HUNGRY FOR JUSTICE
BEEP!
A CRY FOR HELP THAT FINELY-TUNED INSTINCTS CANNOT IGNORE
OH PLEASE DON'T HURT ME...PLEASE I'LL GIVE YOU MONEY
SHADDUP, 'FORE I CUT YER TONGUE OUT TA STOP YOU YAPPIN' TO THE JUDGES
URRK!
CHOOMP!

OH THANK YOU THANK YOU! HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU?
DREDD
CONTROL TO ALL UNITS DISTURBANCE REPORTED AT EASTMAN PLAZA RESPOND
DREDD HERE ON MY WAY
CONTROL - GOT THREE STIFFS BETTER GET A MEAT WAGON AND FORENSICS DOWN TO EASTMAN AM INVESTIGATING
YAAAH! HEEELP!
GRUD! NOW WHAT?

DROKK KLEGGS! GOTTA STOP 'EM
BIKE CANNONS!
BUDDA
BUDDA
GRAAACK!
AWWRRK!
PITCHOWW!
UHHH!
RAOWWRR!
MUST REACH LAWGIVER CREEPS ARE PINNIN MY ARMS

CAN'T DO IT! NEVER THOUGHT I'D END UP.. NOUVELLE CUISINE FOR A KLEGG
TiNKLE
DiNKLE
TiNKLE
GRUUUH?
ICE-CREAM PED! THE CHIMES ARE HYPNOTISIN' THEM

OUT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW THIS PED'S COMMANDEERED
WHU-?
HA FEEL LIKE A REGULAR PIED-PIPER IF ONLY COULD GET TH'S HEAP PAST FIVE MILES AN HOUR
DREDD TO CONTROL PREP CITY ZOO FOR TWO NEW ARRIVALS
AND TELL EM TO BREAK OUT THE ELEVATOR MUZAK
DREDD! WE HEARD ABOUT THE KLEGGS WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST WASTE THE CREEPS?
UPHOLD THE LAW NOT BREAK IT
PROTECTION OF SENTIENT LIFEFORMS ACT 2096 SUB SECTION FOUR KLEGGS ARE NOW LISTED AS PROTECTED SPECIES
THE ZOO CAN TAKE CARE OF THEM NOW ALL THEY NEED IS MEAT AND MUZAK GUESS IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY
IT DOTH CHARM THE SAVAGE BREAST

£1.50 No. 10 July 1991
MONTHLY. A 2000 AD PRODUCTION

JUDGE DREDD

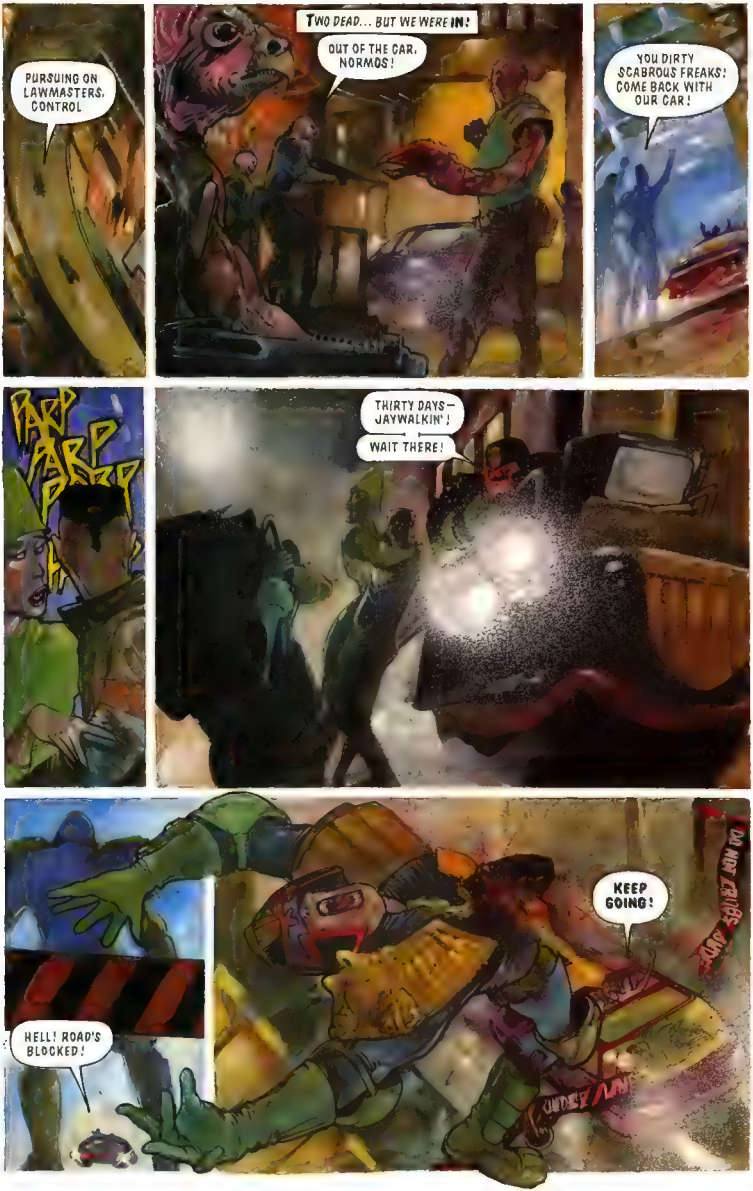
THE MEGAZINE

NIGHT of the LIVING DREDD!

JUDGE DREDD:
THE GIPPER'S BIG NIGHT
NO MUTA
THERE WERE EIGHT OF US WHEN WE STARTED NINE, IF YOU COUNT THE GIPPER.
NOT THAT ANYBODY DID. COUNT THE GIPPER, I MEAN. LEASTWAYS, NOT WHEN WE STARTED THE RAID.
ODDIE MURPHY DREW THE SHORT STRAW ONE OF US HAD TO. HE DIDN'T COMPLAIN
JUST SAID HIS GOODBYES AND DID HIS THING
SUCK MUTIE-LASER, JUDGE SCUM!

AAH!
DROKK!
MUTIE MUST HAVE A DEATH-WISH, DREDD!
YEAH?
THEN CONSIDER ME HIS FAIRY GODMOTHER.
I HEARD THE SHOTS AND I FELT SICK TO THE PIT OF MY GUT. TWO WIVES AND A PASSLE OF KIDS WOULD BE HUNTING THEIR OWN FOOD NOW.
BUT ODDIE'S SACRIFICE ENABLED THE REST OF US TO REACH THE WALL AND START CLIMBING.
BARBER'S DEAD!
FORGET BARBER— THE MUTIE WAS JUST A DECOY!
FREEZE OR DIE, CREEPS!
AAAGH!
THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS!
S-SURE THING, JUDGE.

ALL I GOT'S THIS!
KAWUMMPH!
THAT WAS THE GIPPER'S FIRST SURPRISE. THE PHOSPHOR GRENADE CREATED A WALL OF FLAME BETWEEN US AND THE JUDGES AND WE RAN LIKE ONLY MUTIES CAN.
GO! GO! GO!
ALL EXCEPT FOR MEATBALL, WHO'D BEEN LEGSHOT.
DO IT, GUYS! I'LL HOLD THESE BASTICHES BACK!
PTOW!
DREDD TO CONTROL! WE GOT A BREACH, WEST WALL, SECTOR FIVE. SEVEN MUTIES, ARMED, HEADING INTO THE CITY!
NO BACK-UP AVAILABLE IN THAT AREA! MAJOR PILE-UP ON THE FREEWAY BLOCKING ALL ROADS!
RASPLER! WITH ME!


PURSUING ON LAWMASTERS. CONTROL
TWO DEAD... BUT WE WERE IN!
OUT OF THE CAR, NORMOS!
YOU DIRTY SCABROUS FREAKS! COME BACK WITH OUR CAR!
BARP BARP BARP
THIRTY DAYS— JAYWALKIN'!
WAIT THERE!
KEEP GOING!
HELL! ROAD'S BLOCKED!

DREDD TO ALL UNITS, SPEEDWAY JUNCTION 17! ARMED MUTANTS IN STOLEN VEHICLE HEADING YOUR WAY!
USE THE JUDGES' LANE TO GET THROUGH!
JUDGES ONLY
SHOOT ON SIGHT!
AAAHH!
AGH!
LOOK OUT—!
FUEL TANKS ARE HIT—
KABOOM!
DROKK!

TURBO BOOST!
LOOK AT 'EM! STUCK THERE LIKE RAD-DUCKS!
I'M GONNA BLOW THEIR SMUG, NORMO HEADS OFF!
WE'D'VE LET HER, TOO. I COULD HAVE WATCHED 'EM ALL DIE, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO ODDIE AN' MEATBALL. BUT THE GIPPER KEPT HIS HEAD...
DRAGONLADY— NO!
THEY'RE JUST STUPID PEOPLE. THEY DON'T MAKE THE LAWS THEY DIDN'T BAN US!
"IT'S THE JUDGES ARE OUR ENEMIES!"
THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!
BIKE CANNON!
HEN BROON TOWER — THE CITY'S TALLEST BUILDING! WE'RE NEARLY THERE!
BLAM!
BOUM!
BANG!

I CAN'T HOLD HER!
HANG ON! WE'RE GONNA--
KERAMM!
SKULL! HAMMY!
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR THEM. C'MON!
RASPLER!
WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET, LAWDOGS!
KERRUNCH!
PLUS ONLY
SPRINGBOK AND THE DRAGONLADY DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE.
NOW IT WAS JUST ME, BILLY GEEK AN' THE GIPPER...

WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY HEADED...?
DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS--
C'MON, LAWDOG. YA KILLED YER LAST MUTIE...!
HUH?
STRATEGY WASN'T BILLY GEEK'S STRONG POINT. HE NEVER DID LOOK BEFORE HE LEAPED...
YAAAAAA

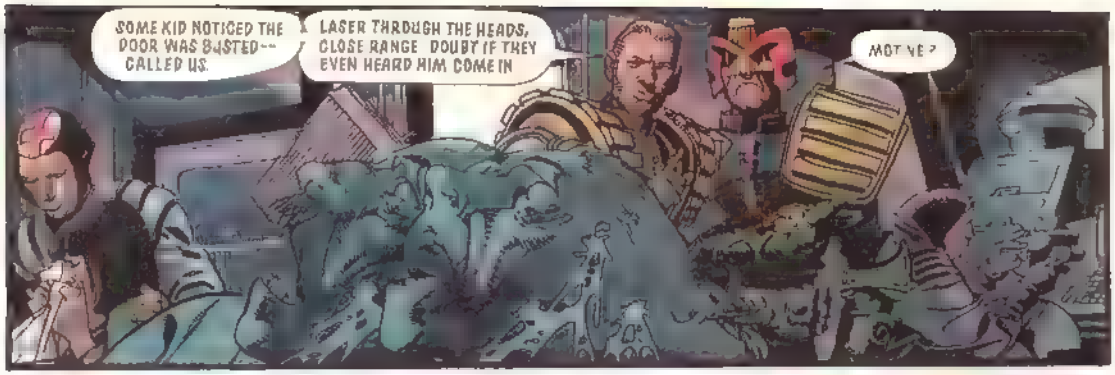
SO IT'S JUST ME AN' THE GIPPER, A MILE HIGH ON HEN BROON TOWER--
GO FOR IT, LITTLE GUY!
DENNIS CLAW'S BEEN PROUD TO KNOW YOU!
ONE OF 'EM ON THE LADDER--
UNGH!
I'D TELL YA TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS, JUDGE — BUT YOU'LL GO STRAIGHT TO HELL!
UNNH.. NUH..
THERE WAS NINE OF US WHEN WE STARTED...

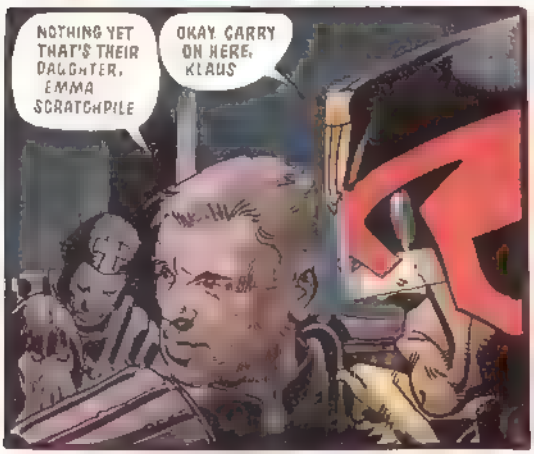
BUT THE GIPPER FINISHED ALONE.
SEE THAT FLARE? READ IT, JUDGE! THAT'S A MESSAGE FROM THE CURSED EARTH TO THIS CITY!
WE AIN'T FREAKS AN' MONSTERS! WE'RE PEOPLE, JUST LIKE YOU!
ALL OVER THE CITY, THEY'LL SEE IT. MAYBE—JUST MAYBE—IT'LL MAKE 'EM THINK!
I WOULDN'T... COUNT ON IT... CREEP!
MUTANTS ARE PEOPLE TOO!
BDAM!
CAN YA DIG THAT, MEGA-CITY ONE?
MUTANTS ARE PEOPLE, TOO!
BADAM!
CONTROL? SCRATCH ONE MUTIE INCURSION.
NO LASTING DAMAGE

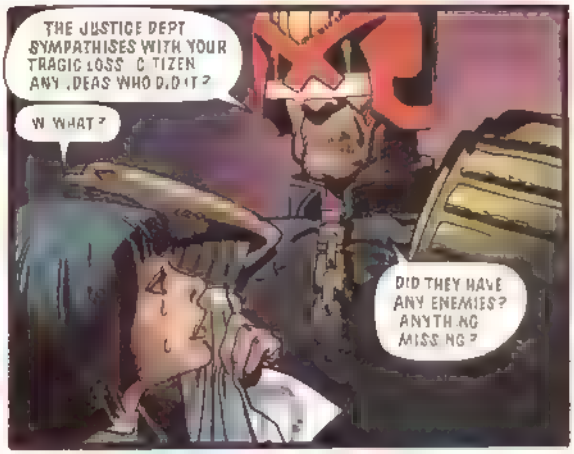
THE END.

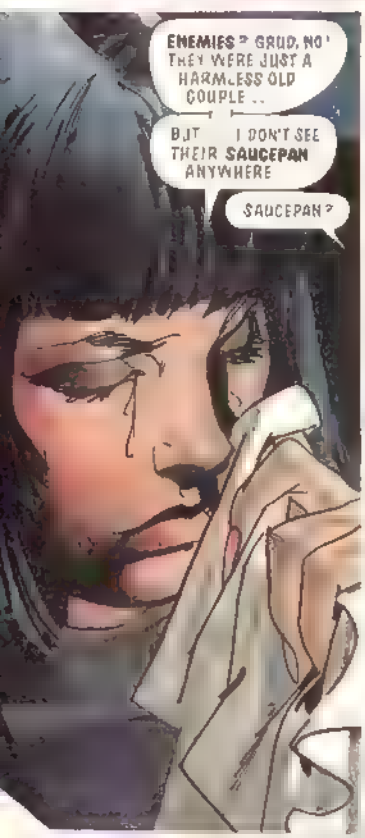
2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
2000 AD
FEA
JUDGE
PROG 738
45p
6 JUL 91
ON TARGET
FOR THRILL-POWER!
ISSN 0262-284X

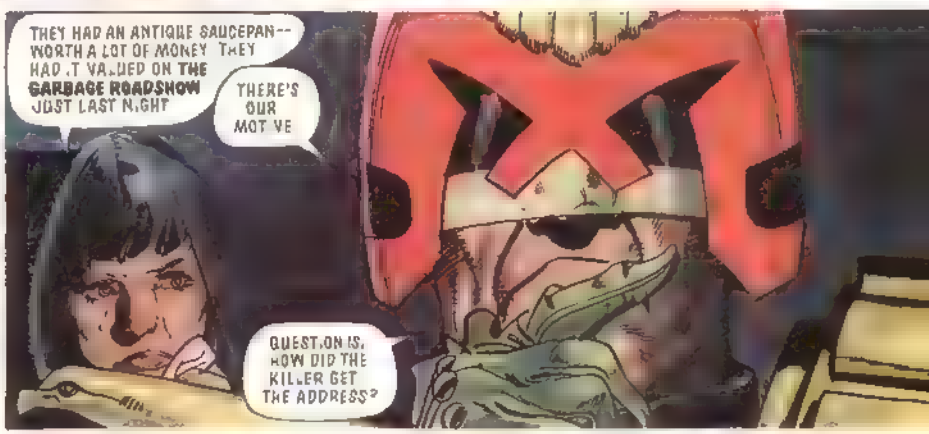
JUDGE DREDD
GARBAGE DISPOSAL
GARBAGE ROADSHOW
ARTH ENNIS
JOHN BURNS
TOM FRAME
IT'S ON, MAVE.
OH, BLESS MY SAMPLE BOTTLE! DO YOU THINK THEY'LL SHOW OUR BIT?
AND NOW ON CHANNEL GRADE IT'S TIME FOR ART FEEBUS TO TAKE US ON THE GARBAGE ROADSHOW!
EARLIER TODAY WE BROUGHT THE ROADSHOW TO SECTOR TEN'S YAPPER JUDSON CONFAB HALL -- AND WHAT A WIDE ARRAY OF ANTIQUE GARBAGE WE FOUND!
LIKE THE EXCITING TREASURE DAVE AND MAVE SCRATCHPILE BROUGHT ALONG -- LET'S SEE WHAT THEY HAD TO SHOW US
IT'S US! HE'S DOING US FIRST!
IN MEGA-CITY ONE, TWENTIETH-CENTURY TRASH IS CONSIDERED HIGHLY VALUABLE --
OH, NOW THIS IS SPECIAL -- A 1976 NON-STICK SAUCEPAN! SEE THE CAREFUL WAY THE HANDLE'S BEEN BOLTED ON? AND THE SHEER SKILL THAT'S GONE INTO THE MOULDING OF THE RIM?
IT'S A SUPER, SUPER THING TO HAVE, DAVE -- YOU MUST GET A LOT OF FUN OUT OF IT!
OF COURSE, ART! UMM HOW MUCH IS IT WORTH?
OH, I'D GET THAT INSURED FOR AROUND FIFTY THOUSAND CREDITS IF I WERE YOU DAVE
AAAWWK!
C'MON, MARKO! LET'S GET THE HELL OUT BEFORE SOMEBODY SEES US!
FIFTY THOU FOR THIS THING COMIN', PRETZEL!
AND WHAT ELSE HAVE WE GOT TO LOOK AT -- AH YES! A REMARKABLE LOAD OF RUBBISH HERE


SOME KID NOTICED THE DOOR WAS BUSTED-- CALLED US.
LASER THROUGH THE HEADS, CLOSE RANGE DOUBT IF THEY EVEN HEARD HIM COME IN
MOTIVE?


NOTHING YET THAT'S THEIR DAUGHTER, EMMA SCRATCHPILE
OKAY. CARRY ON HERE, KLAUS


THE JUSTICE DEPT SYMPATHISES WITH YOUR TRAGIC LOSS CITIZEN ANY IDEAS WHO DID IT?
IN WHAT?
DID THEY HAVE ANY ENEMIES? ANYTHING MISSING?


ENEMIES? GRUD, NO! THEY WERE JUST A HARMLESS OLD COUPLE..
BUT I DON'T SEE THEIR SAUCEPAN ANYWHERE
SAUCEPAN?


THEY HAD AN ANTIQUE SAUCEPAN-- WORTH A LOT OF MONEY THEY HAD IT VALUED ON THE GARBAGE ROADSHOW JUST LAST NIGHT
THERE'S OUR MOTIVE
QUESTION IS, HOW DID THE KILLER GET THE ADDRESS?

DREDD-- TIME OF DEATH WAS ALMOST BANG ON WHEN GARBAGE ROADSHOW WENT ON AIR. HE MUST HAVE HAD THE INFORMATION WELL IN ADVANCE
THAT MAKES IT AN INSIDE JOB

CONTROL--DREDD. I'M EN ROUTE TO CHANNEL GRADE STUDIOS IN CONNECTION WITH THE SCRATCHPILE KILLINGS.
YOU WANT AN INTERROGATION TEAM DOWN THERE WITH YOU?
NEGATIVE. LET'S PLAY THIS ONE LOW-KEY.
ALL GARBAGE ROADSHOW GUESTS ARE SCREENED BEFORE THEY APPEAR ON THE SHOW WITH THEIR GARBAGE. JUDGE DREDD. THE SCRATCHPILE ADDRESS HAS BEEN ON OUR COMPUTER FOR A WEEK
WHO HAS ACCESS?
EVERYONE. DIRECTOR, PRODUCER, EVEN THE SECRETARIES
NOT MUCH HELP, FEEBUS--BUT YOUR CO-OPERATION WILL BE NOTED
NO PROBLEM AT ALL--OH! MISTER TRIMP!
ER... HELLO
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, JUDGE. AN ITEM FOR OUR SHOW, YOU UNDERSTAND.
THAT'S A MAGNIFICENT DUSTBIN, MISTER TRIMP--LATE 1960'S, I BELIEVE! DO COME IN!

THE ROADSHOW PRESENTER-- SLIMEBALL BY THE NAME OF ART FEEBUS -- CLAIMS ANY OF HIS STAFF COULD HAVE SEEN THE ADDRESS.
WE START HAULING THEM IN, THEN ?
THAT WON'T NET US THE KILLER WE'LL TRY SOMETHING ELSE
GET AN UNMARKED CATCH WAGON DOWN HERE, RIGHT AWAY.
TWENTY MINUTES LATER
JERK WITH THE BIN-- THAT'S HIM
CHECK, DREDD
GOING SOMEWHERE WITH THE BIN, TRIMP ?
ULP!
ER . .R-HOME ?
GUESS AGAIN
BUT--BUT I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING !

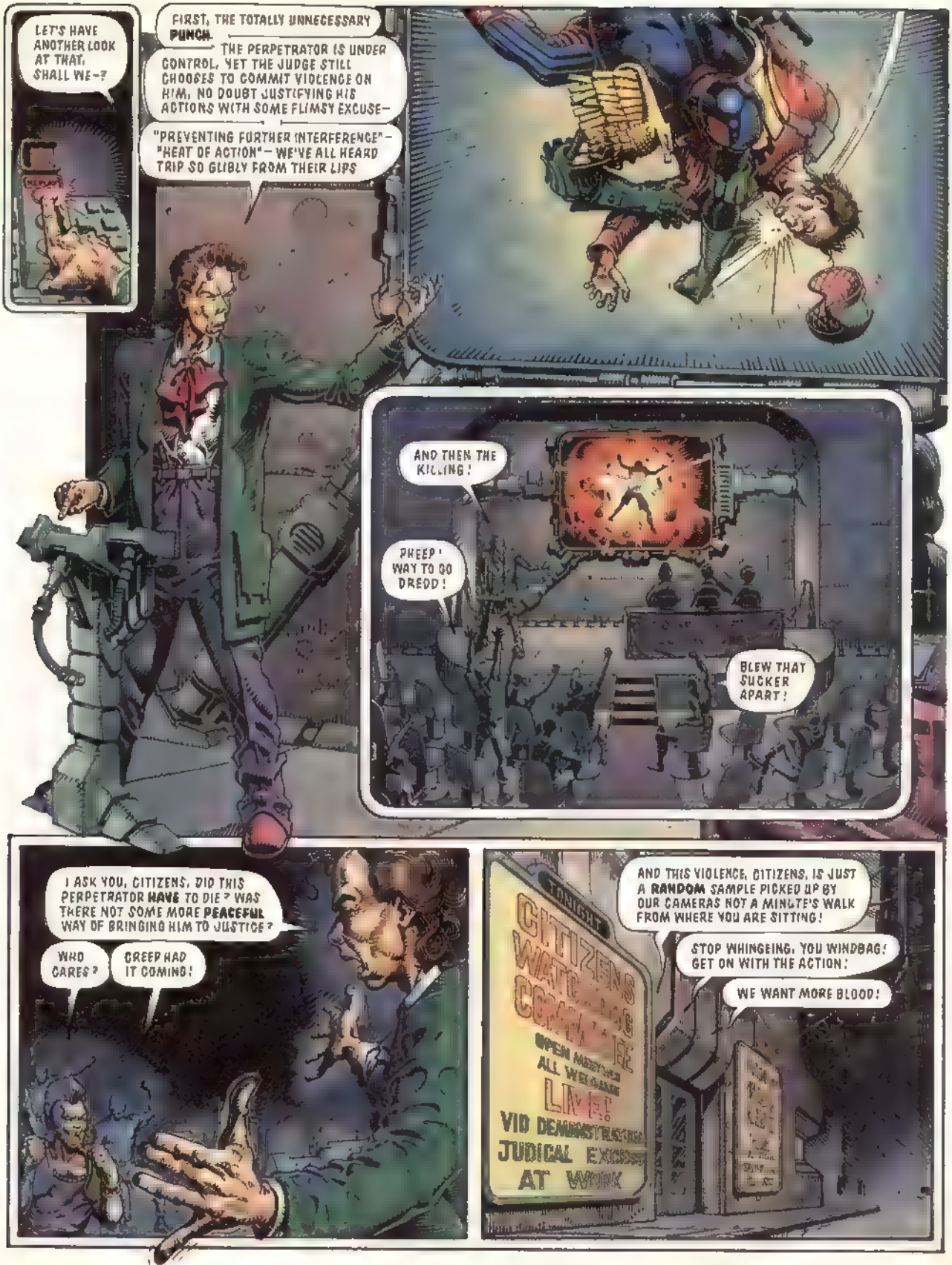
MEANWHILE
GETTIN' KINDA SICK O' THESE SCUMHOLE ROOMS, BOSS -- I MEAN, I KNOW WE GOTTA STAY LOW, BUT
HUSH, MARKO ONE MORE LITTLE JOB FOR YOU AND PRETZEL TONIGHT
YEAH? EASY?
AS PIE A VALUABLE DUSTBIN COULD BE AS MUCH AS A HUNDRED GRAND.
JEEZ!
THE OWNER'S NAME IS TRIMP -- 169 AN MOSWANE BLOCK OFF THE SAP. LEAVE THE BIN WITH ME -- AND IT'S NEXT STOP BANANA CITY!
AND--
YOU SEE IT?
THERE! LET'S GET IT AND GET OUTTA HERE!
GODDAM THING'S HEAVY! I TELL YOU, I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU A RED CRED FOR THIS USELESS TRASH --
ONLY THING YOU'RE BUYING IS TIME CREEP!
MY GRUD!
GET HIM -- AAAARGHH!
DUMB MOVE!

SMOOTH AS SILK, DREDD. GUESS WE CAN LET CITIZEN TRIMP HAVE HIS HOME BACK
PITY ABOUT THESE TWO. THOUGH THEY CAN'T TELL US MUCH NOW
OH YEAH?
YES? WHO'S IT?
DELIVERY FOR ART FEEBUS!
WHAT-- HOLY DROKK!
MARKO AND PRETZEL!
FRIENDS OF YOURS, FEEBUS?
SO FEEBUS ADDITIONS THE JERKS WITH THE TRASH, BOOKS 'EM ON H'S SHOW -- THEN T PS OFF HIS BOYS TO THE JUC EST STUFF
PRETTY CUTE LINE OF BUS.NESS HUH?
YEAH' SAME LINE OF BUS.NESS AS OURS, MARSTON
GARBAGE DISPOSAL
THE END

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 739
45p
13 JUL 91
"SHOCKING!"
"DISGUSTING!"
"DISGRACEFUL!"
THE WATCHDOGS SAVAGE DREDD
-THIS PROG!
ISSN 0262-280X

JUDGE DREDD
WATCHDOGS
DREDD TO CONTROL! CITIZEN UNDER ATTACK, HOWITZER PEDWAY! JETPACKERS!
HELL! GO FOR IT!
I SAID.
GET BACK HERE, FLYBOY!
DOWN!
UHHH!
YOU TOO, CREEP!

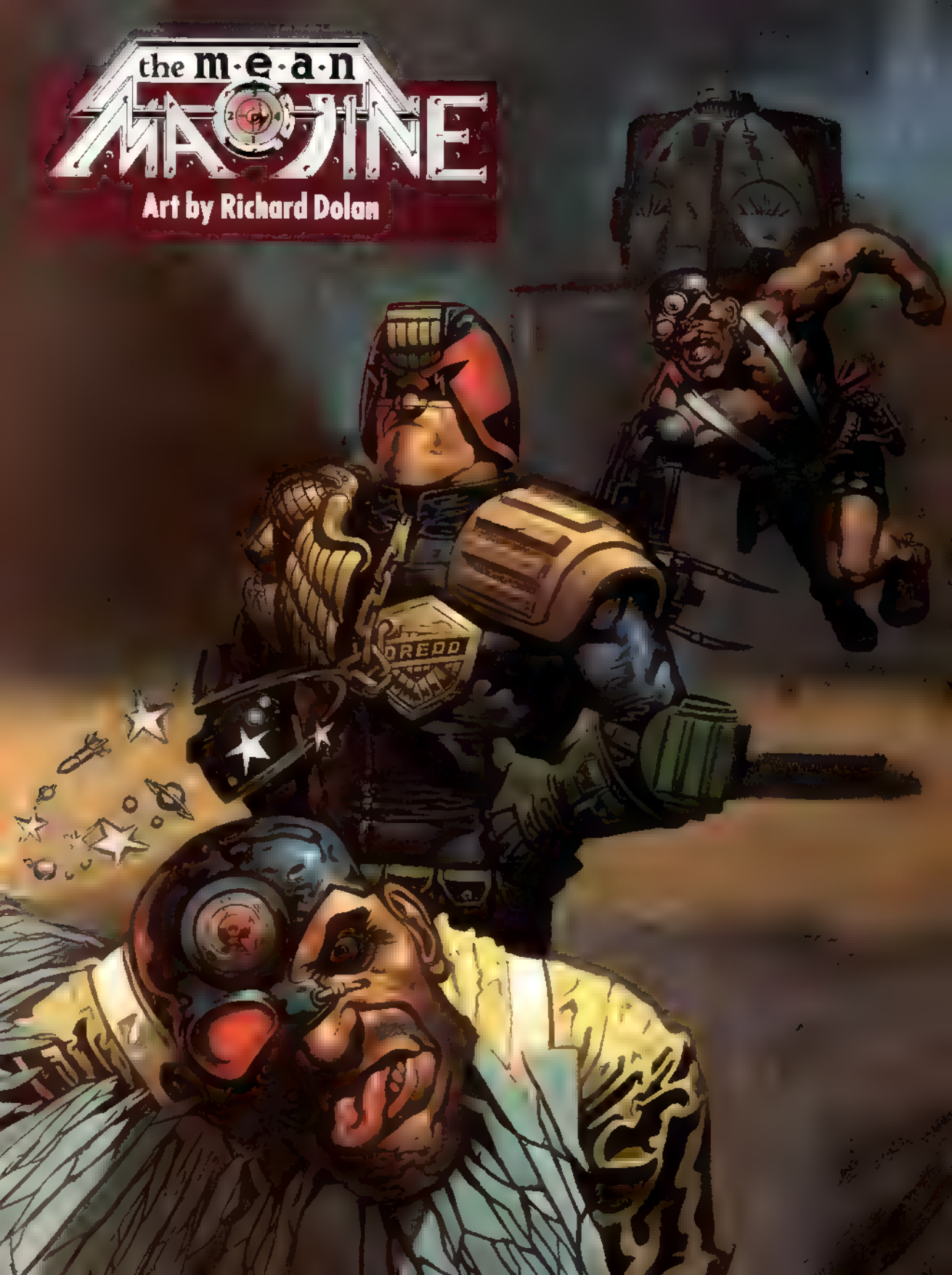
SHOCKING!
DISGUSTING!
DISGRACEFUL!
THIS ONE'S FOR THE CUBES. CONTROL EIGHT YEARS OUGHT TO DO HIM VICTIM'S A LITTLE SHAKEN UP COULD USE MED ATTENTION
ON ITS WAY
GO TO DIRE STRAITS BAR, TROTTER STREET REPORT OF A BRAWL
YOU GOT SPY IN THE SKY SURVEILLANCE ON ME, CONTROL?
NEGATIVE
SOMEBODY HAS. I COUNT TWO OF THEM CHECK INTO IT EN ROUTE FOR DIRE STRAITS


LET'S HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT, SHALL WE-?
FIRST, THE TOTALLY UNNECESSARY PUNCH.
THE PERPETRATOR IS UNDER CONTROL, YET THE JUDGE STILL CHOOSES TO COMMIT VIOLENCE ON HIM, NO DOUBT JUSTIFYING HIS ACTIONS WITH SOME FLIMSY EXCUSE-
"PREVENTING FURTHER INTERFERENCE"- "HEAT OF ACTION"- WE'VE ALL HEARD TRIP SO GLIBLY FROM THEIR LIPS
AND THEN THE KILLING!
PHEEP! WAY TO GO DREDD!
BLEW THAT SUCKER APART!
I ASK YOU, CITIZENS, DID THIS PERPETRATOR HAVE TO DIE? WAS THERE NOT SOME MORE PEACEFUL WAY OF BRINGING HIM TO JUSTICE?
WHO CARES?
CREEP HAD IT COMING!
AND THIS VIOLENCE, CITIZENS, IS JUST A RANDOM SAMPLE PICKED UP BY OUR CAMERAS NOT A MINUTE'S WALK FROM WHERE YOU ARE SITTING!
STOP WHINGEING, YOU WINDBAG! GET ON WITH THE ACTION!
WE WANT MORE BLOOD!
TONIGHT
LIVE!
AT WORK

Dire Straits
AAAHHHH!
BREAK IT UP, YOU BOZOS!
GARGGH!
HEY! WHAT'S..
NICE ONE DREDDY!
THAT'S THE CURE FOR TOOTH DECAY!
SHOCKING!
DISGUSTING!
DISGRACEFUL!
CONTROL TO DREDD! WE'VE GOT OUR OWN SPY IN THE SKY ON THOSE CAMERAS.
SERIAL NUMBER TALLIES WITH MODEL PURCHASED BY THE CITIZENS

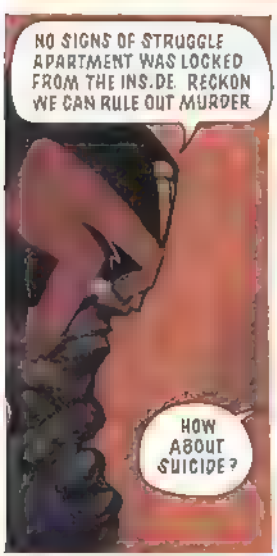
I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE PICTURE!
AND MAKE NO MISTAKE, CITIZENS, THIS IS NOT AN EXCEPTION! THE SAME BRUTAL SCENES ARE BEING ENACTED ALL OVER THE CITY! FOR OUR JUDGES, VIOLENCE IS JUST ROUTINE!
AS LONG AS THIS BARBARIC POLICY IS ALLOWED TO CONTINUE, WHICH ONE OF US IS SAFE? WHERE WILL THE STUDDED JACKBOOT OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT FALL NEXT.?
HE APPEARS TO BE APPROACHING THIS HALL
YES, DEFINITELY THIS HALL
DISGRACEFUL!
YOU JOKERS GOT A LICENCE TO OPERATE THIS VID SHOW?
GO GET 'EM, DREDDY!
BREAK SOME FACE!
YOU SHOULDA HEARD THE THINGS THEY WERE SAYIN' ABOUT YOU!

THE CITIZENS WATCHDOG COMMITTEE IS EXERCISING ITS RIGHT TO SCRUTINISE THE ACTIONS OF OUR JUDGES WE DON'T NEED A LICENCE FOR THAT
BUT YOU DO IF YOU'RE USING THE IMAGE OF A JUDGE FOR THE PURPOSES OF ENTERTAINMENT.
B-BUT THIS ISN'T ENTERTAINMENT!
OH-YES-IT-IS!
NO! IT-IT'S NOT!
THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE, CREEP — CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT!
I-I REFUSE TO SUBMIT TO THIS! STOP!
THIS IS JUST THE KIND OF THING WE'RE PROTESTING ABOUUUUUNGGG!
ATTABOY, DREDDY!
GIVE 'IM THE OLD JUDICIAL EXCESS!
LET US KNOW WHEN YOU GET OUT, MEATHEADS! WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS THE NEXT SHOW!
BETTER'N THE SATURDAY NIGHT FIGHTS!
HEY, DREDDY, ANY CHANCE OF YOU GETTIN' A REGULAR SLOT PRIME TIME-?


the m·e·a·n
MACHINE
Art by Richard Dolan
DREDD

NEIGHBOURS GOT A BIT SUSPICIOUS WHEN THEY HEARD HIM SCREAMING, JUST BEFORE THE GRINDERS STARTED THEY CALLED US
GOT AN I D ?
YEAH, THE FINGERPRINTS ARE INTACT DEFINITELY THE OCCUPANT

JUDGE DREDD
TALKBACK
HUMAN REMAINS BUCKET
ONE COOL JOHNNY COOL BY NAME DEEJAY WITH RADIO RADIO RADIO CAUSE OF DEATH... WELL, KIND OF OBVIOUS, REALLY
YEAH


NO SIGNS OF STRUGGLE APARTMENT WAS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE. RECKON WE CAN RULE OUT MURDER
HOW ABOUT SUICIDE?

HE COMES HOME... MAKES HIMSELF A CUP OF SYNTHI-CAFF ALL NICE AND CALM THEN TAKES A HEADER DOWN THE GARBAGE GRINDER?
YOU DON'T FIND MANY SUICIDES DONE ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT LIKE THAT, SIMONSON

CONTROL, THIS IS DREDD GET A PSI OVER TO BRUNO BROOKES BLOCK
ROG PALMER'S ON STANDBY— ON HIS WAY

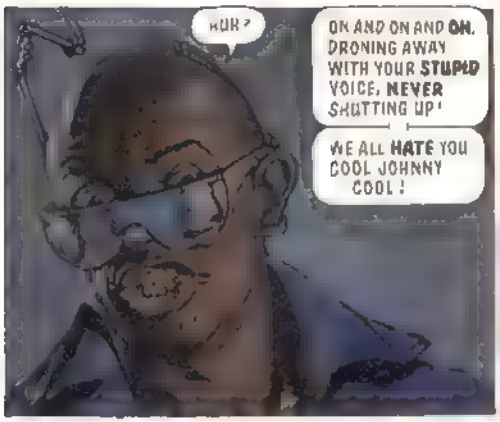
SOON -
UMMM . JUDGE DREDD?
PALMER ? WE GOT ONE FOR YOU, SON. GET TO WORK
HUM ? HOW CAN I GET RESIDUALS OFF —
WE SCRAPED HIS TOP HALF OUT OF THE GRINDER PIPES. YOU SHOULD FIND WHAT YOU NEED IN THERE
OKAY. WE FIGURE THIS BIT IS WHAT'S LEFT OF THE BRAIN — THAT SHOULD BE THE FRONTAL LOBES. IF YOU WANT TO WORK YOUR WAY BACK FROM THERE GOOD LUCK
SEE PSI-DIV ARE ON FORM. AS USUAL WHAT A GREENIE...
PALMER REACHES OUT WITH HIS MIND, SEARCHING, PROBING. MAKING CONTACT WITH THE ECHOES OF THE DEAD MAN'S LAST THOUGHTS .
EEAAAHH!
PALMER!
PALMER! PALMER! WHAT IS IT ?
MED UNIT TO LUX APT FOUR TWO. BROOKES BLOCK! PALMER IS DOWN!
TH-TH-TH-THE
THE WHAT, PALMER ? WHAT'S IN THERE ?
THE H-H-
THE HATE —

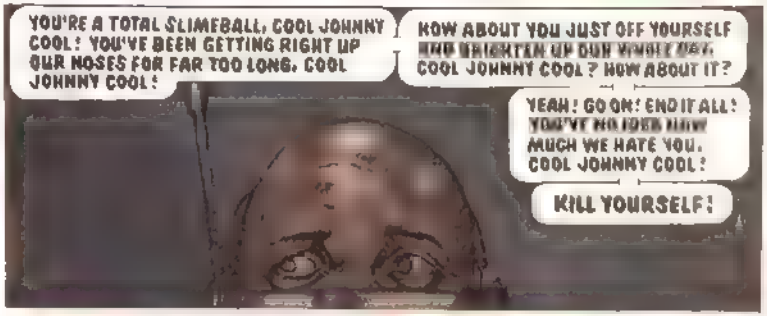
THE STORY BEHIND PALMER'S EXPERIENCE – AND COOL JOHNNY COOL'S UNPLEASANT DEMISE – BEGAN SEVERAL DAYS EARLIER
GOOOOD MORNING, MEGA-CITY ONE **COOL JOHNNY COOL** BOPPIN' ATCHA WITH RADIO RADIO RADIO! TWENTY-FOUR HOUR RED-HOT MEGA **FUNK!**
YOU GOT IT, PEOPLOIDS! THE COOLEST DUDE IN ALL OF COOLDOM IS ON THE WAVES!
AND STRAIGHTAWAY WE GOT US A CALLER! WHO'S THAT CALLING THE KING OF COOL?
ER . IT'S, UM, MR HESITANT, AH, COOL JOHNNY
HA HA HA! WHAT A WILD AND CRAZY GUY! WHAT YOU GOT FOR US HESITANT?
ER AH UMM
BYE BYE, HESITANT! HAHAHA! HE'S HESITANT, THAT GUY, HE REALLY IS!
OKAY, PEOPLES – TIME FOR THE CAKESHAKIN', BOOGLESHOOGLIN' **NOISE**: STRAIGHT IN AT SIX ON THE CEE RAP CHART, HERE'S M C JACKJERK NO-TUNE AND DEEJAY RAWKUS WITH "WE STOLE THE BASSLINE"!
SO **HIT IT!**
YO, LADY! THE COOL ONE IS OFF ON VACATION – THAT'S **BOWEL** VACATION, BABE! BACK IN FIVE!
UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE COOLEST DUDE IN ALL OF COOLDOM, THE RADIO RADIO RADIO CONVENIENCES ARE IN URGENT NEED OF A LITTLE **MAINTENANCE** –
WC
AAAARRGH!
GUUNNNH . UNCOOL, MAN

BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD CRETIN DOWN, AND AFTER A QUICK VISIT TO A MED UNIT, COOL JOHNNY COOL WAS BACK
GET WITH IT, BABES AND BABELETS! COOL JOHNNY COOL OUT OF TRACTION, BACK IN ACTION — AIN'T NO LOO CAN KEEP ME FROM YOU!
WHO'S THAT ON THE LINE FOR THE UNK OF FUNK?
HEY, COOL JOHNNY COOL . WHY DON'T YOU GO FRY!
ER... SAY AGAIN, CALLER..?
I MEAN IT, COOL JOHNNY COOL WHY DON'T YOU DROP DEAD — OR BETTER YET, JUMP OUT OF THE WINDOW!
WHAT IN GRUD'S NAME S HE DOING?
JOHNNY, STOP! WE'RE TEN FLOORS UP, YOU JERK!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, JOHNNY?
UH. .THE DUDE ON THE PHONE TOLD COOL JOHNNY TO DO IT, BABELET, DIDN'T YOU HEAR?
WHAT? THE GUY WAS PHONING ABOUT YOUR RAPATTACK QUIZ, JOHNNY! WHAT ARE YOU ON?
QUIZ .? THAT'S NOT WHAT THIS DUDE LOBED
DIDN'T YOU HEAR HIM, MY MAN? HE TOLD THE PRINCE OF ALL CATS TO GO FRY.. TO DROP DEAD! YOU MUST'VE HEARD HIM!
NOT ME, COOL JOHNNY! IT WAS ABOUT THE QUIZ!

WEIRD.

SORRY ABOUT THE DELAY, FUNKFANS — LITTLE UNCOOL ACTIVITY THERE FOR THE MAN YOU ALL LURRRVE!
BUT LET'S FORGET THE BAD AN' START GETTIN' RAD! YOU GOT RADIO RADIO RADIO BEAMIN' ATCHA WITH THE HOTTEST—
YOU GOT ANY IDEA HOW ANNOYING YOU ARE, COOL JOHNNY COOL?

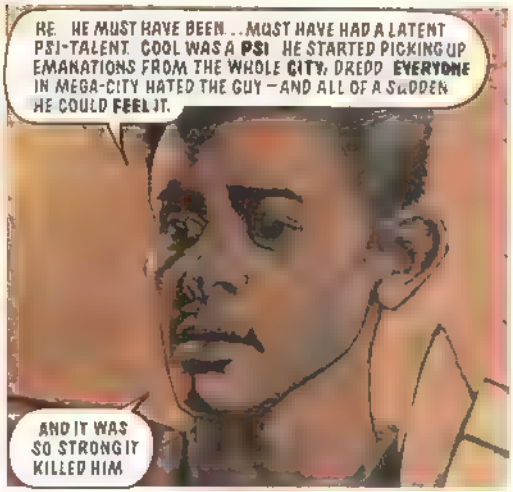

HUH?
ON AND ON AND ON. DRONING AWAY WITH YOUR STUPID VOICE, NEVER SHUTTING UP!
WE ALL HATE YOU COOL JOHNNY COOL!

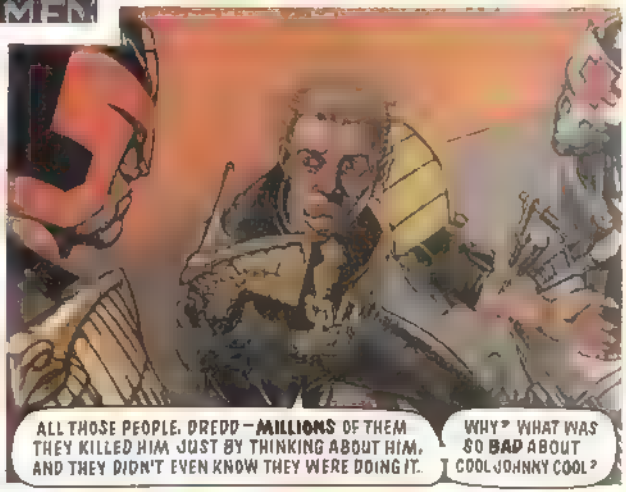

YOU'RE A TOTAL SLIMEBALL, COOL JOHNNY COOL! YOU'VE BEEN GETTING RIGHT UP OUR NOSES FOR FAR TOO LONG, COOL JOHNNY COOL!
HOW ABOUT YOU JUST OFF YOURSELF AND BRIGHTEN UP OUR WHOLE DAY, COOL JOHNNY COOL? HOW ABOUT IT?
YEAH! GO ON! END IT ALL! YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW MUCH WE HATE YOU, COOL JOHNNY COOL!
KILL YOURSELF!

FOR SOME REASON, COOL JOHNNY COOL SPENDS HIS DAY ATTEMPTING TO FOLLOW THIS UNFRIENDLY ADVICE
GLUG-GLUBBLE-GLUG~.
JEEZ! JOHNNY!

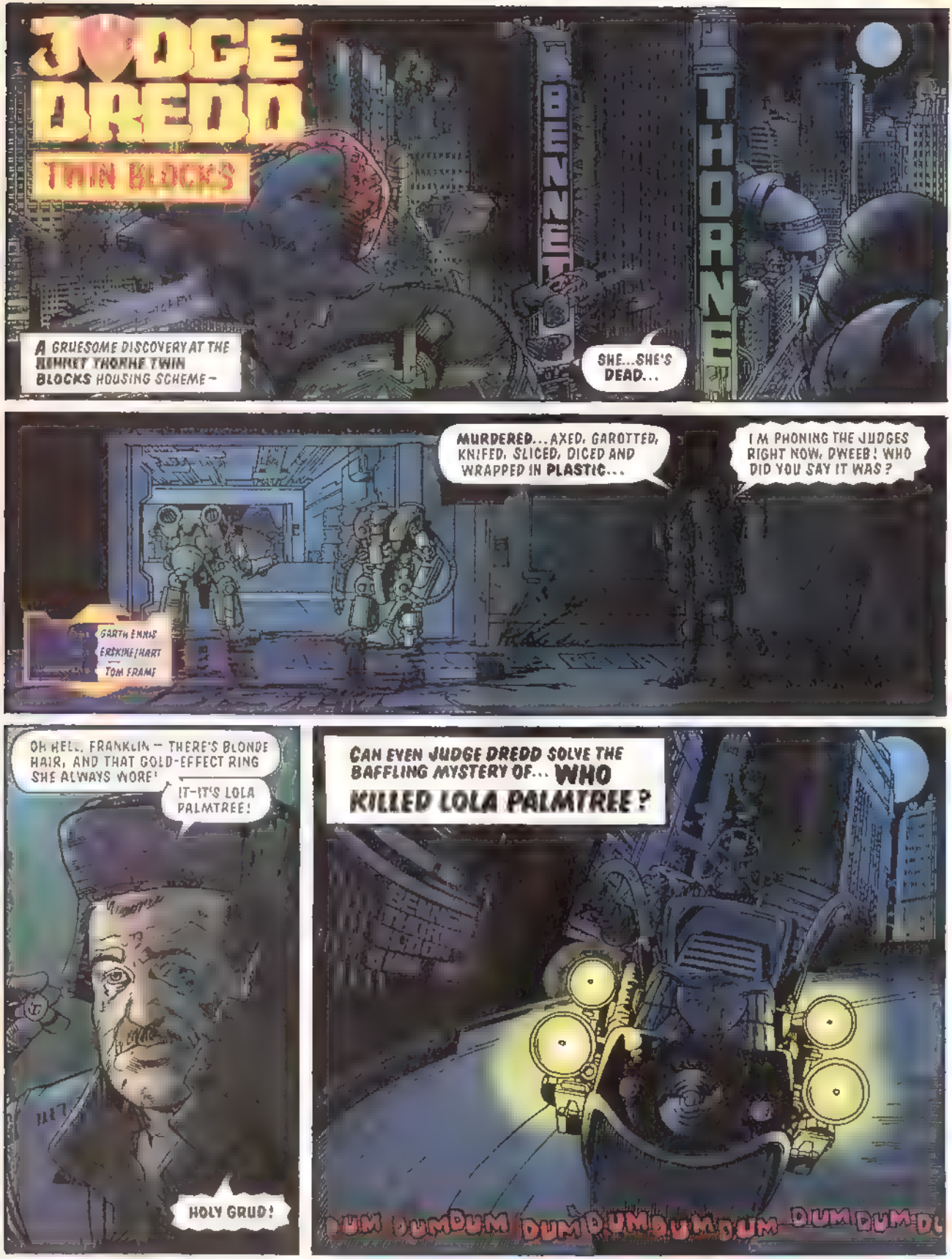
JOHNNY! NO!
YOU GONE CRAZY, MAN?

LOOK, JOHNNY, YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY UNDER A LOT OF STRESS. NOBODY ELSE HEARS THESE VOICES YOU KEEP TALKING ABOUT — IT'S ALL IN YOUR HEAD.
BUT BUT..
YOU BETTER TAKE SOME TIME OFF, JOHNNY — SEE A DOCTOR, HUH? CAN'T HAVE OUR TOP DEEJAY GOING OFF THE RAILS.
HEAD BUCK CAT
AND SO, COOL JOHNNY RETURNS HOME. BUT THE VOICES AREN'T FINISHED WITH HIM YET
BUMMER, BABE! TOTAL COOLNESS DEFICIENCY!
PAD SWEET PAD
WE'RE STILL HERE, COOL JOHNNY COOL!
AAAAH!
WHAT IS THIS, MAN? WHY ARE THESE UNFUNKY VOICES HASSLING THE DUKE OF DEF?
BECAUSE YOU'RE AN ANNOYING LITTLE TWERP, COOL JOHNNY COOL!
EVER FANCIED SWALLOWING A COUPLE OF RAZOR BLADES, COOL JOHNNY COOL? GO ON, DO IT!
BUT-BUT WHY? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
BECAUSE WE THINK YOU'RE AN IRRITATING, BORING, USELESS PIECE OF TRASH, COOL JOHNNY COOL!
WE WANT YOU TO KILL YOURSELF, COOL JOHNNY COOL!
TELL YOU WHAT, HOW ABOUT YOU JUST THROW YOURSELF DOWN THE GRUDDAM GARBAGE GRINDER, COOL JOHNNY COOL!





NEXT PROG ANY OLD IRON?

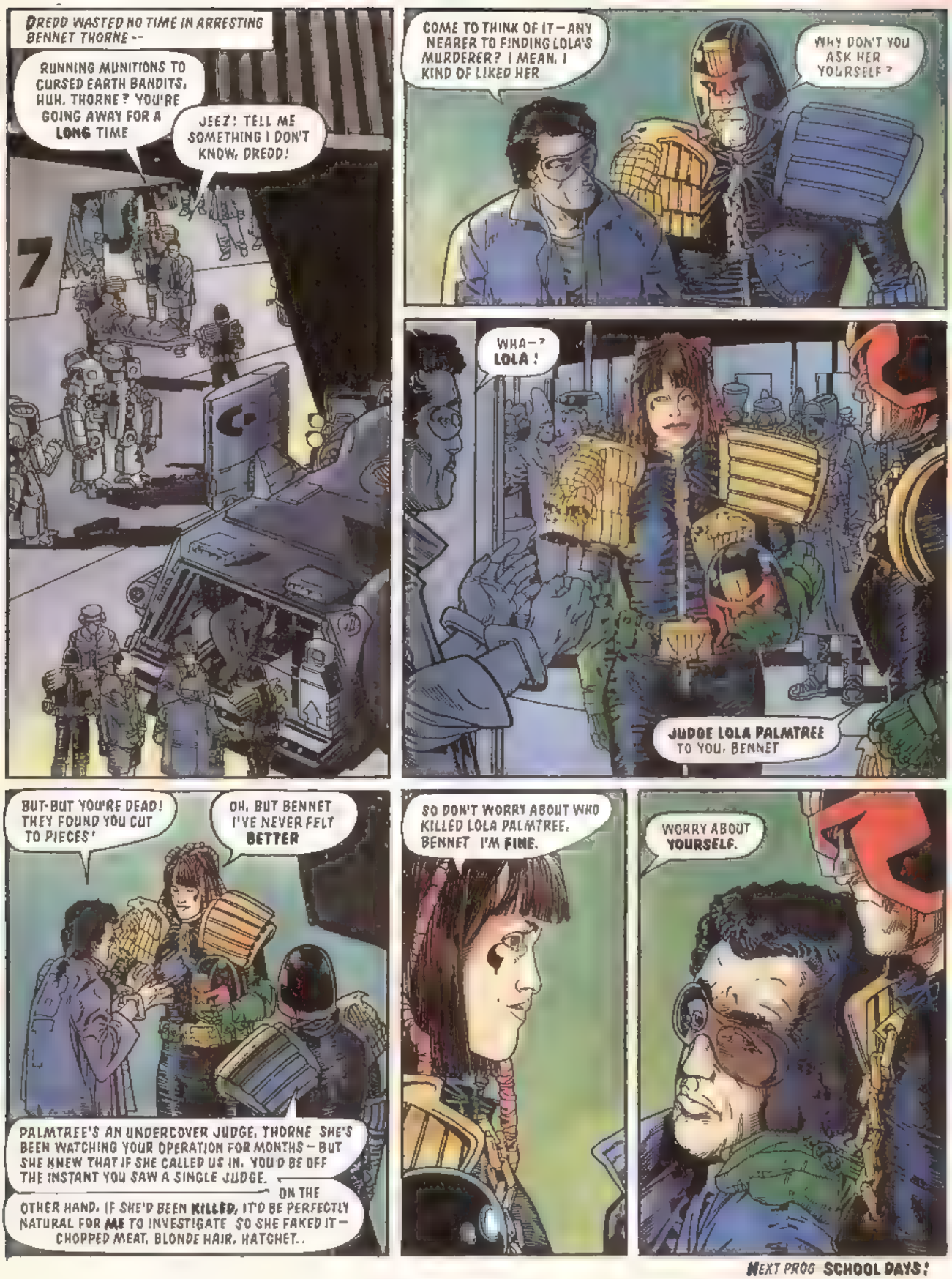

JUDGE DREDD
TWIN BLOCKS
BENNET
THORNE
A GRUESOME DISCOVERY AT THE BENNET THORNE TWIN BLOCKS HOUSING SCHEME—
SHE...SHE'S DEAD...
MURDERED...AXED, GAROTTED, KNIFED, SLICED, DICED AND WRAPPED IN PLASTIC...
I M PHONING THE JUDGES RIGHT NOW, DWEEB! WHO DID YOU SAY IT WAS?
GARTH ENNIS
ERSKINE/HART
TOM FRAME
OH HELL, FRANKLIN — THERE'S BLONDE HAIR, AND THAT GOLD-EFFECT RING SHE ALWAYS WORE!
IT-IT'S LOLA PALMTREE!
HOLY GRUD!
CAN EVEN JUDGE DREDD SOLVE THE BAFFLING MYSTERY OF... WHO KILLED LOLA PALMTREE?
DUM DUMDUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM

WELCOME TO TWIN BLOCKS, JUDGE DREDD — I'M CITIDEF CHIEF FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT. THIS IS CORPORAL BANDY.
HOW ABOUT A CUP OF DAMN FINE COFFEE?
WHAT?
DAMN ILLEGAL COFFEE, MEATHEAD! PROHIBITED SUBSTANCES — TWO YEARS!
HELL! A JUDGE!
HE STARTS SNIFFING AROUND TWIN BLOCKS LOOKIN' FOR LOLA'S KILLER, WHO KNOWS WHAT HE'LL FIND? WE BETTER TALK TO THE BOSS, NOBBY.
YOU GOT IT, TRIO
DREDD TAKES THE ELEVATOR TO THE TOP OF TWIN BLOCKS EASTERN TOWER . .
MY MOP SAW SOMETHING THAT NIGHT, YOU KNOW?
OH YEAH? AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?
THEY CALL ME THE MOP LADY.
SO YOUR MOP SAW SOMETHING, HUH? HOW DO YOU KNOW?
IT TOLD ME
TALKS TO YOU A LOT, DOES IT?
ALL THE TIME
CONTROL, YOU GOT ONE ON HOLD, TOP FLOOR TWIN BLOCKS EAST. INDEFINITE PSYCHO CUBE OBSERVATION.
NOW PROCEEDING TO OFFICE OF BENNET THORNE, BLOCKS OWNER.

I CANNOT BEGIN TO TELL YOU HOW HORRIFIED ALL OF US AT TWIN BLOCKS WERE AT LOLA'S MURDER, JUDGE DREDD. SHE WAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL, KIND, GENTLE LADY
I MEAN, WHO WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT?
YOU'D BE SURPRISED, THORNE. HOW WELL DID YOU KNOW HER?
WELL, SHE HADN'T BEEN LIVING HERE LONG—
HER REMAINS WERE FOUND IN THE BLOCK MEGAMARKET STORE. DID SHE WORK THERE?
I IMAGINE SO
MISTER THORNE. WE—OH
AH, TRIO. JUDGE DREDD, I WONDER IF YOU'D EXCUSE ME—MY FRIENDS AND I HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO DISCUSS. ADMINISTRATION AND SO ON, YOU KNOW
LATER, THORNE
THE THORNE CREEP'S BENT AS A THREE-CRED NOTE—BUT BUT STEAMING IN NOW'LL PROVE NOTHING. GOTTA FIND A WAY TO GET AT HIM
PSSSST!
HI!

YOU HERE TO BUST MY DAD?
YOU ARE?
TAWDREY THORNE WANT ANY HELP? I CAN GIVE YOU THE GOODS ON HIM, IF YOU LIKE.
AND IN THE FOOD STORE--
I'VE KNOWN WHAT THEY'VE BEEN UP TO FOR MONTHS - BUT WHEN LOLA DIED, I FIGURED ENOUGH WAS ENOUGH
GUESS SHE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT DADDY'S LITTLE PLAN WHILE SHE WAS WORKING HERE
WHAT PLAN?
SEE FOR YOURSELF
IF YOU'RE TRYING TO BE FUNNY, KID -
NOT ME BREAK IT OPEN LOOK IN IT
KINDA HEAVY EATING
I TOLD YOU HAVING A JUDGE AROUND WOULD BE TROUBLE! WHY THE HELL DID LOLA HAVE TO GET MURDERED SMACK BANG IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STORE ROOM?
THAT TREACHEROUS DAUGHTER OF MINE! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!
TRIG! NOBBY! GET DOWN THERE RIGHT NOW AND KILL THEM BOTH!
KINDA NEAT THIS YOU GET A BUNCH OF GUNRUNNERS ON A PLATE SO TO SPEAK AND I GET TO TAKE OVER DADDY'S BUSINESS, RIGHT?
WRONG. YOU KNEW ABOUT ALL OF THIS FOR MONTHS, JUVE...

HEY! WHY THE COPS?
I GET THE GUNRUNNERS — YOU GET THREE YEARS FOR WITHHOLDING INFORMATION
ALL YOU GET IS ICED, LAWBOY!
BLAMM!
STOMM! MISSED!
BADAMM!
AAAARGH!
NNNNG!
I DIDN'T



NEXT PROG SCHOOL DAYS!

£1.50 No. 11 August 1991
MONTHLY. A 2000 AD PRODUCTION

FLEETWAY

JUDGE DREDD

THE MEGAZINE

ALIEN PERP!

9 770960 181002 08

YO, MEGA-CITY ONE!
TOM MOHAN SHOPPING MALL
PART 1
RAPTAUR
AS THE SETTING SUN ADDS A TINGE OF GLAMOUR TO OUR BIG, UGLY BURG, THIS IS CHEEVER MAHOON OF MC-TVX WELCOMING YOU TO "STREET BEAT"!
'SCUSE, DUDES' CHEEVER MAHOON, "STREET BEAT" MIND TELLING OUR VIEWERS WHAT YOU'RE UP TO THIS FINE NIGHT?
NOT AT ALL, CHEEV
WE'RE ELOPING!
IT'S MY FOLKS, SEE. THEY SAY MARCY'S TOO OLD FOR ME BUT SHE'S NOT. ARE YOU, DARL?
MC-TV

SURE WE AIN'T GOT ANY MONEY SURE, I AIN'T GOT A JOB. BUT WE GOT EACH OTHER--AN' OUR LOVE WILL CARRY US THROUGH AIN'T THAT SO, BABE?
PARDON?
HUG
I HEAR THERE'S A JOB GOIN' IN SECTOR 17 SO WE'RE GONNA BAT-GLIDE SOUTH, START A WHOLE NEW LIFE!
NOW REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, HONEY--
SPREAD THOSE ARMS!
PARDON?
GOOD LUCK, KIDS!
"LOVE WILL SEE US THROUGH" GETS YOU RIGHT HERE, DON'T IT, FOLKS? MAKES YOU THINK-- MAYBE A LITTLE LOVE IS ALL THIS BIG, BAD CITY NEEDS.
ZE MI
NEW LIFE, HERE WE COME!
SPREAD 'EM, HONEY.
PARDON?
THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!

AAH
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH
PARDON?
IEEEEEEE

SO...WHAT YOU GOT?
BAT-GLIDERS. TWO
MARCY MEE, AGE 81--
TONY SHENK, 17
BOTH RESIDENT
TOM MAHON BLOCK
JUDGING BY THE CASES, WASN'T JUST A PLEASURE GLIDE HE WAS TAKING HER SOMEPLACE
OLD CROCK'S HOME, AT A GUESS
ACCIDENT?
HIT AND RUN. MOST LIKELY SHE WAS SMASHED ON IMPACT-- BUT THE GUY LOOKS AS IF HE WAS SHEARED IN HALF. STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THE MISSING BITS!
LET ME KNOW HOW THE AUTOPSY CHECKS OUT
LAST THING WE NEED'S SOME CREEP ON THE LOOSE WITH A SCYTHE!
ANY VEHICLE WITH FINS THAT SHARP, I'D CALL A LETHAL WEAPON!

YO, JUVES!
CHEEVER MAHOON, OUT ON THE STREET BEAT, LOOKING FOR LIFE!
AND WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE THIS FINE MOONY NIGHT, BOYS?
ART, PINHEAD--
SEE?
YAAAAAH!
SPRAY 'IM!
GET OFF ON THIS, YOU COUCH POTATOES!
OINK OINK!
HA HA HA!

JUSTICE CENTRAL AUTOPSY: 2399/14/M. SUBJECT: SHENK, TONY
VICTIM'S HEAD, LEFT ARM AND UPPER LEFT TORSO SLICED OFF. STILL MISSING
THIS IS DIRECTLY ABOVE WHERE THE BODIES FELL.
WOUND CLEANLY INFLICTED. IN ONE STROKE. REQUIRED FORCE: APPROX 500LB/IN2
BLOOD!
NO METAL RESIDUE IN WOUND. NO PLASTIC RESIDUE. NO PAINT RESIDUE. NO HEAT DAMAGE.
CONCLUSION: NON-VEHICULAR CAUSE
FORENSIC
M4

DROKK!
DREDD? CENTRAL MED AUTOPSY'S COMPLETE ON THE SHENK KID. IT WAS NO COLLISION RIPPED HIM LIKE THAT
BEST GUESS IS IT WAS SOME KIND OF ANIMAL.
YEAH--
TELL ME ABOUT IT!
Y-GRUNTS OINK OKAY!
OINK OINK!
HEY! YOU HEAR A--

OH, J-J-JEE-JEE--
OH, J-J-JEE-JEE--
Y-GRUNTS OINK OKAY!
WHAT THE HELL--
THWIP!
NO--!
THWICK!
WH-WH-WHO..?

NEXT JUDGE-MEAT!

MEGAZINE
PIN-UP

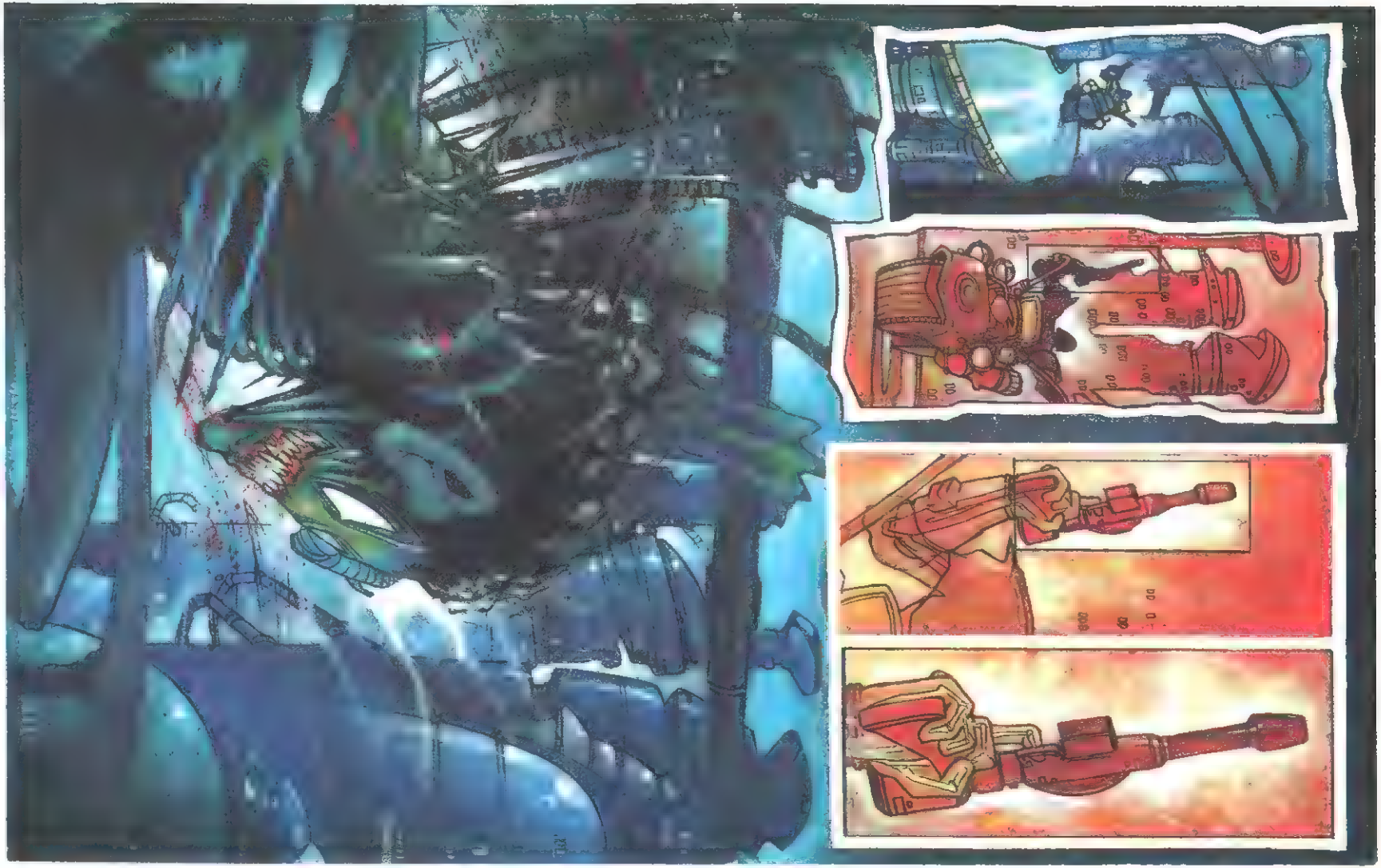
TONY SHENK?
HAS TO BE. REMAINS MATCH PRETTY EXACTLY WITH WHAT ELSE WE FOUND OF HIM.
STRANGE, THOUGH. I DON'T KNOW OF ANY ANIMAL THAT EATS ITS VICTIM'S FLESH, THEN CRACKS OPEN THE SKULL TO GET AT THE BRAINS!
SOMETHING IN FROM THE CURSED EARTH, MAYBE. OR AN ESCAPEE FROM ONE OF THE ALIEN ZOOS.
PUT OUT AN A.P.B. WHATEVER IT IS, I WANT IT STOPPED BEFORE IT STRIKES AGAIN!
CONTROL TO ANY UNIT, MOHAN MUNICIPAL MUNCE! ROBBERY IN PROGRESS!
DREDD, I'LL TAKE IT!
RAPTAUR

87-IX
HURRY IT UP, ZYKO! WE MUST'VE SET OFF THE AUTO-ALARMS IN EVERY SECTOR HOUSE FROM HERE TO TEXAS CITY!
IT'S COMIN'! IT'S COMIN'--
IT'S . EMPTY! THERE'S NO MONEY! JUST A CARD--
CONGRATULATIONS YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED IN OPENING A DECOY DUCK CASHLESS SAFE - THE JUDGES WILL BE HERE SHORTLY
A DECOY! AW, HELL--!
YOU PERPS! THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS HIGH!
AW, HELL!
FLAKE OFF, LAWDOG!
BLOW HIM AWAY!

SPAANG!
BAM
BLAM
ALL RIGHT, CREEPS! WE PLAY IT YOUR WAY--
PEEOW!
BAWOOOMFF
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
AAAH!
BUDDA
BUDDA
ARGH!
TAKE COVER!
THERE'S NOWHERE YOU CAN HIDE FROM THE LAW!
HEAT-SEEKERS!
AAAAA!
AAAAA!
THIS'LL FIX HIS STINKIN' TRICKS!
ON

DROKK!
BLINDED FOR A MOMENT!
BUT THEY'VE GOTTA BE HEADIN' FOR THE EXIT--
THE MUNCE TANK--!
SPLUDD!
SHRADOOOOSH!
AAAH!
YAAA!
-- STATION MC-TVX. PLEASE DO NOT ADJUST YOUR SET!
NOW THAT OUR, UHH, TECHNICAL PROBLEM IS RESOLVED, THIS IS CHEEVER MAHOON WELCOMING YOU BACK TO "STREET BEAT"
SHOTS HAVE BEEN HEARD FROM THE MUNICIPAL MUNCE BUILDING. I'M ON MY WAY THERE NOW.
STAY TUNED!

JUDGE DREDD! SIR!
ONE MOMENT OF YOUR TIME, PLEASE!
CHEEVER MAHOON, "STREET BEAT" – THE PROGRAMME WHERE THE CITY ITSELF IS THE STAR!
CAN YOU TELL OUR VIEWERS – WHAT HAPPENED IN THERE?
NO BUT I WILL SAY THIS--
BREAK THE LAW AND YOU GOT ME ON YOUR CASE!
DREDD? PRESENCE REQUIRED, TOM MOHAN PEDWAYS LOOKS LIKE YOUR BEAST IS AT IT AGAIN.
BEAST, SIR? WHICH BEAST IS THAT?
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
OUT MY WAY!
YOW!
THIS IS CHEEVER MAHOON SAYING "STAY IN TUNE!" I'LL BE BACK AFTER THIS COMMERCIAL BREAK--



Y-BACON NOW!
SAME AS THE LAST ONE — FLESH EATEN, BONES GNAWED, HEARTS AND BRAINS RIPPED OUT!
PURE CARNAGE! COULDN'T'VE JUST BEEN ONE BEAST, SURELY...!
ONLY ONE SET OF TRACKS.
BIG MOTHER — THREE TOES —
GOOD CLIMBER, TOO, IF IT GOT OUT THAT WAY!
CALLING ANY H-WAGON! THIS IS DREDD, AT THE TOM MOHAN BLOCK I NEED AERIAL SURVEILLANCE!
J-117 ON ITS WAY!
— CHEEVER MAHOON, HOT ON THE TRAIL OF MEGA-CITY'S PREMIER LAWMAN, WONDERING JUST WHAT KIND OF BEAST —
HOLY HECK!

HOLY HECK!
DIDJA HEAR THAT, LOLA? THERE'S SOME KIND OF WILD ANIMAL LOOSE IN THE BLOCK!
WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO, DERV?
I'M CALLIN' OUT THE BOYS! THIS IS A JOB FOR TOM MOHAN CITI-DEF!
FREDO? DERV. PASS THE WORD – RED ALERT!
MEET UP IN THE MALL, FIVE MINUTES. FULL COMBAT GEAR!
IS THAT WISE, DEAR? SHOULDN'T YOU LEAVE IT TO THE JUDGES? REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME--
WHEN JIM-BOB BUB BLEW UP THE SCHOOL BUS?
AN ACCIDENT. HE THOUGHT THEY WERE DRUG SMUGGLERS!
HE STILL GOT THIRTY YEARS!
JUST YOU BE CAREFUL OUT THERE! I DON'T WANT ANY "ACCIDENTS" HAPPENING TO YOU!

NEXT: CITI-DETH!

BLOCK 4
INFRA-RED SHOWS SOMETHING, SCREEN 4!
ZOOM IN, FULL VISUAL!
HOLY DROK ON TOAST!
PART 3
RAPTAUR

DERV...?
DERV PLANTAIN! STOP FOOLING AROUND! WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?
AAAHHHHH!!
J-117 CALLING JUDGE DREDD!
WE'VE SIGHTED YOUR BEAST, CLIMBING UP THE BLOCK MAIN FACE! IT'S HEADED FOR THE ROOF!
STOP IT IF YOU CAN!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
GRUD! LOOK AT THAT SUCKER MOVE--!

FORWARD GUNNER – PREPARE TO FIRE!
WHAT THE HELL...?
DREDD? WE GOT A PROBLEM – THE THING'S DISAPPEARED FROM ALL OUR MONITORS!

NO SIGN OF DERV YET?
NAH! HE'S NEVER ON TIME!
I ALWAYS SAID IF HE HADN'T BEEN LATE, JIM-BOB BUB WOULD'VE SHOT THE REAL DRUG SMUGGLERS NOT THAT SCHOOL BUS!
HE TOLD ME IT WAS A RED ALERT – BUT HE DIDN'T SAY WHY.
COME ON. WE'D BETTER SUIT UP AND FIND OUT!
WHAT D'YOU THINK? RIVAL BLOCK ATTACK?
COULD BE. OR MAYBE IT'S THE Y-OINKS, THEY'VE BEEN CAUSIN' A LOT OF MINOR TROUBLE RECENTLY.
ONLY ONE WAY WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT!
HEY, WHAT'S THAT SMELL...?
WHAT D'YOU RECKON, DREDD – TELEPORTER?
DON'T THINK SO
SEE – FAINT TRAIL. LOOKS LIKE IT DIDN'T DISAPPEAR – JUST MANAGED TO HIDE ITSELF. SOMEHOW.
COULD BE ANYWHERE BY NOW, AND EVERY MINUTE IT'S LOOSE, CITIZENS ARE IN DANGER!
CONTROL? DREDD. SEND A PSI DOWN TO THE MOHAN BLOCK.
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, I WANT THIS THING CAUGHT!

CHEEZ! THAT'S DISGUSTING!
PROBABLY A BLOCKAGE IN THE TOILET. HERE – ARM UP!
IT'S COMIN' FROM THE STORE ROOM–
OH MY GRUD. .
IT–IT'S A CHARNEL HOUSE IN THERE!

THWIPP
SWIPP
WHAT THE--
AGGHHH!
SLISH!
HOLY MOLEY! WH-WHAT IS IT ?
DON'T MATTER WHAT! IT GOT COSMO--
SHOOT TO KILL!
BADOOW!
BADOOW!
BADDOW!

GUNFIRE!
SOUNDS LIKE IT'S COMING FROM THE UPPER MALL--!
BLAM!
BADOW!
CRIPES! THEY'RE JUST BOUNCING OFF--!
AAAHH!
FRODO!
GET IT! GET IT!
SLASH!
RRRR
RIPP!
BE CAREFUL! THERE'S HI-EXPLOSIVE--!

THE CITI-DEF BUILDING--!
KRAAK!
PEOOW!
BADOOM!
HOLD YOUR FIRE, DAMN IT!
BAAWOOOMFFFF!
YOU OKAY?
I GUESS I WONDER WHAT .
STOMM!
IT'S GOTTA BE THE BEAST!
STAY BACK FROM IT!
RELAX NOTHING COULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT EXPLOSION!

NEXT: BETTER DEAD THAN BLED?

PART 4
RAPTAUR
AAAAHH!
TOO STRONG FOR CLOSE QUARTERS
GOTTA GIVE MYSELF A LITTLE SPACE--!
DAMN LETTIN GO
ASPECTS WE TO RUN AWAY FROM

WHUMP!
UH-OH!
DROKK!
UUUHH!
CH..CHOKIN' ME ! CAN'T HOLD IT MORE. .THAN A FEW SECONDS!
HAVE TO REACH MY... BOOT KNIFE!

LIKE... CHOPPIN ROCK!
LET. GO. DAMN YOU--
HAG!
CHOP!
LET GO!
WHUMP!

CAN'T HOLD ON! I'M FINISHED, UNLESS...
AAARGH!
JUDGE DREDD...?
CONTROL? KARYN, PSI, ON TOM MOHAN ROOF!
JUDGE DOWN! MEDS NEEDED— NOW!

JUDGE DREDD. ?
OH MY GRUD.
HERE. I'LL--
I CAN WAIT THE BEAST - GETT N'AWAY
DO YOUR JOB DAMN YOU
I
I SEE IT!
STREET LEVEL- CRASHED CAB! IT'S --
DISAPPEARED!
SORRY, DREDD IT'S--
DONE

SICKOS
-- SO IF YOU LIKE TO VOMIT, TRY SICKOS.
SO GOOD, YOU CAN'T HOLD 'EM DOWN!
YO, MEGA-CITY ONE!
YOU'RE TUNED TO STATION MC-TVX. THIS IS CHEEVER MAHOON, WITH "BAD NEWS UPDATE".
REMEMBER THESE GRUESOME PICTURES?
THAT'S RIGHT— THE REMAINS OF THE THREE YOUNG HOOLIGANS FOUND RIPPED TO SHREDS ON TOM MOHAN BLOCK ROOF!
WE'VE ASKED A FAMOUS ARTIST TO SKETCH HIS IMPRESSIONS OF THE MONSTER WHO DID IT--
ER... THEY'RE NOT QUITE READY YET!
HE CAME UP WITH THESE THREE STARTLINGLY DIFFERENT— BUT EQUALLY HORRIFIC— POSSIBILITIES—
ONE: THE INSANE CHAINSAW VAMPIRE!
TWO: THE CURSED EARTH MUTANT SPIDER!
THREE: ER... THE INVISIBLE ALIEN BLOODSUCKING MENACE!
COMING UP— WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY, AND VIDDER PHONE-IN.
MORE AFTER THIS--
DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR FIRST GOOD SPEW? RECAPTURE THAT MOMENT— WITH SICKOS!
SICKOS
BARF

-- SEVERE LACERATIONS TO BACK, SHOULDERS, UPPER ARMS, LEFT LEG --
WHAT ABOUT THE KNIFE WOUND?
THAT'S THE LEAST OF HIS PROBLEMS!
LUNGS
BLOOD PRESSURE
ALL LIFE FUNCTIONS DETERIORATING
DOESN'T MAKE SENCE HIS WOUNDS AREN'T THAT BAD.
BLOOD PRESSURE'S GOING HAYWIRE!

WE'RE LOSING HIM, SIR--
HE'S STARTING TO FLATLINE!
THE BLOOD -- IT HAS TO BE -- POISONED!
I WANT A COMPLETE BODY FLUSH! MOVE!
PULMONARY STIM!
NOW WITH THE BODY FLUSH!
MY BODY FEELS LIGHT... BUT IT'S SINKING--
SINKING INTO BLUE...
SOMEPLACE STRANGE--
CRYSTAL BLUE--

NEXT THE GRIM REAPER BLUES!

I RUN, BUT I KNOW IT'S USELESS
DEATH COMES TO EVERY MAN
WHY NOT JUST GIVE IN TO IT ?
FADE OUT EASY .
RAPTAUR
GET ME AN ANALYSIS OF THAT BLOOD. AND START TO REPLACE IT... NOW!
BUT, SIR — IT'S TOO SOON! WE MIGHT DAMAGE--
I'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY!
HE'S DYING, DAMMIT! JUST DO IT!
HURTS NEVER MIND PAIN WON'T LAST

NO! WHAT THE HELL AM I THINKING?
CAN'T JUST... GIVE IN! HAVE TO FIGHT--
FIGHT BACK!
YOU WON'T BEAT ME!
I'M JUDGE DREDD!
I WON'T DIE!
I WON'T DIE!
BLIP
BLIP
UNNHH.
WHAT'S UP, DOC?

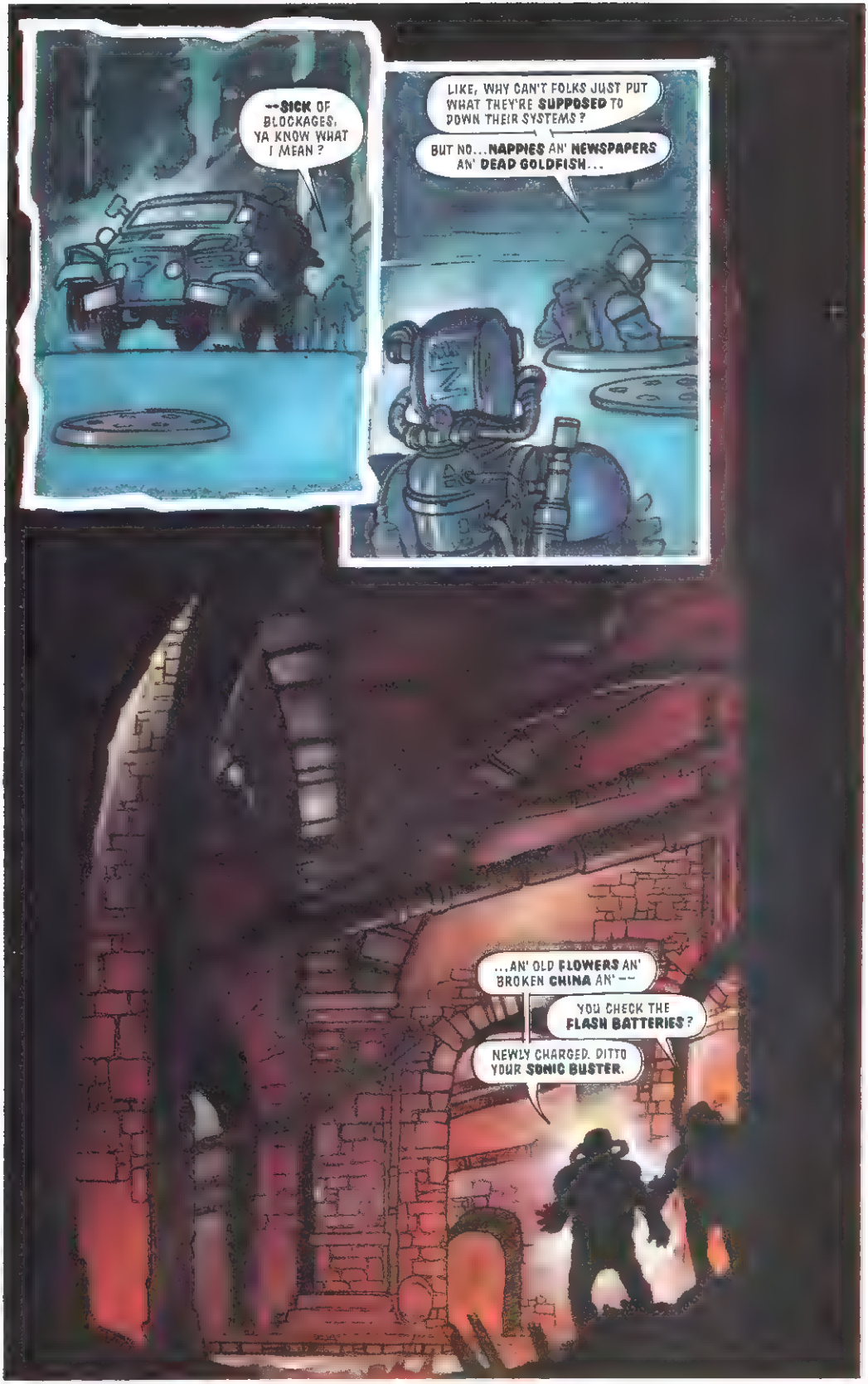
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS BEAST?
IF SO, DO NOT APPROACH CALL THE JUDGES.. NOW..
YO, MEGA-CITY! THIS IS CHEEVER MAHOON WITH "BAD NEWS UPDATE"!
A PALPABLE AURA OF FEAR HAS SETTLED TODAY ON THE TOM MOHAN CITY-BLOCK, SCENE OF A REMARKABLY BRUTAL SERIES OF KILLINGS
IN AN EFFORT TO FLUSH OUT THE PERP, JUDGES ARE EVEN NOW CONDUCTING HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SEARCHES--
KERRASH!

SHEESH! YA COULD'VE JUST KNOCKED!
IF THE BEAST WAS HERE, D'YOU THINK HE'D HAVE ANSWERED?
WHILE A WIDE RANGE OF PETTY CRIMES HAS BEEN UNCOVERED--
ILLEGAL ELDSTER LODGER!
REFINED SUGAR!
NO FISH LICENSE!

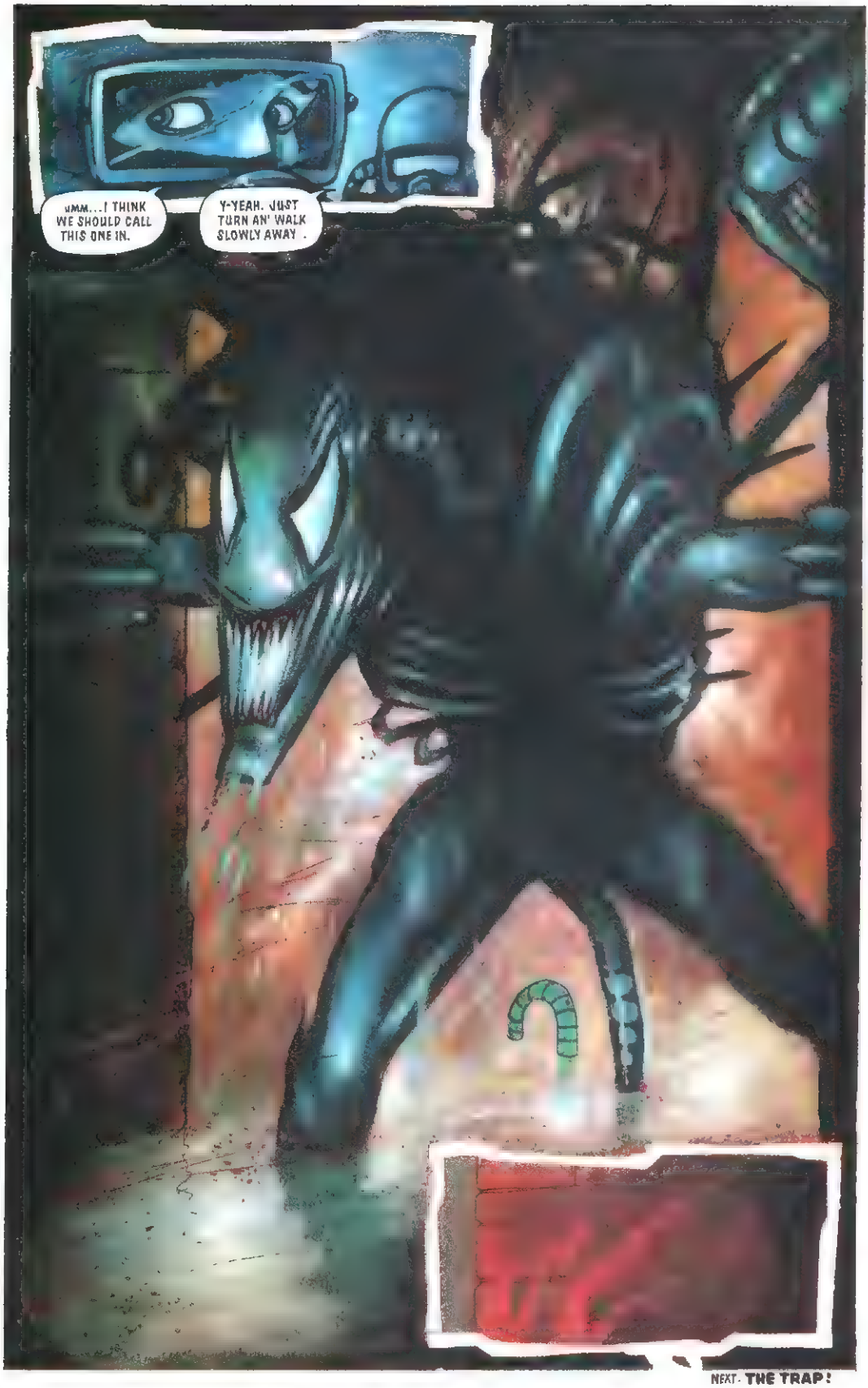
IT IS BELIEVED NO TRACE OF THE MONSTER HAS SO FAR BEEN FOUND!
MORE AFTER THIS COMMERCIAL BREAK--
WHAT NAME DO YOU ASSOCIATE WITH HIGH PRICES – LOW QUALITY – AND TOTALLY-USELESS-BUT-GREAT FADS?
THAT'S RIGHT – OTTO SUMP!
WELL, OTTO'S DONE IT AGAIN. WITH NOXIC, THE PERFUME THAT SAYS "I DON'T GIVE A SH--"
SUMP'S NOXIC PARFUM
WHAT THE HECK--?
CHEEVER MAHOON?
YES BUT – YOU CAN'T COME CHARGING IN HERE! I'M ON THE AIR!
WE CAN CHARGE IN WHEREVER WE WANT, PAL! SHUT UP SHOP YOU'RE COMING DOWNTOWN FOR INTERROGATION
STATION MC-TVX
STAY TUNED!
NORMAL SERVICE WILL BE RESUMED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

DAMN IT, DREDD! YOU'RE IN NO SHAPE FOR THIS!
TWELVE HOURS IN RAPI-HEAL'S NOT NEARLY ENOUGH!
RIGHT NOW, THERE'S MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS MONSTER BUSINESS!
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE INVOLVED! LET SOMEONE ELSE HANDLE IT!
YOU'VE NOTHING TO PROVE TO ANYONE.
TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT IT
A TOTAL BLITZ ON THE TOM MOHAN BLOCK TURNED UP 17 BODIES IN SEPARATE APARTMENTS. FROM WHAT WE PIECED TOGETHER AFTER THE CITI-DEF EXPLOSION, THERE WERE AT LEAST ANOTHER 20 IN THERE
EVIDENTLY IT EATS A LOT.
FLUKE
AT THE CITI-DEF – THERE WAS A T.V. NEWSMAN--
CHEEVER MAHOON. WE INTERROGATED HIM. HE WAS ON SOME KIND OF STREET-BEAT SHOW. JUST CHANCE HE WAS THERE.
POST-MORTEM SHOWS THE FIRST CORPSE WAS KILLED THREE DAYS AGO. THOUGH MOST HAD BEEN PART-DEVOURED, THE FLESH OF SEVERAL WAS UNTOUCHED.
HOWEVER, IN EVERY CASE THE SKULL WAS CRACKED OPEN AND BRAIN MATERIAL REMOVED.

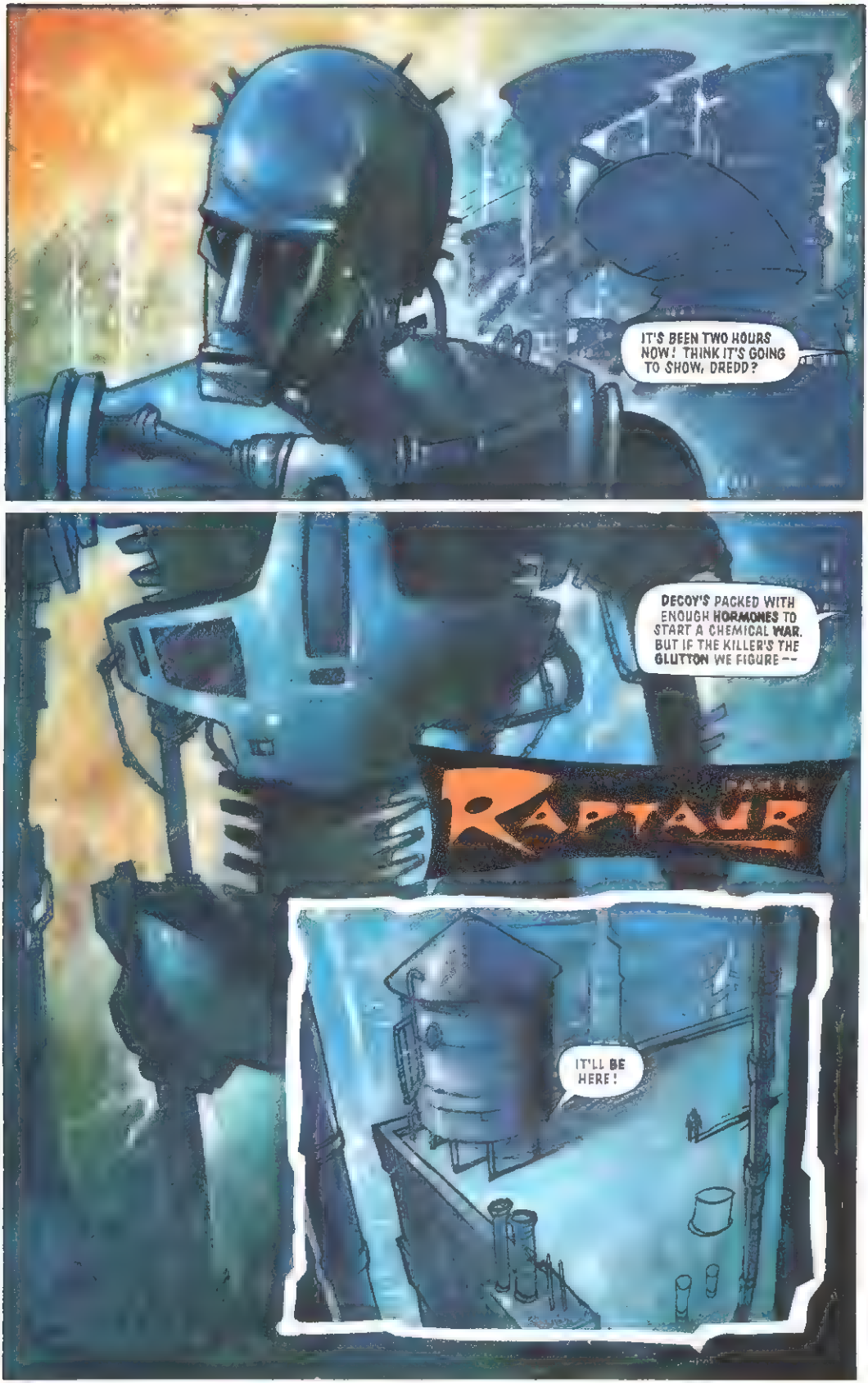
ANALYSIS OF DUNG SAMPLES FOUND IN THE CITI-DEF RUINS INDICATES A SILICA – NOT CARBON – BASED BEING.
DOESN'T EQUATE WITH ANYTHING FROM THE KNOWN GALAXY, OR ANY CURSED EARTH MUTATION!
DOC? BLOOD SAMPLES TELL YOU ANYTHING?
YOU WERE CONTAMINATED WITH A FEAR-INDUCING HYPNOTIC DRUG – PROBABLY WHEN IT GOUGED YOU.
AN AID TO QUIETENING ITS VICTIMS, NO DOUBT LIKE A SPIDER.
PSIONICALLY, THERE'S NOT A LOT I CAN ADD. MY OWN INABILITY TO TRACK THE BEAST INDICATES SOME SORT OF PSI-FUG – PRODUCED CONSCIOUSLY, I'D GUESS.
SO... WE DON'T KNOW WHERE IT CAME FROM – WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS – WE DON'T KNOW HOW IT GOT HERE – AND WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIND IT.
ANYONE GOT ANYTHING POSITIVE TO SAY. .?
WE-ELL. FIRST OFF, I'D GUESS IT'S A HUNTER. FROM WHAT WE'VE SEEN IT'S A NEAR-PERFECT KILLING MACHINE.
IT'S LIKING FOR BRAINS MIGHT BE PERSONAL TASTE – BUT IT COULD ALSO SHOW A NEED FOR HORMONAL CHEMICALS.
SO FAR, FOR WHATEVER REASON, ALL OF ITS KILLINGS HAVE CENTRED ON THE TOM MOHAN BLOCK--
HMMM. YOU'RE SAYING WE COULD SET A TRAP?
CONSULT WITH THE TEKS, KARYN – SEE WHAT YOU NEED TO SET IT UP.
UNLESS THERE'S A BETTER SUGGESTION, WE'LL GIVE IT A TRY!
"WE"? I'M AFRAID NOT, DREDD. NOT YOU, AT LEAST! AS YOUR DOCTOR, I HAVE TO ADVISE YOU'RE IN NO STATE FOR ACTIVE DUTY!
ADVICE NOTED, DOC!
AND REJECTED!


--SICK OF BLOCKAGES, YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
LIKE, WHY CAN'T FOLKS JUST PUT WHAT THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO DOWN THEIR SYSTEMS?
BUT NO...NAPPIES AN' NEWSPAPERS AN' DEAD GOLDFISH...
...AN' OLD FLOWERS AN' BROKEN CHINA AN' --
YOU CHECK THE FLASH BATTERIES?
NEWLY CHARGED. DITTO YOUR SONIC BUSTER.

...TORN CLOTHES .. TORN CLOTHES AN' LEFT-OVER FOOD...
BLOCKAGE AHEAD!
...I MEAN, WHAT'S WRONG WITH GARBAGE GRINDERS, THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!
OH



NEXT- THE TRAP!


IT'S BEEN TWO HOURS NOW! THINK IT'S GOING TO SHOW, DREDD?
DECOY'S PACKED WITH ENOUGH HORMONES TO START A CHEMICAL WAR. BUT IF THE KILLER'S THE GLUTTON WE FIGURE --
RAPTAUR
IT'LL BE HERE!

HE'S MADE THE TRAP!
ALL UNITS – OPEN FIRE!
BRING IT DOWN!

BULLETS DON'T STOP IT! SWITCH TO HI-EX!
LOOK OUT--!
AGH!
AAAAH!
DAMN! IT'S GETTING AWAY--!
DREDD! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU--?

TURBO BOOST!
LOOK OUT!
EMOTIONAL DISPLAY IN A PUBLIC PLACE — 100 CREDS FINE!
NEXT TIME, YOU DO TIME!
SCREEEEEECH!

--THE FULL STORY OF THIS REPORTER'S THREE-HOUR INTERROGATION AT JUSTICE CENTRAL WILL BE TOLD TOMORROW ON MC-TVX'S "BAD VIBES" SHOW!
MEANWHILE, THIS IS CHEEVER MAHOON PROWLING THE NIGHT, BRINGING YOU THE BEST OF WHAT'S HAPPENING IN OUR BIG, BAD BURG !
SIR! CHEEVER MAHOON, STATION MC-TVX. DO YOU HAVE A WORD FOR OUR VIDDERS...?
SURE
HI. I'M DARTINGTON TREMAYNE THE THIRD DESPITE BEING HOMELESS, PENNILESS AND REDUCED TO PICKING THROUGH TRASH TO FIND FOOD, I RETAIN A SIMPLE AND TRUSTING FAITH IN MY FELLOW MAN.

PLEASE – SEND ME SOME MONEY. BETTER STILL, WHY NOT DRIVE OVER AND GIVE IT TO ME IN PERSON? I'M HERE MOST NIGHTS UNTIL THE JUDGES MOVE ME ON AT DAWN!
OH SWEET GRUD--
MEGA CITY FOUR
SHUM
SHUM
SHUM
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, CREEP!

IT'S HURT! GOTTA KEEP UP THE PRESSURE--!
DROKK!
KRUNCH

OH MY GRUD!
JUDGE DREDD ?
JUDGE DREDD IS DOWN! THE MONSTER IS GONE!
TELL YOUR FRIENDS YOU SAW IT LIVE, FOLKS — ON STATION MC-TVX!
UUUUUUUHH...!

JUDGE DREDD – SIR!
WOULD THIS BE AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT FOR AN INTERVIEW, PLEASE – TELL THE VIEWERS HOW –
I WARNED YOU TO STAY OUT OF MY FACE!
IT'S WHAT YOU'RE DOING, CHUMP. THREE MONTHS!
WH-WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
KARYN? IT'S GONE INTO THE SEWERS. RICHMOND STREET
I'M GOING IN AFTER IT!
WAIT UP! WE'LL BE THERE IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!
THAT THING'S TOO DANGEROUS TO TACKLE ALONE!
NEXT: TO THE DEATH!

£1.65 No.17 February 1992

JUDGE DREDD

THE MEGAZINE

TO THE DEATH!

PLUS! WIN ORIGINAL ARTWORK! Details Inside!

YoungSt*r Scan
9 770960 181019 02

JUDGE DREDD MAY HAVE CUFFED ME TO THIS POLE — BUT YOUR INTREPID REPORTER, CHEEVER MAHOON, NEVER GIVES UP!
I'M SENDING MY INTREPID HOVER-CAMERA INTO THE SEWERS AFTER HIM!
STAY TUNED TO THIS CHANNEL, FOLKS—
FOR LIVE-ACTION MAN VERSUS MONSTER!
I REMEMBER THE FEELING, IN THE FEVER-DREAM
SURRENDER. GIVE UP. AS EASY TO DIE NOW AS LATER
THE MEDS FLUSHED THE POISON — BUT I CAN STILL FEEL ITS ECHOES COURSING THROUGH ME, GHOST VOICES WHISPERING:
SURRENDER GIVE UP
PART 1
RAPTAUR

MAYBE THAT'S WHY I'M HERE TO LAY THE GHOST
LIGHT ROUND THE CORNER--
SURRENDER GIVE UP
IGNORE THE FEELINGS' CONCENTRATE FOCUS ON THE JOB IN HAND--
WHAT-?
DAMN. MAHOON--:
THWIP! WHHIP!

I RECOGNISES M.
SURRENDER
GIVE IN
AS EASY TO DIE
NOW AS LATER
IT'S HYPNOTISING ME
CAN'T LET T--

EAT THIS, UGLY!
SCRUNCH!
HURT HIM! HE'S ANGRY--
SONIC BUSTER FOR CLEARING BLOCKAGES !
I WON'T DIE
OF COURSE - SONICS!

DAMN! TOO STRONG. PULLING ME BACK--
JUST ONE WAY OUT OF THIS--
NOW!
THE CRIME IS MURDER, CREEP--
PUM!
POOM!

THE SENTENCE IS DEATH!
SCREE
EEEE
EEEE

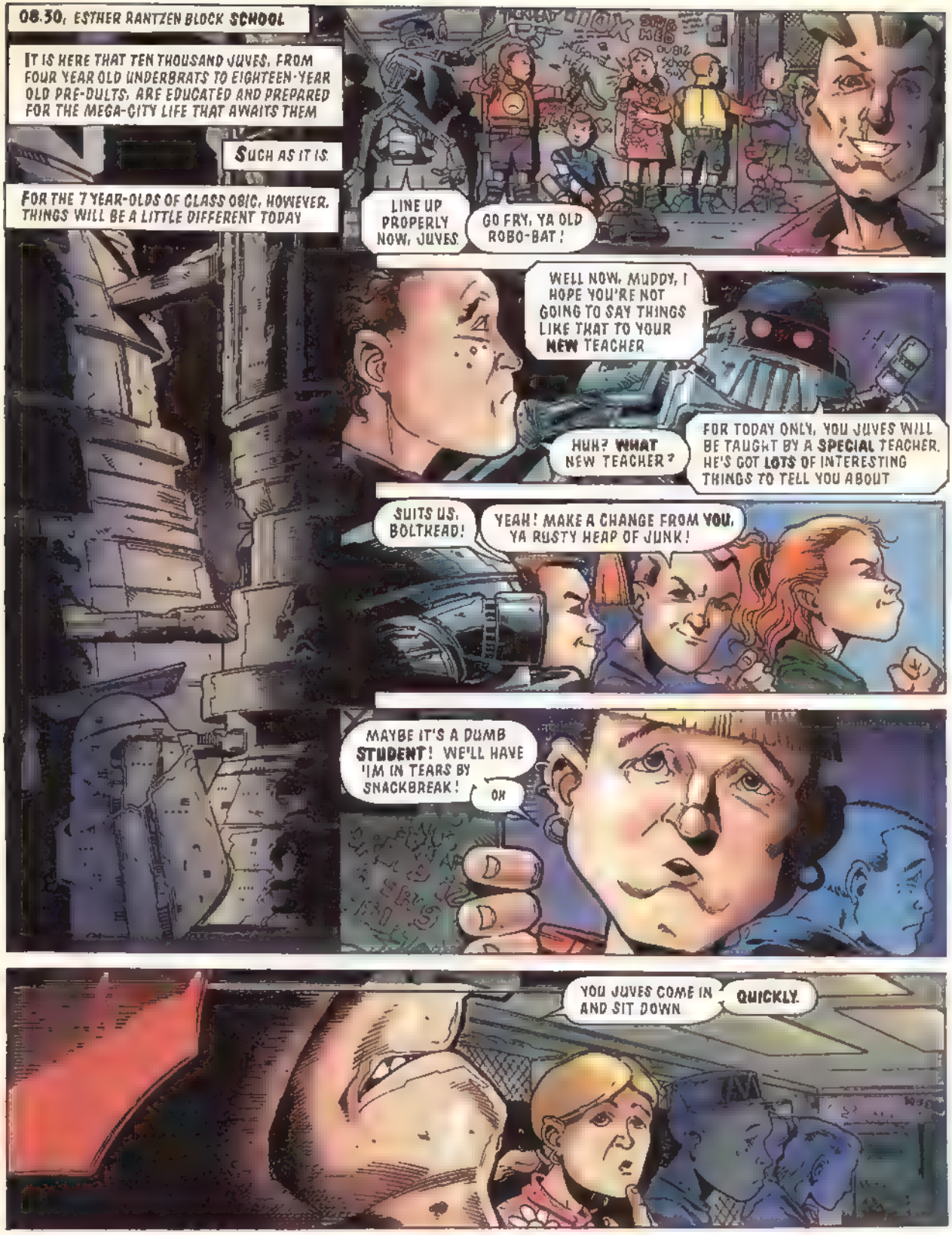
IT WORKED. CRYSTAL-BASED, HE HAD TO BE VULNERABLE TO ULTRA-SOUND
THANK GRUD!
HURRY IT UP!
NO SAYING WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN--
O YE OF LITTLE FAITH!

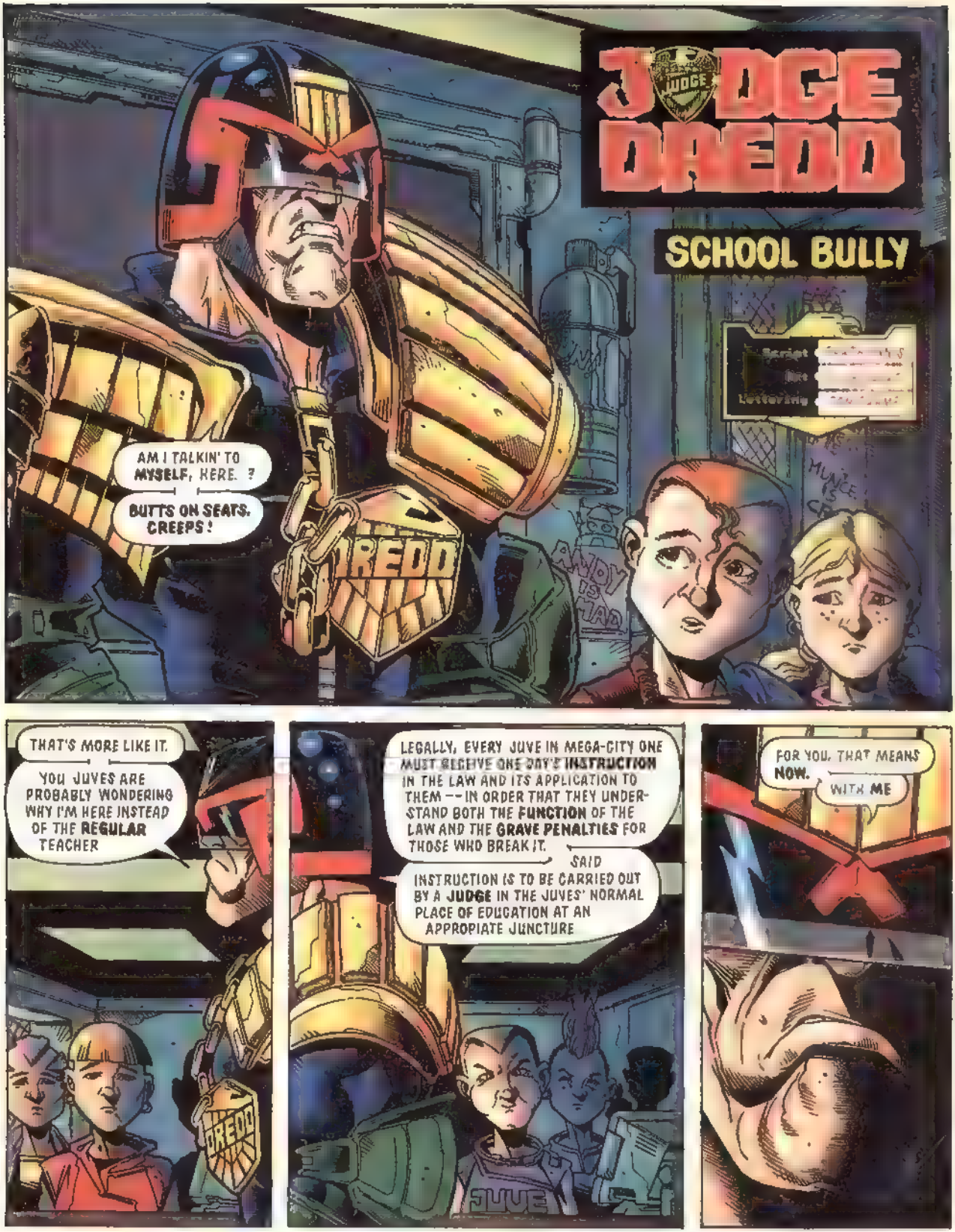
THREE MONTHS – FOR REQUESTING AN INTERVIEW? IT'S ABSURD!
IT'S ALSO OUT-OF-DATE, CREEP. ENDANGERING A JUDGE – TEN YEARS! TAKE HIM AWAY!
STATION MC-TVK
STAY TUNED!
NORMAL SERVICE WILL BE RESUMED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

HEY, IT'S MOVING!
CUTE! MUST BE A LITTLE RAD-SNAKE OR SOMETHING!
YOU STAY WITH OLD DARTINGTON. I'LL LOOK AFTER YOU.
YOU CAN BE MY PET!

THE END

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 742
45p
3 AUG 91
SCHOOL BULLY!


08.30, ESTHER RANTZEN BLOCK SCHOOL
IT IS HERE THAT TEN THOUSAND JUVES, FROM FOUR YEAR OLD UNDERBRATS TO EIGHTEEN-YEAR OLD PRE-DULTS, ARE EDUCATED AND PREPARED FOR THE MEGA-CITY LIFE THAT AWAITS THEM
SUCH AS IT IS.
FOR THE 7 YEAR-OLDS OF CLASS 08IC, HOWEVER, THINGS WILL BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT TODAY
LINE UP PROPERLY NOW, JUVES.
GO FRY, YA OLD ROBO-BAT!
WELL NOW, MUDDY, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SAY THINGS LIKE THAT TO YOUR NEW TEACHER
HUH? WHAT NEW TEACHER?
FOR TODAY ONLY, YOU JUVES WILL BE TAUGHT BY A SPECIAL TEACHER. HE'S GOT LOTS OF INTERESTING THINGS TO TELL YOU ABOUT
SUITS US, BOLTHEAD!
YEAH! MAKE A CHANGE FROM YOU, YA RUSTY HEAP OF JUNK!
MAYBE IT'S A DUMB STUDENT! WE'LL HAVE 'IM IN TEARS BY SNACKBREAK!
OH
YOU JUVES COME IN AND SIT DOWN
QUICKLY.


JUDGE DREDD
SCHOOL BULLY
Script
Art
Lettering
AM I TALKIN' TO MYSELF, HERE. ?
BUTTS ON SEATS, CREEPS !
DREDD
ANDY IS MAD
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.
YOU JUVES ARE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY I'M HERE INSTEAD OF THE REGULAR TEACHER
DREDD
LEGALLY, EVERY JUVE IN MEGA-CITY ONE MUST RECEIVE ONE DAY'S INSTRUCTION IN THE LAW AND ITS APPLICATION TO THEM -- IN ORDER THAT THEY UNDERSTAND BOTH THE FUNCTION OF THE LAW AND THE GRAVE PENALTIES FOR THOSE WHO BREAK IT.
SAID INSTRUCTION IS TO BE CARRIED OUT BY A JUDGE IN THE JUVES' NORMAL PLACE OF EDUCATION AT AN APPROPIATE JUNCTURE
JUVE
FOR YOU, THAT MEANS NOW.
WITH ME

IN TWENTY-SEVENTY —FORTY THREE YEARS AGO — THE LAST PRESIDENT OF THE THEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, ROBERT BOOTH, WAS REMOVED FROM POWER BY HIS OWN PEOPLE AFTER HE BEGAN THE ATOMIC WARS.
THE JUDGES, UNTIL THEN, NO MORE THAN A HIGHLY-TRAINED POLICE FORCE, WERE ASKED TO TAKE POWER. THEY DID.
THE THREE MEGA-CITIES AND SEVERAL SMALLER SETTLEMENTS REPRESENT THE LAST CIVILISED AREAS OF NORTH AMERICA. ALL ARE GOVERNED AND PROTECTED BY JUDGE FORCES
NONE MORE SO THAN YOUR OWN HOME — MEGA-CITY ONE.
CURRENTLY, ULTIMATE POWER IN MEGA-CITY ONE RESIDES WITH CHIEF JUDGE MARGARET MCGRUDER.
THE TIGHT CONTROL EXERCISED BY THE JUDGES SERVING UNDER HER IS VITAL IN POLICING A CITY OF THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION PEOPLE —
JUH-JUH-JUDGE?
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S BRICKO, JUDGE! HE'S WET HIMSELF AN' IT STINKS! PEE-OOOO!
HAVE NOT! MUDDY'S LYIN', JUDGE!
WAAAH!
INCONTINENT, HUH? NEXT TIME GO BEFORE CLASS, PUNK.
DREDD TO MATRON — NAPPY WAGON REQUIRED. CLASS DH EIGHT STROKE C
AND HURRY IT UP.
AND—
ANYONE ELSE CAN'T HOLD 'TIL SNACKBREAK? NO? GOOD.
NEXT UP, LAW ENFORCEMENT TECHNIQUE

A WIDE VARIETY OF EQUIPMENT AND METHODS ARE AVAILABLE TO A JUDGE — STARTING WITH THE MOST BASIC — THE DAYSTICK!
ALSO KNOWN AS THE ONE-SECOND LOBOTOMY.
THIS IS THE COLT SIXTY-CALIBRE LAWGIVER AUTOMATIC.
CARRIED BY EVERY JUDGE, IT FIRES STANDARD, EXPLOSIVE, INCENDIARY, RICOCHET, ARMOUR PIERCING AND HEATSEEKER BULLETS. BREAK THE LAW AND ANY ONE OF THEM WILL HAVE YOUR NAME ON IT
LAWMASTER BIKES — H WAGONS — MANTA PROWL TANKS — STUMM GAS — RIOT FOAM — SONIC CANNON — LIE DETECTORS — WE'VE GOT 'EM ALL.
AND WE USE 'EM ON LAWBREAKERS WITHOUT HESITATION OR REGRET. YOU WANT TO BREAK THE LAW IN THIS CITY, YOU BETTER THINK LONG AND HARD ABOUT THAT
ER, JUDGE?
YOU AGAIN, HUH? MAKE IT GOOD.
I-I'M SCARED, JUDGE.
OH YEAH? WHAT OF, EXACTLY?
Y-Y-YOU, JUDGE
THAT'S JUST HOW IT SHOULD BE.
WAAAAAH!
SHUDDUP!
NEXT, HOW THE LAW APPLIES TO YOU.

CLASS 08/C SPEND A DAY THAT, WHILE IN NO WAY ENJOYABLE, IS CERTAINLY INSTRUCTIVE. TIME DOESN'T FLY.
. . OR AT LEAST COMPULSORY AMPUTATION.
I SEE IT'S TWO MINUTES TO THE BUZZER. YOU JUVES MAKE SURE YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU LEARNED TODAY. IT COULD KEEP YOU OUT OF RESYK.
MUDDY! MUDDY, WE GOTTA GO! YOUR MOM GOT AWARDED CUSTODY – THE TEXAS SHUTTLE LEAVES IN AN HOUR!
COME ON!
MUDDY! WHAT'S THE MATTER, SON? IT'S ME! IT'S YOUR DAD!
HUH?
WHAT?
ER.
ONE MINUTE LATER –
THE DIVORCE SETTLEMENT DIDN'T WORK OUT THE WAY YOU WANTED, AN' YOUR WIFE GOT CUSTODY OF THE JUVE – SO YOU FIGURED YOU'D KIDNAP HIM, HUH?
SIX YEARS, CREEP.
OKAY, THAT'S THE BUZZER. CLASS DISMISSED.

CATCH WAGON'S ON ITS WAY FOR YOU, MEATHEAD MAYBE YOU SHOULDA PAID MORE ATTENTION IN CLASS. MEANTIME, GO AND STAND IN THE CORNER
TH-THE CORNER? YOU GOTTA BE JOKIN'—!
YOU SEE ME LAUGHIN', SCUMBAG? THE CORNER!
WHAT THE DROKK IS THAT?
APPLE FOR TEACHER.
I CAN SEE THAT, JUVEY. WHERE DID YOU GET IT?
ER..MY POP BUYS THEM FROM A MAN IN THE BLOCK PARK
YEAH? YOU KNOW THAT'S A REAL APPLE YOU'VE GOT THERE? THOSE THINGS DON'T GROW ON TREES, KID!
DREDD TO CONTROL – GET A UNIT TO APARTMENT SIX ONE NINE, RANTZEN BLOCK. GOT A SUSPECTED GROCER OPERATION IN PROGRESS
WILCO, DREDD..YOU RESUMING PATROL, NOW? WE'RE KINDA THIN ON THE GROUND THESE TEACHING VISITS ARE JUST A WASTE OF TIME AND MANPOWER
I DON'T KNOW, CONTROL... I'D SAY IT'S BEEN EDUCATIONAL.
I TOLD YOU, CREEP-FACE IN THE CORNER! NO PEEKING!
WAAAAAHH!

THE END

2000 I.D.

PERSONAL DATA

REAL NAME: Joe Dredd
ALSO KNOW AS: "Old Stoney Face"
SOCIAL CATEGORY: Judge
PLACE OF ORIGIN: Mega-City One
OCCUPATION: Judge
KNOWN RELATIVES: Rico Dredd (brother, deceased), Vienna Dredd (niece)
GROUP AFFILIATIONS: Mega-City One Judges
FIRST APPEARANCE: Prog 2

BIOG

Joe Dredd and his brother, Rico, were cloned from the bloodline of Judge Fargo in 2066. They both grew up in the Academy of Law and soon proved to be two of the finest cadet Judges in Mega-City One history. Nevertheless, Joe was always marginally behind his brother when it came to skill and achievement throughout their training. Only after their graduation with honour in 2079 did Joe find out about some illegal sidelines that Rico had set up for himself. Forced to arrest his own brother and have him sent to Titan for a twenty stretch, Joe became an even tougher Judge. He soon achieved the status of Senior Judge and rapidly became not only the most feared and respected Judge in Mega-City One, but also a powerful figurehead for justice in the wild and dangerous world of the 22nd century.

PROG CHECK

2-104, 106-108, 110-154, 156-on
2000 AD Annuals 1978-on
Dan Dare Annuals 1979, 1980
Judge Dredd Annuals 1981- on
2000 AD Sci-Fi Specials 1978-on
Judge Dredd Specials 1988-on

JUDGE DREDD

CURRENT STATUS: ACTIVE

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
DROP IT PUNK!
PROG 745
45p
24 AUG 91
DREDD
MO
DAD
9 770262 284029 34

MEGA TIMES

30 CR
WEATHER
06.00-13 00
RAIN
13 00-15 32
CLOUDY
15 33+FAIR

GLASNOST-A-GO-GO

TRAKTORFACTORI

THE 'PINEAPPLE'

MEGA-CITY ONE'S much-improved relations with East-Meg Two receive another boost today as Supreme Judge Josef Traktorfaktori arrives in the Big Meg for talks with our own Chief Judge McGruder.

Aimed at a redirection of effort and resources to curb Sino-Cit expansionism in deep space colonies, the talks will continue all this week. The cordial atmosphere will be further aided by the Sov Judges' gift to the Mega-City, the famous Clockwork Pineapple, a priceless precious metals music box made over 100 years ago by East-Meg

THE SOVIET PARTY ARE ESCORTED SWIFTLY TO JUSTICE CENTRAL—

ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL, DIMMBOTA? SEE HOW IT GLITTERS LIKE THE ARCTIC BOREALIS ON A WINTER'S NIGHT!

INDEED, SUPREME JUDGE. IT SEEMS A PITY TO GIVE IT TO THESE PEOPLE, BUT...

BUT IT WILL PROVE BEYOND DOUBT OUR GOOD INTENTIONS, YES? AND THAT WILL SURELY BE WORTH THE LOSS.

AT THE HALL OF JUSTICE, THE SOVS' COUNTERPARTS WAIT TO GREET THEM—

THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE, CHIEF JUDGE.

DROKKIN' *HOPE* SO, HERSHEY. GETTIN' TIRED O' STANDIN' HERE DOIN' NOTHIN'.

AN' WHERE'S *DREDD*?

JUDGE DREDD

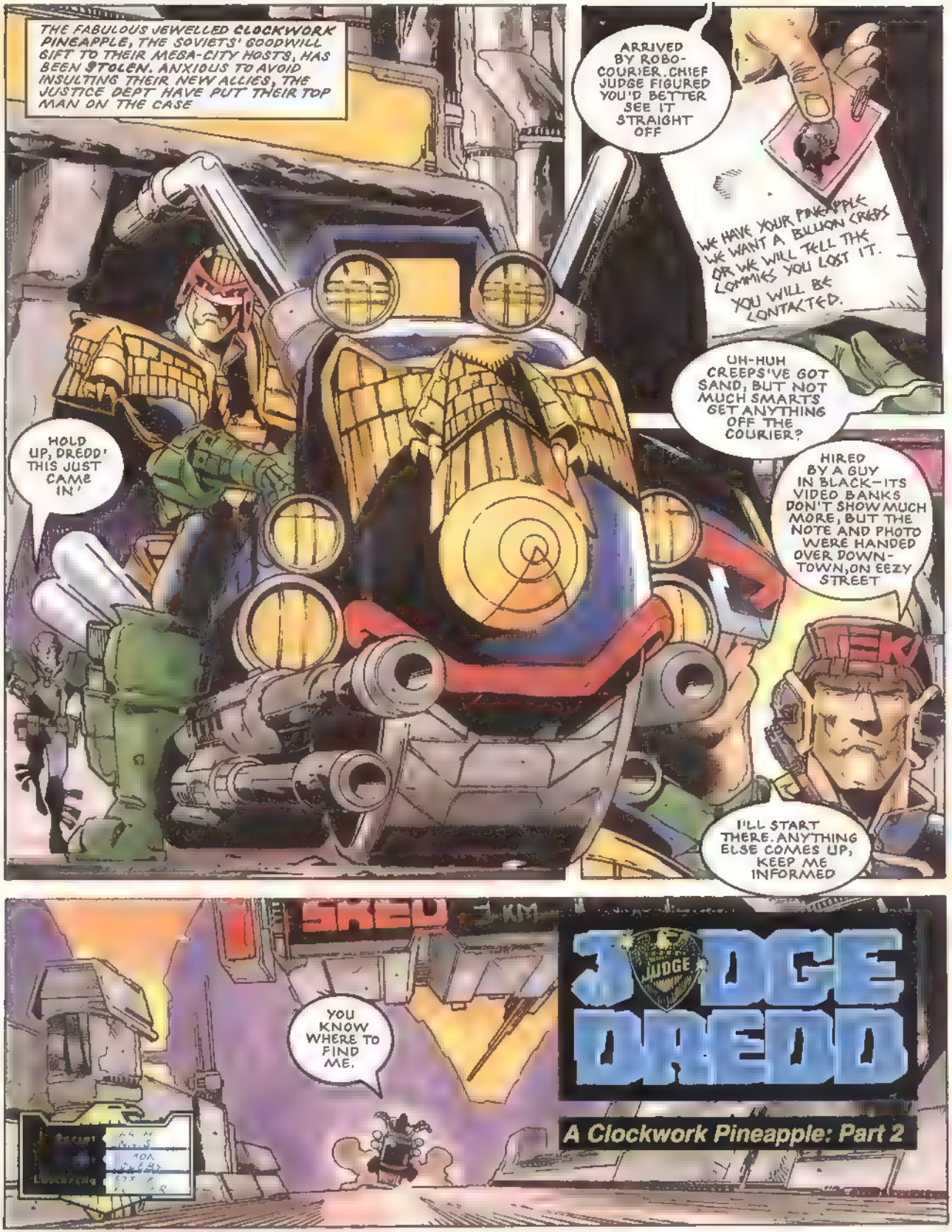
A Clockwork Pineapple: Part 1

HUH? HOW LONG SINCE YOU GUYS ACTUALLY SAW ONE? NEVER MIND. GET IT IN A MUSEUM OR SOMETHIN', CASE SOME SCUZZ TRIES TO STEAL IT.
LET'S GET ON WITH THESE TALKS NOW, HUH?
ER... DA. I MEAN YES.
BY KAZAN'S SCOTCH, MAAK! THESE CHAPS ARE NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL FAIRDLY!
REANDRS NOT DIMMBOTAI— BUT THAT NEARNEY'S A BIT OF ALRIGHT, EH, EH?
COMRADE... I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, COMRADE! TELL YOU WHAT, THOUGH...
"I DON'T TRUST JOSEPH'S MUCH!"
AND I DON'T LIKE YOUR SENSE OF HUMOUR MUCH, IVAN. KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE JOB
AH... ER...
I-I DIDN'T KNOW YOU SPOKE JOV, JUDGE DREDD...
WE ALL DO. SAME IN NAVY WHEN WE BLEW DASH EAST-MEG ONE TEN YEARS AGO...
KNOW WHAT I MEAN, COMRADE?
WELL DONE, MY FRIENDS! GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER, EH?
UH...OF COURSE, SUPREME JUDGE!
GARTH ENNIS
SIMON COLEBY
STEVE POTTER

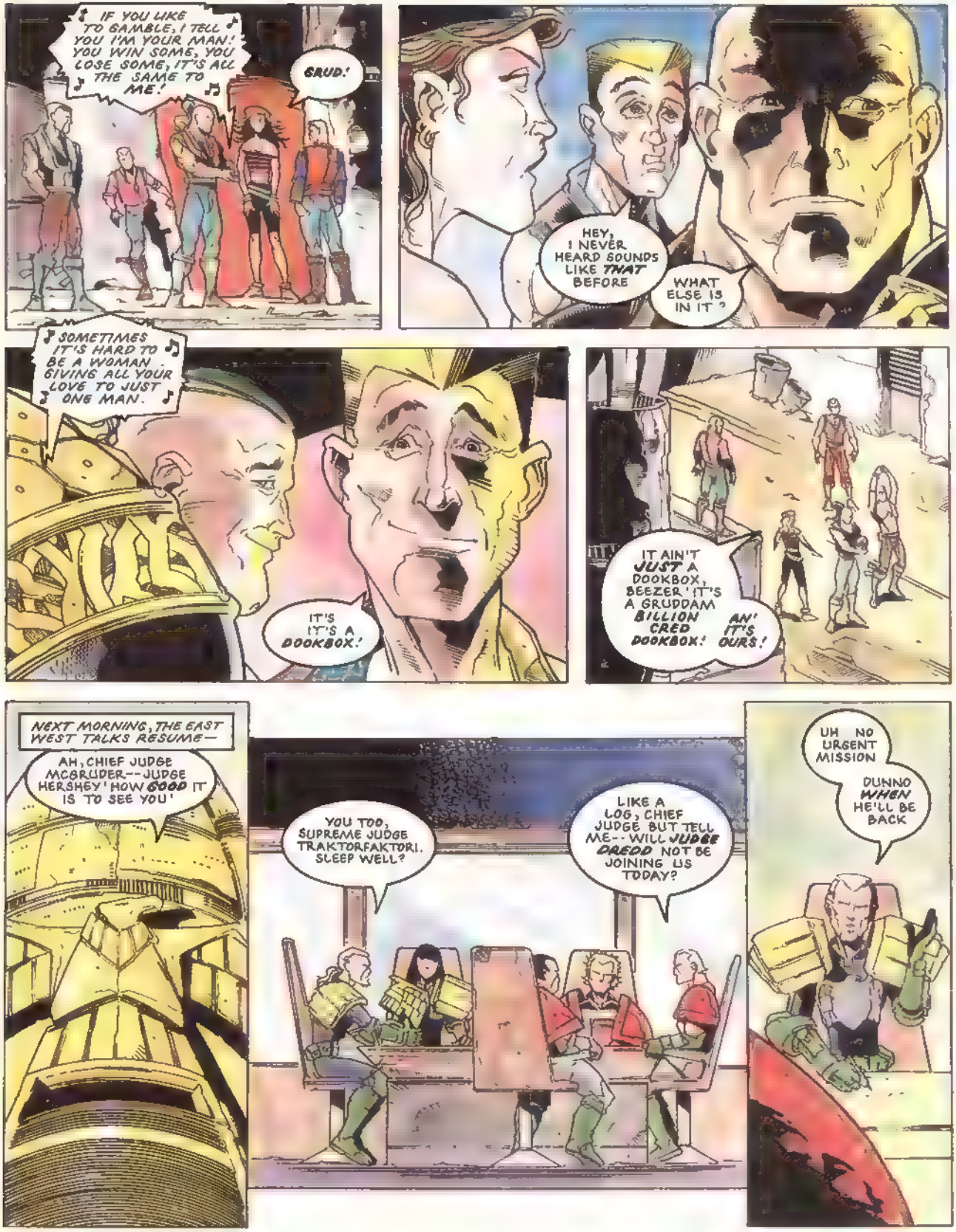
WITH A VERY FULL AGENDA, THE TALKS BEGIN AND CONTINUE LONG INTO THE NIGHT.
MEANWHILE, THE CLOCKWORK PINE-APPLE IS GIVEN PRIDE OF PLACE IN THE ANTHONY BURGESS MEMORIAL MUSEUM...
...WHERE IT IS PROMPTLY STOLEN BY INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEF PIERRE FRANGLAIS, THE COOLEST CAT BURGLAR IN THE BUSINESS.
NEVER CAPTURED, PIERRE'S BOAST IS THAT HE CAN STEAL ANYTHING, ANYTIME, ANY-WHERE, FROM ANYONE— AND, THOUGH THIS IS HIS FIRST VISIT TO MEGA-CITY ONE, PIERRE HAS NO REASON TO THINK HIS LUCK WILL CHANGE.
IL EST PERFECT! PERFECT! ET IL WILL FETCH LES MILLIONS POUR MOI!
THANKS TO LE CLOCKWORK ANANAS, JE SUIS SET UP POUR LIFE!
BUT IN MEGA-CITY ONE, THINGS HAVE A WAY OF HAPPENING...
MON GRUD!
AAAAAARRGHHH!
MEGA-CITY ONE
WE GOT EM!!

...OR WE COULD HEAD OVER THE SECTOR LINE AN' TAP A FEW DULLOS IN THE NITESPOT STRIP.
SO WHAT'S IT GONNA BE THEN, HUH?
GRUD! IS...IS THAT A MAN, VIX?
I THINK IT WAS.
GUESS HE TOOK A TUMBLE A MILE OR SO UP.
HOLY DROKK!
KKRUMMPP!
GUESS HE DID.
WHAT'S HE CARRYING, BEEZER?
HOLD ON...OH HELL, THIS IS GROSS!
THINK THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE CARRILOT...
OHHH...

NEXT PROG: ON THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINEAPPLE


THE FABULOUS JEWELLED CLOCKWORK PINEAPPLE, THE SOVIETS' GOODWILL GIFT TO THEIR MEGA-CITY HOSTS, HAS BEEN STOLEN. ANXIOUS TO AVOID INSULTING THEIR NEW ALLIES, THE JUSTICE DEPT HAVE PUT THEIR TOP MAN ON THE CASE
HOLD UP, DREDD! THIS JUST CAME IN!
ARRIVED BY ROBO-COURIER. CHIEF JUDGE FIGURED YOU'D BETTER SEE IT STRAIGHT OFF
WE HAVE YOUR PINEAPPLE. WE WANT A BILLION CREDS OR WE WILL TELL THE COMMIES YOU LOST IT. YOU WILL BE CONTACTED.
UH-HUH. CREEPS'VE GOT SAND, BUT NOT MUCH SMARTS. GET ANYTHING OFF THE COURIER?
HIRED BY A GUY IN BLACK—ITS VIDEO BANKS DON'T SHOW MUCH MORE, BUT THE NOTE AND PHOTO WERE HANDED OVER DOWN-TOWN, ON EEZY STREET
I'LL START THERE. ANYTHING ELSE COMES UP, KEEP ME INFORMED
YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME.
JUDGE DREDD
A Clockwork Pineapple: Part 2

BEEZER! ANY LUCK?
SURE THING, VIX
JUST LIKE FIGURED, MY COUSIN TOPPER'S STILL RUNNIN' WITH THE EEZY STREET STRIDERS FOR A PIECE OF THE ACTION, THEY'LL WATCH OUR BACKS CAWBOYS COME SNIFFIN' ROUND WHERE WE HIRED THE COURIER DRO'D, WE HEAR ABOUT IT LIKE INSTANT.
HEY THE STRIDERS? THEY'RE ONE MEAN BUNCH VE FIGHT N' JUVES' THEY'RE THE ONES SKINNED THAT CITIDEF GUY FROM THE LANDAU BLOCK, RIGHT?
WELL, YEAH KIND OF
THING IS, STURT, HE WAS ALREADY DEAD THEY HAD TO STEA.. HIM FROM RESYK FIRST
STILL A PRETTY COOL THING TO DO THOUGH, HUH?
WAY COOL HOW YOU BETTIN' ON, TINKY?
I THINK IT WORKS LIKE THIS. .
AH ONE--AH TWO--AH ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR--

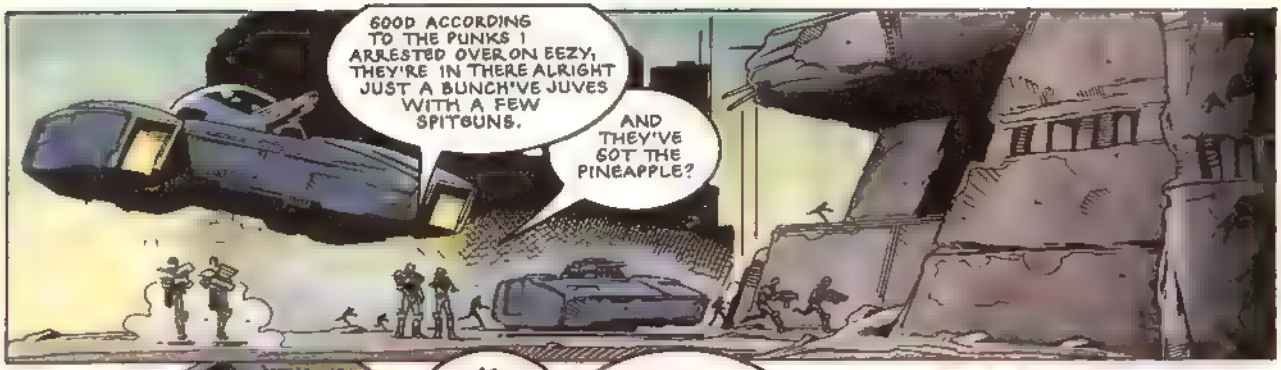

♪ IF YOU LIKE TO GAMBLE, I TELL YOU I'M YOUR MAN! YOU WIN SOME, YOU LOSE SOME, IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME! ♫
GRUD!
HEY, I NEVER HEARD SOUNDS LIKE THAT BEFORE
WHAT ELSE IS IN IT ?
♪ SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO BE A WOMAN GIVING ALL YOUR LOVE TO JUST ONE MAN. ♪
IT'S IT'S A DOOKBOX!
IT AIN'T JUST A DOOKBOX, BEEZER! IT'S A GRUDDAM BILLION CRED DOOKBOX! AN' IT'S OURS!
NEXT MORNING, THE EAST WEST TALKS RESUME—
AH, CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER--JUDGE HERSHEY! HOW GOOD IT IS TO SEE YOU!
YOU TOO, SUPREME JUDGE TRAKTORFAKTORI. SLEEP WELL?
LIKE A LOG, CHIEF JUDGE BUT TELL ME-- WILL JUDGE DREDD NOT BE JOINING US TODAY?
UH NO URGENT MISSION
DUNNO WHEN HE'LL BE BACK

SO, BACK TO BUSINESS, FELLAS
DREDDS STILL DRAWN A BLANK ON THE PINEAPPLE! KEEP 'EM TALKING
WE'VE AGREED THIS NON-AGRESSION PACT PALAVER IN PRINCIPLE, 'KAY? WHAT ABOUT THEM SINO-CITTERS? WE BOTH GOT VESTED INTERESTS IN STOPPIN' 'EM GETTIN' TOO FAR OUT INTO SPACE
AH, YES. WELL, OUR BORDER WITH THEM IS ALWAYS A SENSITIVE ISSUE, BUT WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO KNOCK OUT AN AGREEMENT'
FINE NEWS.
TALK ABOUT WHAT? EVERYTHING'S GOING SO WELL WE'LL HAVE IT ALL WRAPPED UP BY TONIGHT. AND THEY'RE BOUND TO WANT CASE LAST LOOK AT THEIR PINEAPPLE BEFORE THEY GO
SO WHAT'RE WE SAYIN'? COMBINED SYSTEM PATROLS? SANCTIONS? BLOCKADES?
MMM THOSE ARE GOOD IDEAS. LET US CONSIDER THEM AT LENGTH
THAT NICE YOUNG MARKI BARKELKNIGHT HASN'T TAKEN HIS EYES OFF YOU. WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO HIM AND PERSUADE HIM NOT TO GO SO SOON?
heh
MEANWHILE, ON EEZY STREET—
THE RIGHT FOOTER
YOU SEE A MAN IN BLACK TALKING TO A ROBO-COURIER THIS MORNING? WOULD'VE BEEN AROUND SEVEN
URM

CAN'T SAY I DID, SONNY KINDA EARLY FOR ME, Y'KNOW?
SAY, THEM BOOTS O'YOURS LOOK KINDA TIGHT. WANNA BUY A NEW ONE FOR THE RIGHT FOOT? ABE MCDRABE RUNS THE LEFT FOOTER NEXT DOOR--HE'LL SELL YA ONE TO MATCH IT'
I'LL PASS
HE SEES THEM INSTANTLY ACROSS THE STREET, WATCHING HIM WEARING LOCAL JUVE GANG COLOURS--STRIDERS.
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE
HE GIVES NO SIGN OF HAVING NOTICED THEM
LET'S DO IT
UH. MORNIN', BOYS CAN I HELP YA?
SURE YOU CAN, WORMFOOD.
YOU CAN EMPTY THE TILL FOR US--AN' THEN YOU CAN TELL US WHY OL' STONEY FACE WAS IN HERE.
WHY DON'T YOU ASK ME, CREEPS!
LESS YOU WANNA GO SKYDIVIN' OFF THE OVERZOOM, SAVVY?
SO--WHAT'D HE WANT?

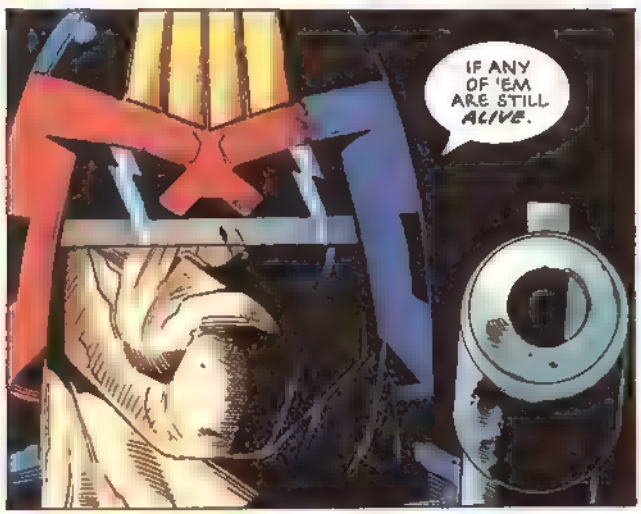
GET- UNNNGH!
NEEEEEEEEEE!
AAUUUGHH!
C'MERE!
DREDD
NO! PLEASE!
WHAT'RE YOU SO INTERESTED IN ME FOR, PUNK-- WORRIED I'D FIND SOMETHIN' OUT? YOU ON LOOK-OUT FOR SOMEBODY?
I-I-I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' MAN!
I'M SPILLIN', MAN! I'M SPILLIN'!
WITHOLDING EVIDENCE IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE, CREEP DON'T MAKE IT WORSE FOR YOURSELF
SPILL IT!

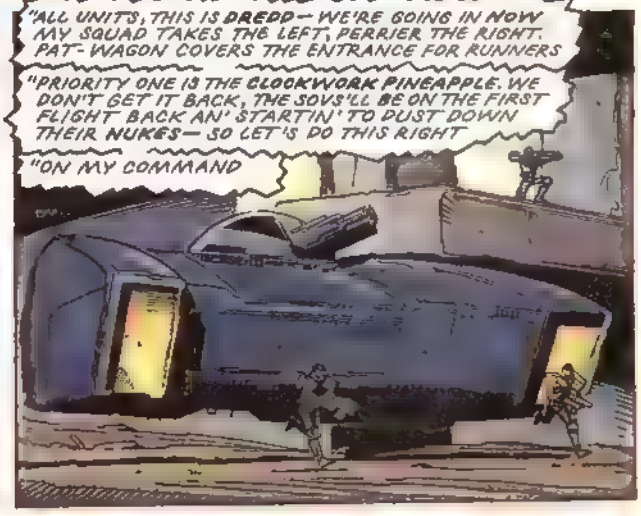
WHILE JUDGE DREDD SEARCHES FOR THE STOLEN CLOCKWORK PINE-APPLE, THE MEGA CITY—EAST MEG TALKS BREAK FOR REFRESHMENTS
TELL ME, JUDGE HERSHEY—HAVE YOU EVER VISITED EAST MEG TWO?
NO.
AH, THAT IS A SHAME. I AM SURE YOU WOULD LIKE ITS MASSIVE, STATELY TOWERS
I see Marki's on the pull again, Supreme Judge.
Yes, but he hasn't a chance A thousand roobels says she's not interested
Er.. no bet
AS IMPORTANT AFFAIRS OF STATE ARE DISCUSSED, DREDD MAKES HIS PLANS
OKAY, KEEP IT QUIET YOU FINISHED CHECKING?
AFFIRMATIVE, DREDD ACCESS THRUDUH THE MAINTENANCE HATCHES IS EASY, AND THE AREA'S SECURE
IF THEY'RE IN THERE, THEY AIN'T LEAVIN'
GARTH ENNIS
SIMON COLEBY
STEVE POTTER


GOOD ACCORDING TO THE PUNKS I ARRESTED OVER ON EEZY, THEY'RE IN THERE ALRIGHT JUST A BUNCH'VE JUVES WITH A FEW SPITGUNS.
AND THEY'VE GOT THE PINEAPPLE?

SO THE PUNK SAID. ONLY LEAD WE'VE GOT SO FAR.
YEAH... CONTROL SAID THEY'VE FOUND WHAT'S LEFT OF A BODY, JUST UNDER THE BURGESS MUSEUM
IF HE WAS OUR THIEF, AND HE TOOK A TUMBLE AFTER GRABBING IT.
JUDGE DREDD
A Clockwork Pineapple: Part 3

THEN THE JUVES HAPPENED ALONG AND FOUND THE PINEAPPLE ON HIM? COULD BE, PERRIER. RIGHT NOW THOUGH, OUR MAIN CONCERN IS GETTING IT BACK.
WE CAN FIND OUT THE DETAILS FROM THE JUVES LATER


IF ANY OF 'EM ARE STILL ALIVE.


"ALL UNITS, THIS IS DREDD— WE'RE GOING IN NOW MY SQUAD TAKES THE LEFT, PERRIER THE RIGHT. PAT- WAGON COVERS THE ENTRANCE FOR RUNNERS
"PRIORITY ONE IS THE CLOCKWORK PINEAPPLE. WE DON'T GET IT BACK, THE SOVS'LL BE ON THE FIRST FLIGHT BACK AN' STARTIN' TO DUST DOWN THEIR NUKES— SO LET'S DO THIS RIGHT
"ON MY COMMAND

"MOVE IN"
UH... HOW ABOUT "LEAVE THE BILLION CREDS IN A CASE IN THE BIN BELOW THE MEMORIAL ON MARCUS PLAZA TOMORROW AT TEN 0"?
NAH, HOLD ON TIME'S TO PRECISE— THEY'LL BE ABLE TO SET SOMETHING UP
HUH..?
OH YEAH 'KAY, LET'S TRY BY TOMORROW AT TEN 0"
DUMB
DROP THE GUNS
HUH-HUH-HUH-HOLY DROKK!
GET 'EM!
AAAARRRGHH!
EEEEARGH!
MY BRUD!
THEY GOT TINKY! THE PINE-APPLE!

THE OPERATION IS CARRIED OUT WITH MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY RESISTANCE IS QUELLED—
AAAAIIIEEEE!
AND ESCAPE IS RENDERED IMPOSSIBLE
YOU TWO! HALT!
BEEZER!
UNGHH—!
YOU!
SAY WHA'?
PINE-APPLE SECURED, DREDD
RIGHT THERE'S STILL ONE OF 'EM—
YOU JUDGES!
YOU DIRTY, STINKIN' MURDERIN' JUDGES! GIMME THAT PINEAPPLE BACK OR I'LL BLOW THIS GUY'S HEAD OFF! I MEAN IT!
ONE'VE THOSE DAYS, HUH?

HYSTERICAL
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME
WHERE ARE YA? GIMME MY PINEAPPLE! GIMMEEE!
COVER ME.
YOU'RE GOING OUT THERE--? DREDD, WE'VE GOT THE PINEAPPLE! YOU DON'T NEED TO RISK YOUR LIFE FOR SOME OLD SCUMBAG!
SOME OLD CITIZEN, PERRIER. DON'T FORGET THAT
YOU! YOU'VE GOT IT! GIVE ME IT!
ALL YOURS, JUVEY.
CATCH.
HAH!
MOVE IT, ELDSTER!
FRAG
BBAAMM!

NICE ONE, DREDD
THINK ! NEED A DRINK. .
BETTER CALL CONTROL, TELL THE CHIEF JUDGE WE'VE GOT THE PINE-APPLE
THEN BUST THE OLD SCUMBAG FOR DRINKING IN PUBLIC.
SIX MONTHS
TWO DAYS LATER—
THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING US ONE LAST LOOK AT OUR GIFT TO YOU, CHIEF JUDGE. IT MEANS. .SO MUCH
UH .SURE THINK NOTHIN' OF IT
AH, THERE IT IS!
THANK YOU! OUR CO-OPERATION PACT IS A GREAT STEP FORWARD FOR OUR TWO CITIES—IT WILL BENEFIT US BOTH, I AM SURE
AND NOW IT IS TIME TO SAY— DOSVIDANJA!
YEAH, RIGHT. BE SEEIN' YA
HEY, DREDD
OFF THE RECORD. WHAT IS IT WITH THAT CRAZY FOXY CHICK HERSHEY? I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING, AND SHE JUST ISN'T INTERESTED! HOW DO YOU GET TO A WOMAN LIKE THAT?
OFF THE RECORD, HUH?
OH YES!
OFF THE RECORD, IVAN, THE ONLY THING STOPPIN' HERSHEY FROM CUBIN' YOU UP FOR SALACIOUS SUGGESTION WAS THE RISK TO INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS—AND BY THE WAY, SHE ISN'T INTERESTED IN ANYTHING EXCEPT THE LAW.
SO WHY DON'T YOU DO WITH YOUR LOVERBOY ROUTINE WHAT YOU SHOULDA DONE WITH YOUR CLOCKWORK PINEAPPLE...
CAN IT.
The End

2000
AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PRICE 75p
45p

MEGA-CITY ONE, 22:30...
GEEZ, THIS IS BEAUT! YOU BIG-MEG SHEILAS SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE A BLOKE FEEL WELCOME!
OOOOH, JAZ! YOU KNOW YOU DESERVE THE BEST, SWEETIE! YOU'RE A STAR!
YEAH, JAZ! I GOT ALL YOUR RECORDS!
GOOD ON YER, LOVE! HERE, LOOK – OL' JAZ HAS BROUGHT ALONG A LITTLE PREZZO...
...ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!
SUGAR!
OH, JAZ!
GIMMEGIMMEGIMME!
GRUD! THE JU.. HUH?
WHO THE HELL–
JAZ RAMSAY.
UH... THAT'S ME, SPORT.–

I KNOW
BUDDABUDDABUDDA
EEEEEEEEEEE!
THWOP!
DEAR GRUD-
MMMPP!
'NIGHT, LADIES.
KLIK!
♪...IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT - AND I FEEL FINE...♫
GARTH ENNIS
DERMOT POWER
TOM FRAME
JUDGE DREDD
MUZAK KILLER
PART ONE

THIRTY MINUTES LATER.-
VICTIM WAS ONE JAZ RAMSAY, DREDD BIG OZZER MUZAK AND SOAP STAR. CAUSE OF DEATH, MULTIPLE GUNSHOT WOUNDS.
TEKS SAY THE BULLETS ARE NINE MIL CROSS CUTS. ANTIQUES.
GET CONTROL TO START CHECKING MUSEUMS AND PRIVATE COLLECTORS.
THOSE THREE GAVE ME A DESCRIPTION OF THE KILLER. CONTROL'S RUNNING IT. MEANTIME, THERE IS THAT KAY OF SUGAR BESIDE THE CHAIR...
I NOTICED. I'LL HANDLE THAT. MEANTIME, KEEP ME INFORMED ON THIS ONE, DEKKER. SOUNDS LIKE A NUT.
WILCO. SEE YOU ON THE STREETS, DREDD.
YOU THREE.
U-U-US?
YOU TELL THE JUDGE EVERYTHING YOU COULD?
YESSIR!
YES, HONEST! CAN WE GO, PLEASE?
WHAT ABOUT THE SUGAR? YOU USING?
NO, SIR! IT WAS JAZ'S, HONEST!
YEAH? DID YOU INTEND TO TAKE ANY?
'COURSE WE DID! THAT'S PRIMO POWDER, MAN! WHO WOULDN'T?
OH MY GRUD!
I'LL TAKE BIGMOUTH AND HER PALS TO THE WAGON, FOLEY. YOU CARRY ON.
CHECK.

LIE LOW 'TIL MORNING, THEN HEAD ON HOME.
I CAN TUNE THE PEDMAN TO CITY CHANNELS, SO I HEAR THE FIRST REPORTS OF RAMSAY'S DEATH. IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD.
ACTUALLY **GETTING** HOME MAKES ME FEEL **BAD**, 'CAUSE EVERYONE'S UP AND ABOUT AND I HAVE TO PUSH MY WAY THROUGH THE HERD.
THE **HERD**.
MINDLESS ZOMBIES. EVERY DAMN ONE OF THEM. JUST ROLL FROM BIRTH TO DEATH WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT...
WASTING THEIR LIVES
2039
NO WONDER THE CITY'S IN SUCH A **STATE**.
I'M NOT LIKE THEM
MARY CHAIN
HENDRIX
LIZARD
REM
VELVET
THE POGUES
SWANS
BIG BLACK
THE BEATLES
I'M MARTY ZPOK.
I'M NOT LIKE THEM AT ALL.

I HAVE A THEORY.
I THINK THE HUMAN RACE HAS TAKEN A WRONG TURN.
I SCAN MY HISTORY VIDS SEEMS TO ME EVERYTHING WAS GREAT UP TIL ABOUT THE 21ST CENTURY. THEN ALONG CAME THE THROWAWAY CULTURE. THROWAWAY FOOD. BOOKS MUSIC
THOUGHT.
WE STOPPED THINKING, YOU SEE ONE DAY WE JUST THREW IT AWAY, AND SOMEONE STARTED DOING IT FOR US. STARTED FEEDING US NON-STOP GARBAGE TO KEEP US DOCILE.
IT WORKED EXCEPT WITH ME.
ALL MY STUFF—ALL OF IT—WELL, MOST OF IT—IS GENUINE 20th CENTURY ANTIQUE. MY CLOTHES. MY GUNS. MY THOUGHTS... AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL .
MY MUSIC
IT USED TO BE ENOUGH JUST TO LIVE IN MY OWN LITTLE WORLD HERE AND IGNORE THE HERD... BUT I REALISED I OUGHT TO BE HELPING THEM.
I GOT THE IDEA OF KILLING MUZAK STARS WHILE LISTENING TO A RECORD BACKWARDS. I DO THAT A BIT. KIND OF FUN. THE RECORD WAS THE GREMLINS' "DO-LITTLE", A SONG CALLED "MONKEY ON MY BACK".
BACKWARDS, IT SOUNDS LIKE "KILL THE MUZAK MUZAK HELPS THE HERD TO BE THE HERD."
WELL, IT SOUNDS THAT WAY TO ME.
♪ INFECT ME WITH YOUR LOVE! ♫

♪TOO MUCH ENERGY— TO SWITCH OFF MY MIND...

MAKES SENSE TO ME. STOP THE MUZAK. PEOPLE HAVE TO THINK AGAIN. NO MORE MIND-NUMBING TRASH. MAYBE EVEN GET SOME DECENT VIBES OUT THERE...

—BRUTAL MURDER OF OZ MUZAK CELEB, JAZ RAMSAY!

RAMSAY, EX-STAR OF THE MEGA SOAP "GOOD BLOKES" FOUND HIS NEW CAREER CUT SHORT WHEN A MYSTERY KILLER SHOT HIM SIX TIMES AT HIS BOB HAWKE BLOCK LUX-APT!

WHILE JUDGES HUNT FOR THE KILLER, WE ASK RAMSAY'S FELLOW STARS TO COMMENT —

YEAH, JAZ AN ME HAVE BEEN GOOD MATES EVER SINCE WE QUIT "GOOD BLOKES". SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT HIM COPPIN' IT — BEAUT BLOKE! ...SHOULD'VE SEEN THE TIME I STUCK THE PIN IN HIS COLOSTOMY BAG —

HE WAS LUVLY, LIKE! LUVLY FELLA! TEEHEEHEE!

REALLY SORRY TO HEAR HE'S DEAD! TRIFFIC!

LUVLY! HEEHEEHEEHEE!

I **HATED** THE BIG DRONGO. USED TO FIND HIM WEARING MY DRESSES ON "GOOD BLOKES"... STILL, I'LL TELL THE MORONS OUT THERE I LOVED HIM, DON'T WORRY.

WHADDYA MEAN, "WE'RE LIVE"?

AND WE'VE JUST HEARD THAT JAZ'S RECORD COMPANY BOSSES, **THE HIT BROTHERS**, HAVE ANNOUNCED A **CHARITY CONCERT** IN HIS MEMORY!

APPARENTLY **ALL** THE HIT BROTHERS' ARTISTS WILL BE PERFORMING! SO ALONG WITH THE STARS YOU'VE JUST SEEN, EXPECT TEENBRATS **NEW JUVES ON THE SECTOR** AND ZANY MASTERMIXERS **FUNK MUTIE**!

CHANNEL SMILEY TAKIN' A BREAK! AND REMEMBER — KEEP **SMILIN'**!

INTERESTING.

I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO DO THEM ONE BY ONE, DANGEROUS OR NOT..

♪...RIDING THROUGH THE FM STATIONS...

BUT THEY'RE GIVING A CONCERT. THEY'LL ALL BE IN THE ONE PLACE AT THE ONE TIME.

♪...ALL ON BOARD THIS YANKEE STATION...♪

I'M GOING TO KILL THE MUZAK.

♪...PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR BATTLE STATIONS!♪

NEXT PROG · **WE SHOULD BE SO LUCKY!**

MARTIN ZPOK, A MAN OF GOOD TASTE IN MUSIC BUT HIGHLY SUSPECT MENTAL STABILITY, HAS PLEDGED HIMSELF TO RID MEGA-CITY ONE OF MINDLESS MUZAK STARS. NOW, AT HIS JIM REID BLOCK APARTMENT –

MARTIN ZPOK! THIS IS THE LAW! YOU GOT THREE SECONDS TO OPEN THIS DOOR!

Script GARTH ENNIS
Art DERMOT POWER
Colouring TOM FRAME

DREDD TO CONTROL. THE ZPOK CREEP'S NOT AT HOME, BUT HE LOOKS LIKE A PROBABLE. ANY OTHERS ON THE LIST BEEN PULLED IN?

NEGATIVE, DREDD. WE GOT CONVICTIONS, BUT NOT ON THE FIREARMS. THESE COLLECTOR GUYS HANG 'EM ON THE WALL RATHER THAN FIRE 'EM –

DOESN'T MATTER, CONTROL– ZPOK'S OUR MAN. I GOT NINE MIL SHELL CASINGS HERE. RECENTLY FIRED. GET AN ALERT OUT.

BATHROOM'S CLEAR.

PRINTS IN THE DUST HERE. SOMETHING HEAVY'S BEEN MOVED. RECENTLY, TOO.

PROBABLY WHATEVER HE USED FOR PLAYING THESE, DREDD. LATE TWENTIETH CENTURY VINYL.

GOT THE FEELING THIS PUNK'S A BIG ANTIQUES FAN.

ALL THIS STUFF'S GOTTA BE OVER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

COULD BE HE'S TRYING TO BRING IT BACK INTO FASHION.

BY KILLING OFF THE CURRENT TRENDS? COULD BE.

DREDD...? WHAT THE HELL IS A **POGUE**?

MEANWHILE, AT THE OFFICES OF MUZAK MOGULS THE HIT BROTHERS, PLANS CONTINUE FOR THE MEMORIAL CONCERT IN HONOUR OF MARTY'S FIRST VICTIM
HIT BROS
THEN COZ...SHOULD DO THEM SOME GOOD, WHAT WITH THAT LAST COMEBACK FLOP...THEN BIG GROOVE...THEN A COUPLE OF NUMBERS BY THE NEW JUVES...
JUDGE DREDD
MUZAK KILLER
PART TWO
THEN THEY ALL COME ON AT THE END AND SING THAT OLD SNUFFER MANSON SONG, Y'KNOW, "WHY CAN'T WE ALL SORT OF LOVE ONE ANOTHER, AND EVERYTHING?"
COZ
NEW JUVES ON THE SECTOR
DRIP DRIP DRIP
BIG GROOVE
SEAMUS
STEVE
GOOD-OH. THAT'LL MAKE A GREAT SINGLE... YOU FINISHED THE RE-MIX YET, SEAMUS?
ALMOST I PUT IN PLENTY OF SYNTHESISER, BUT I FIGURED IT NEEDED A BIT MORE. MORE SYNTH, I MEAN. I PUT IT IN OKAY, BUT IT NEEDS MORE...AH...UM...
HOW ABOUT SOME MORE SYNTH?
YEAH – RIGHT! ANYWAY, LISTEN, PROMO HAVE DONE THE POSTER.
PRESENT
The JAZ RAMSAY GOODBYE BOPPO
WHADDYA THINK?
COZ, STYKEEN O'BOGE, DURK "BARNIE" NEW JUVES ON THE SECTOR. FUNK MUTIE, BIG GROOVE, KYOOTIE
HES DROPPED, THEY'RE TOP, YOU BOP!
GOOD STUFF! WE'LL GET TWENTY CILLAS ON THE TACKOMETER FOR THAT ONE, EASY!
YUP! ALBUM...SINGLE...MERCHANDISING RIGHT ACROSS THE BOARD... THIS IS GONNA BE OUR BEST YET, GUYS! GOOD OL' JAZ...
YEAH...WHAT A TROUPER, EH?
THIS TIME NEXT MONTH, HE'S GONNA GIVE HIS BEST SHOW EVER.

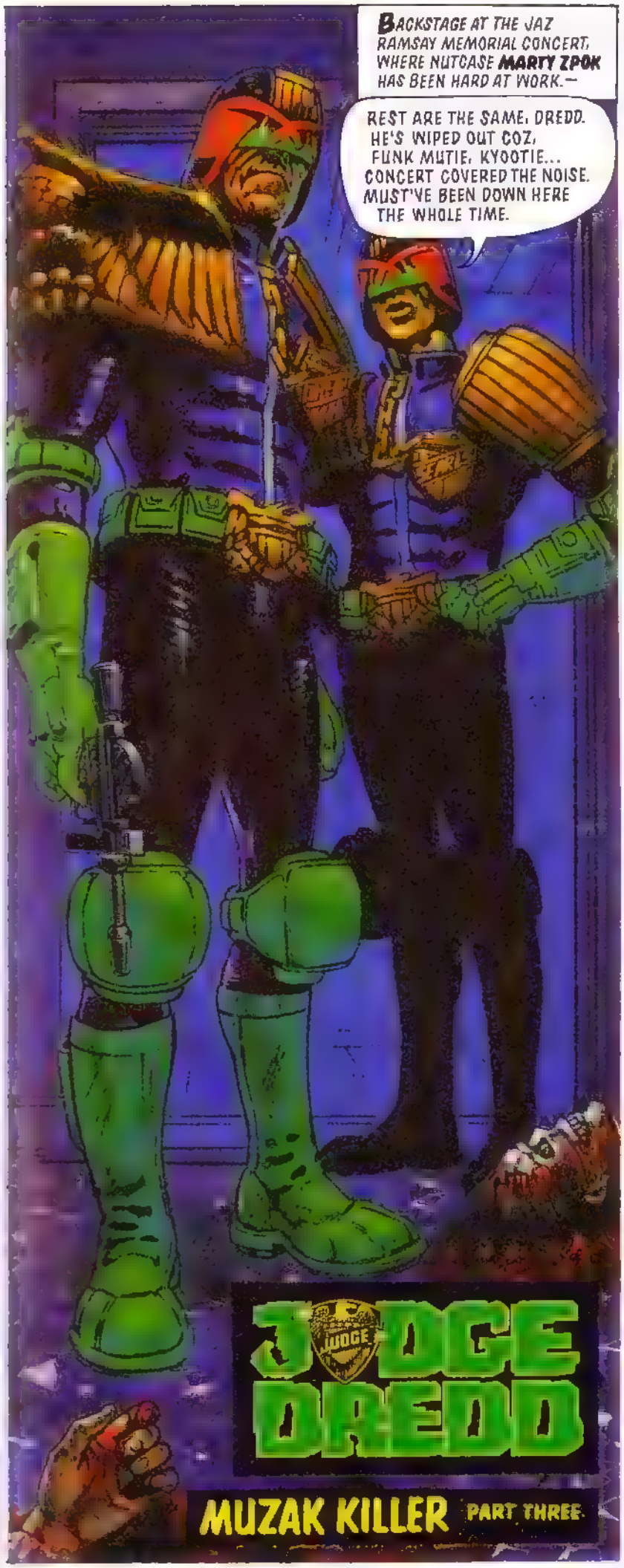
AND SO, THIS TIME NEXT MONTH —
...HERE AT SIMON BATES STADIUM, THE CROWD IS REACHING FEVER PITCH! THE FIRST STAR IS EXPECTED ON STAGE IN TEN MINUTES — STYREEN O'BOGE WILL BE SINGING "BETTER THE FACELIFT YOU KNOW" SORT-OF LIVE!
HOWEVER, CONCERN HAS BEEN EXPRESSED THAT RAMSAY'S MYSTERY KILLER REMAINS AT LARGE! WE ASKED THE STARS OF THE SHOW WHAT THEY THOUGHT —
COZ
NO NUT WITH A MACHINE GUN IS GOING TO STOP US MAKING A COMEBACK — I MEAN, HONOURING JAZ'S MEMORY. I LIKED JAZ...
ME TOO. WE USED TO GET OUR LEGS SHAVED AT THE SAME SHAVERY..
WE'RE NOT..SCARED. .CAN WE.. HAVE...SOME M-MORE F-FUNNY...P-P-PILLS ..?
BIG GROOVE
SCUM...
YO!
SPUGGIN', DUDE!
HANGING SOFT, BRO!
...ALL OF THEM. EVERY LAST ONE.
BUT SOON THEY'LL BE DEAD AND EVERYTHING WILL BE WONDERFUL BECAUSE THE MUZAK WILL BE GONE AND THE MUSIC WILL BE BACK
KLICK!
US MASTERMIGHTYMEGAMIXERS SURE AREN'T WORRIED ABOUT THIS FUTSIE CREEP! RIGHT, FUNK?
GOTTLE OF GEAR!
THE CITY WILL LIVE AGAIN. WE'LL HAVE GOOD VIBES ALL THE TIME AND WE'LL BE HAPPY ALL THE TIME... ALL THANKS TO ME.
BETTER GET ON WITH IT, THEN. I MEAN, ALL THESE MUZAK JERKS AREN'T GOING TO KILL THEMSELVES.
PITY IT'D MAKE THINGS EASIER.

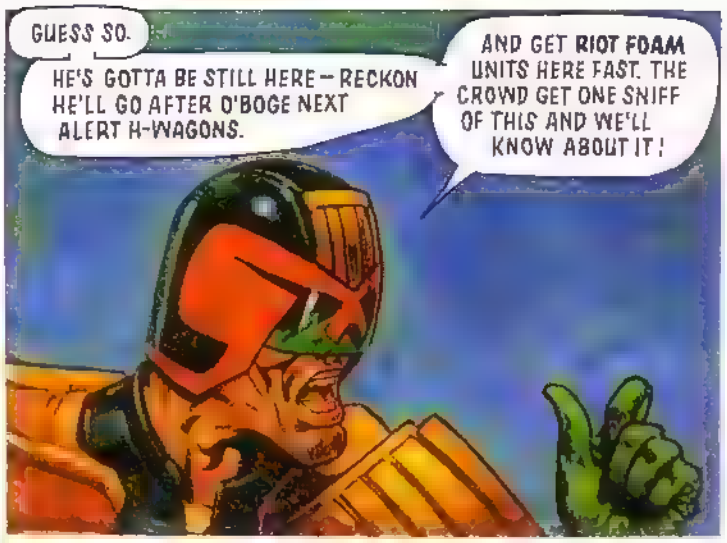
BACKSTAGE –
LISTEN, MATE – I AIN'T GOING OUT THERE 'TIL THIS PSYCHO BLOKE'S BEEN CAUGHT! YOU BRING ME HIS HEAD ON A PLATE, THEN I'LL FEEL SAFE ENOUGH!
'TIL THEN – NO SHOW!
OH, YEAH?
YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE, CREEP! WE GOT H-WAGONS, WE GOT SNIPERS, WE GOT LIE DETECTORS ON THE GATE, AN' IF HE MAKES ONE MOVE, HE'S NAILED!
MEANTIME, IF YOU DON'T GET OUT THERE RIGHT NOW YOU'RE GONNA CAUSE A RIOT – AN' THAT MEANS YOU'LL BE EATING ISO-CUBE FOR THE NEXT THIRTY! SAVVY?
ULP! YESSIR!
SO GET OUT THERE AND MIME, CREEP!
WELCOME, KIDDIES! WE'RE HERE TONIGHT TO REMEMBER A GREAT GUY – SO LET'S KICK OFF WITH A GREAT GAL!
A BIG HAND, PLEASE, FOR STYRENE O'BOGE!
NO CALLS, NO NOTES – NO NOTES, NO SIGN OF THE PERP, DREDD. WAGONS ARE REPORTING ALL QUIET, 'CEPT FOR THAT RACKET...
NO WAY HE COULD HAVE GOT PAST THE BIRDIES – AND WE'VE HAD THIS PLACE SEALED FOR FIVE DAYS –
GOT A HUNCH ON THIS ONE, DEKKER. IT'S GOTTA BE TONIGHT. BEST CHANCE, WITH ALL THE MUZAK PUNKS IN ONE PLACE.
SEARLS, SEARCH EVERY-WHERE BACKSTAGE AGAIN.

STORES QUIET ENTRY
STAGE ACCESS
I KNEW THE JUDGES WOULD SEAL THIS PLACE OFF REAL GOOD, SO I FIGURED THE BEST PLAN WAS TO MOVE IN AS SOON AS I COULD. BEEN HERE FOR THREE WEEKS
KIND OF DULL, BUT I'LL LIVEN IT UP A BIT NOW.
KLIK!
♪ WHEN THEY KICK AT YOUR FRONT DOOR, HOW YOU GONNA COME? ♪
'SIDES, IT GAVE ME TIME TO PUT A LITTLE COMPILATION TAPE TOGETHER...
♪ WITH YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD... OR ON THE TRIGGER OF YOUR GUN? ♪
OH, MAN.
KCHK-KCHOK!
LET'S DO IT.
DUKE McBARBIE
♪ WHEN THE LAW BREAK IN, HOW YOU GONNA GO? ♪
♪ SHOT DOWN ON THE PAVEMENT, OR WAITING ON DEATH ROW? ♪
BOUNTY BOY
WHAT THE BLOODY AAARRGHHH!
CONCERT NOISE DROWNS THE GUNFIRE. GOOD. WHAT'S NEXT ON THE TAPE...?
YEAH?
NEW LIVES ON THE SECTOR
♪ I'M GOIN' DOWN, TO THE PLACE TONIGHT, ♪ TO SEE IF I CAN GET A TASTE TONIGHT... ♪
OH, YEAH. COOL.
HEY, NO, DUDE! NOOOOO!

NEXT PROG: STOP THE MUZAK!

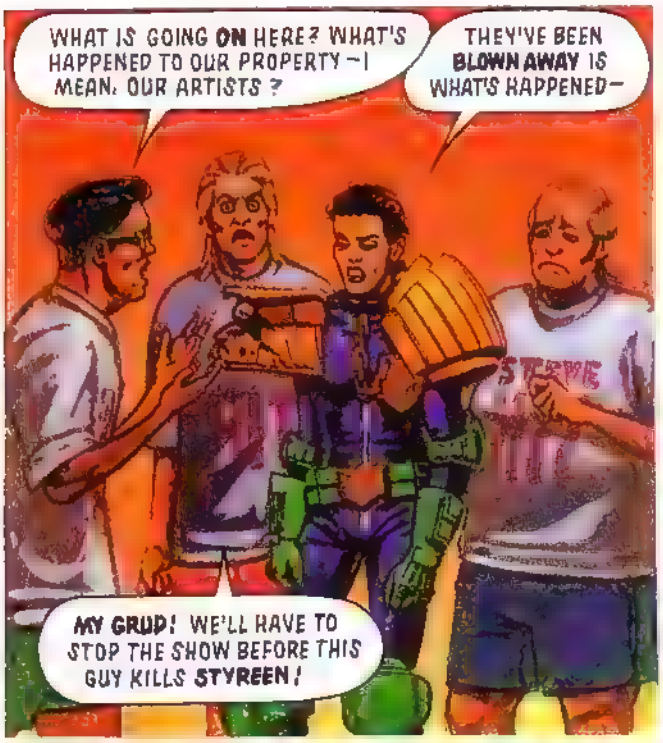
2000
AD
FACE THE MUZAK – Inside!
45p


BACKSTAGE AT THE JAZ RAMSAY MEMORIAL CONCERT, WHERE NUTCASE MARTY ZPOK HAS BEEN HARD AT WORK.—
REST ARE THE SAME, DREDD. HE'S WIPED OUT COZ, FUNK MUTIE, KYOOTIE... CONCERT COVERED THE NOISE. MUST'VE BEEN DOWN HERE THE WHOLE TIME.
JUDGE DREDD
MUZAK KILLER PART THREE


GUESS SO.
HE'S GOTTA BE STILL HERE — RECKON HE'LL GO AFTER O'BOGE NEXT ALERT H-WAGONS.
AND GET RIOT FOAM UNITS HERE FAST. THE CROWD GET ONE SNIFF OF THIS AND WE'LL KNOW ABOUT IT!

MEANWHILE, MARTY HAS INDEED SET HIS SIGHTS ON MEGASTAR STYREEN O'BOGE —
♪ FOREVER TOGETHER FOREVER TOGETHER ♪ FOREVER TOGETHER FOR-E-E-EVER ♫

ONE STEP AWAY FROM UTOPIA, BABY
JUST ONE MORE TO GO...
Script GARTH ENNIS
Art DERMOT POWER
Lettering TOM FRAME
♪ FACES COME OUT OF THE RAIN — ♪
♪ WHEN YOU'RE STRANGE... ♪
AND THEN THE WHOLE CITY'S GONNA ROCK


WHAT IS GOING **ON** HERE? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO OUR PROPERTY — I MEAN, OUR ARTISTS ?
THEY'VE BEEN **BLOWN AWAY** IS WHAT'S HAPPENED —
MY GRUD! WE'LL HAVE TO STOP THE SHOW BEFORE THIS GUY KILLS **STYREEN!**

STOP **NOTHING.** BETTER WE LOSE ONE LIFE THAN **THOUSANDS** IN A **RIOT** WHEN WE PULL THE PLUG.
BUT WHAT ABOUT STYREEN? THE KILLER —
WE'LL GET HIM. MEANTIME, THE SHOW MUST GO ON...

♪ TIME TO AIM YOUR ARROWS AT THE SUN... ♪
ONE MINUTE.
ONE MINUTE.

DROKK THE JUDGES! WE'RE STOPPING THE SHOW!
YOU TWO GET STYRENE OFF — I'LL KILL THE LIPSYNCH TAPE!

DROKK!

BLAM!
IT'S HIM — **AARRGHH!**

IT'S ME.

DREDD – DECKER! GUNFIRE BACKSTAGE! INVESTIGATING!
HELL!
HOLD IT, CREEP!
T'S HIM, DREDD! BACK OF THE SCAFFOLDING, ON THE RUN!
ON OUR WAY!
♪THIS IS THE END, BEAUTIFUL FRIEND...♪
NOT SO COOL. LAST SONG'S KICKING IN ON THE TAPE, TOO.
BETTER SPEED THINGS UP –
OH, GRUD –
WHOOMP!

WE GOTTA GET YOU AWAY — HUH ?
WHAT TH' FLAMIN' HELL WAS THAT ?
DREDD ? I WAS...TOO LATE. HE'S... BACKSTAGE...
I...I COULD USE A...MED-TEAM
SCAFFOLDING'S BLOWN! THE CUT-OUT'S GONNA GO —
SEARLS, TAKE THE STAIRS! I'LL HEAD HIM OFF !
♪ OF EVERYTHING THAT STANDS, THE END... ♪
DREDD

CUT-OUT'S DOWN!
YOU'RE GONNA BE OKAY, DEKKER! MED UNIT'S HERE!
NO SIGN OF THE PSYCHO—
INCOMING H-WAGONS, TEN O'CLOCK! RIOT FOAM'S HERE!
♪—I'LL NEVER LOOK INTO YOUR EYES...AGAIN...♪
DROP IT, PUNK!
RESYK EXPRESS IN ONE SECOND, BOY!
COOL—
SPANGG!
BADAAM!
EEAAHH!

SEARLS, DREDD. THE PERP'S ON ICE, BUT HE'S GONNA NEED MED-ASSIST.
WILCO A.S.A.P, DREDD. CROWD JUST WENT WILD.
YOU GOT IT COVERED?
GOT THEM COVERED. RIOT FOAM ARRIVED JUST IN TIME.
BY THE WAY, DREDD — O'BOGE AND THE HIT BROTHERS BOUGHT IT WHEN THE CUT-OUT DROPPED.
SO HE GOT THEM ALL, HUH? SWELL.
ONE QUESTION, CREEP — WHY?
UH...AAAOOW...STOPPED THE MUZAK, JUDGE...GONNA BE GOOD VIBES RIGHT — RIGHT ACROSS THE BIG MEG...
PEOPLE GONNA STOP BUYIN' JUNK...START... COOLIN' OUT...
BELIEVE ME, SCUMBAG... YOU CAN SELL THE PEOPLE ANYTHING.
AN' WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SOME NEW MUZAK LABEL POPS UP AN' STARTS AGAIN? THERE'S A HUNDRED OF 'EM OUT THERE, DROKKWIT!
AN' PEOPLE ARE GONNA BUY IT, ALRIGHT — 'CAUSE THEY LIKE IT!
MEANTIME, YOU GOT YOUR OWN MUSIC TO FACE.

THE END

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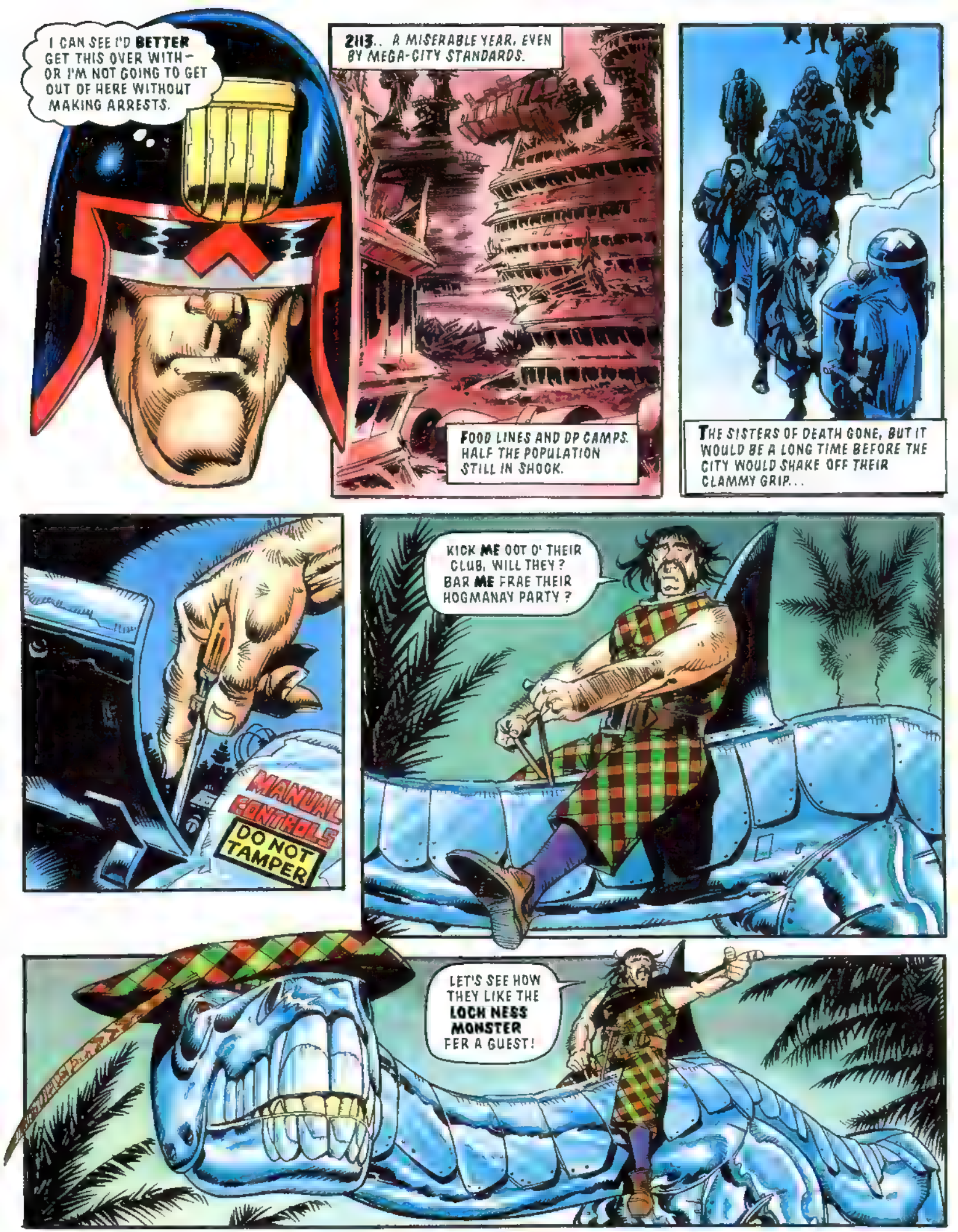
JUDGE DREDD IN
"AULD ACQUAINTANCE"
2000 AD Credit Card
Script JOHN WAGNER
Art CAM KENNEDY
Lettering TOM FRAME
11-30
♪OH FLOWER OF CAL HAB BATHED IN YER RA-DE-A-SHUN GLOW♪
♪LET MY KILT BLOW HIGH, LET MY KILT BLOW LOW, THROUGH THE STREETS O' THE MEG I'LL GO♪
MEGA-CITY ONE
CAL HAB EXPATS' CLUB
HOGMANAY
DINNER AND DANCE
PROCEEDS TO CHARITY
LADIES AN' GEN'LMEN!
LADIES AN' GEN'LMEN!
HOOCH!
WHEEEE!
OCH AYE!
LADIES AN' GEN'LMEN - PLEASE!
CAN YOUSE TAKE YER SEATS AN' HAUD YER WHEESHT A MEENIT!

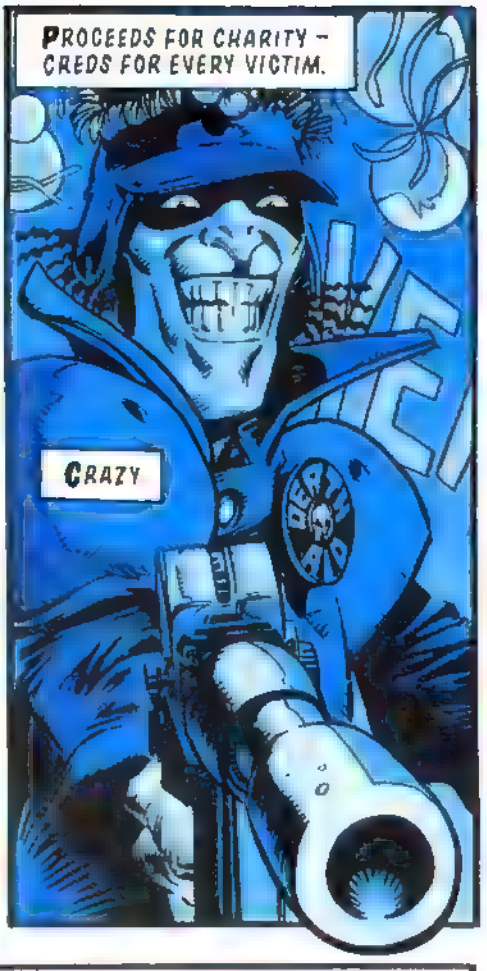
HEY, JIMMY SHAND! I'M TALKIN' TA YOUSE! GIE IT A BREAK OR YE'LL GET MA BOOT UP YER CIRCUITS!
THAT'S BETTER! NOW I'VE GOT A FEW WEE MESSAGES-- THE FIRST IS FER SPUG McKNIGHT - IT'S FRAE YER WIFE. IT SAYS: "THE DUG'S SWALLOWED THE BAIRN AGAIN. GET HAME 'COS SHE CANNAE GET IT OOT."
THE SECOND MESSAGE IS FRAE BIG TAM McNUTTER - YE'LL REMEMBER TAM WAS CHUCKED OOT O' THE CLUB DURIN' THE YEAR ON ACCOUNT O' HIM BEIN' A ABSOLUTE HEIDCASE - THE MESSAGE READS: "YOUSE ARE AW CLAIMED. I'M COMIN' TAE GET YER, YE BUNCH O' SONG AN' DANCERS YER DEID, Y'HEAR, DEID!"
RIGHT! NOW THAT'S OOT O' THE WAY WE CAN GET DOON TAE BUSINESS. THE NEW YEAR IS FAST APPROACHIN'. HERE TAE GIE US HIS REFLECTIONS ON THE YEAR JUST GONE BY, OOR SPECIAL GUEST -
JUDGE DREED!
THAT'S "DREDD."
THAT'S WHAT I SAID - DREED

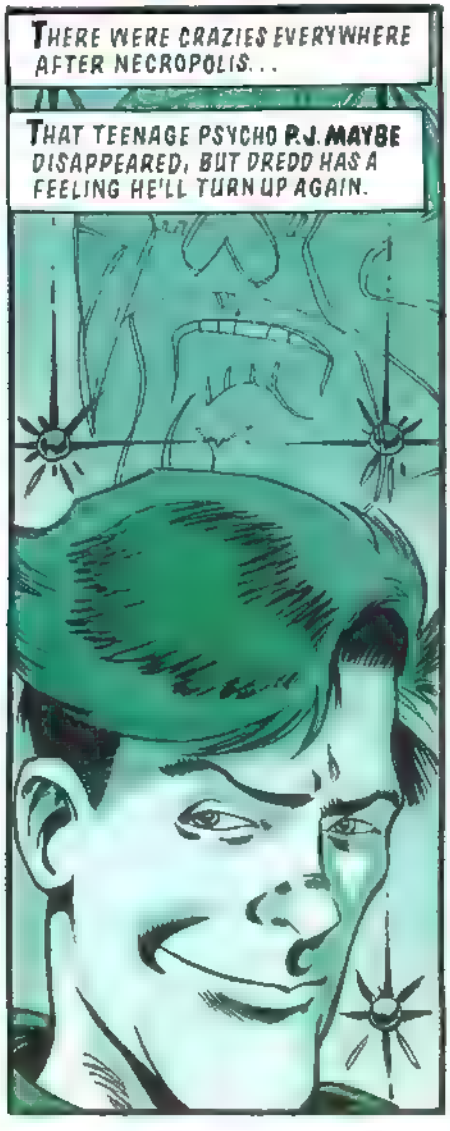
YE THINK I'M KIDDIN', DON'T YE ?
HALBDY CALLS BIG TAM MCNUTTER A HEIDCASE AN' GETS AWAY WI' IT !
GUYWIN SKITE
I'LL GIE YE HEIDCASE !
DINOSAUR WORLD
KEEP OUT!
YOUSE AT THE BACK THERE! ARE YE CORNED BEEF ? WILL YE STOP YER NONSENSE AN' LISTEN UP!
JUDGE DREDD'S MADE A LOT O' SACRIFICES TAE BE HERE WHEN HE COULD BE OOT KILLIN' PERPS AN' GENERALLY DISHIN' OUT LALDY, SO THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS HEAR WHIT HE'S GOT TO SAY!
RIGHT! GAUN YERSELF, BIG YIN.
AHEM. . . 2113. . . ANOTHER YEAR GONE. . .
BUT NOT JUST ANOTHER YEAR. IN MANY WAYS A MOMENTOUS YEAR, A TURNING POINT IN OUR CITY'S HISTORY.
C'MOAN, GET OAN WI' IT, YE BIG BALLOON!

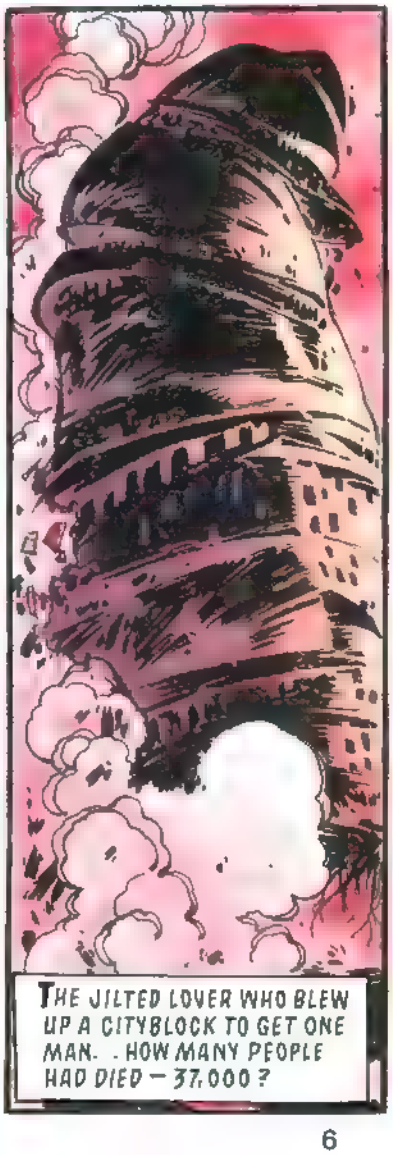

I CAN SEE I'D BETTER GET THIS OVER WITH – OR I'M NOT GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT MAKING ARRESTS.
2113.. A MISERABLE YEAR, EVEN BY MEGA-CITY STANDARDS.
FOOD LINES AND DP CAMPS. HALF THE POPULATION STILL IN SHOCK.
THE SISTERS OF DEATH GONE, BUT IT WOULD BE A LONG TIME BEFORE THE CITY WOULD SHAKE OFF THEIR CLAMMY GRIP...
MANUAL CONTROLS
DO NOT TAMPER
KICK ME OOT O' THEIR CLUB, WILL THEY? BAR ME FRAE THEIR HOGMANAY PARTY?
LET'S SEE HOW THEY LIKE THE LOCH NESS MONSTER FER A GUEST!

THE YEAR HAD BEGUN BADLY — A CHARITY BASH, JUST LIKE THIS ONE.

THE HUNTERS' CLUB ON A SPONSORED KILL —

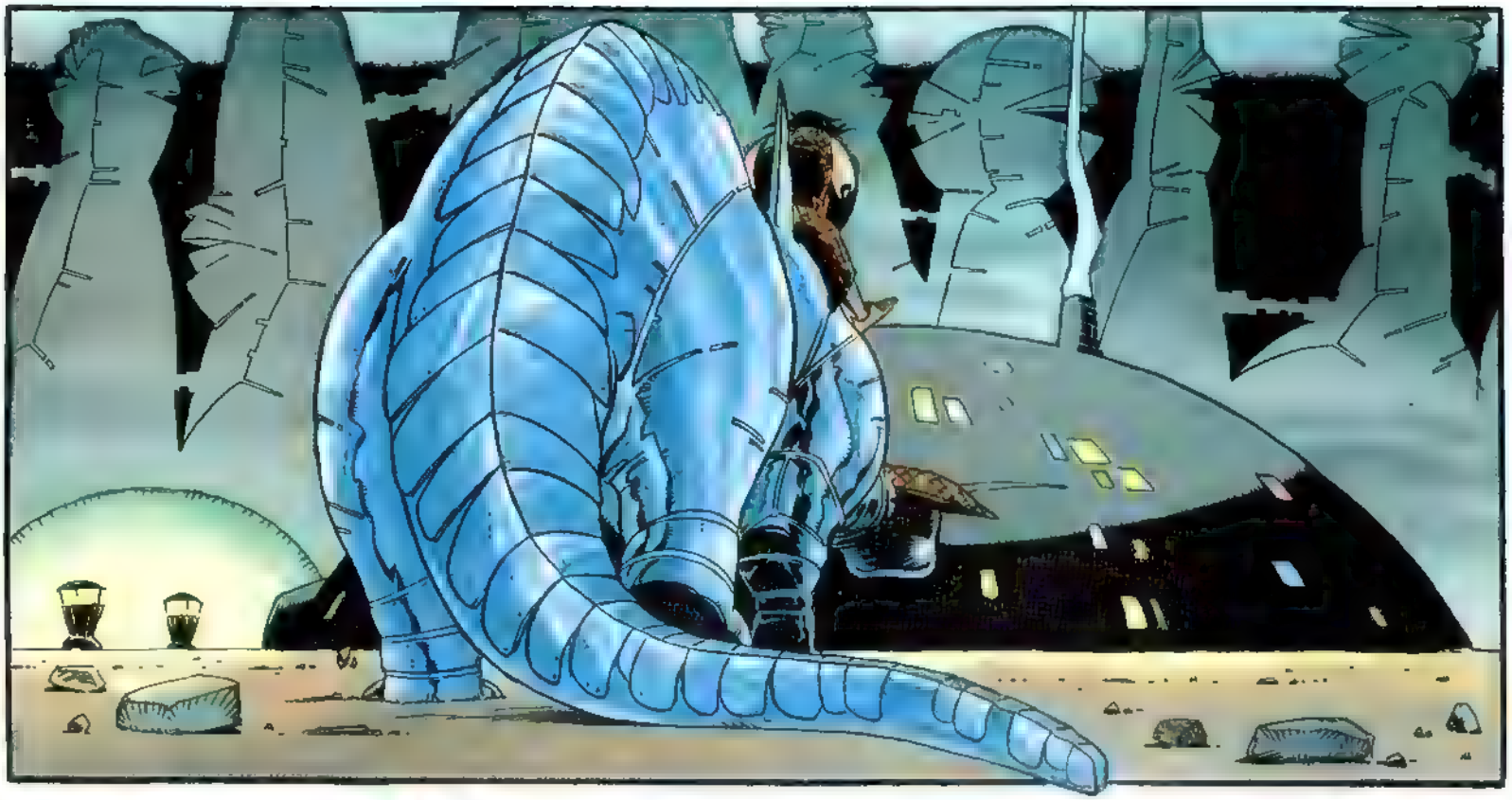

PROCEEDS FOR CHARITY — CREDS FOR EVERY VICTIM.
CRAZY


THERE WERE CRAZIES EVERYWHERE AFTER NECROPOLIS...
THAT TEENAGE PSYCHO P.J. MAYBE DISAPPEARED, BUT DREDD HAS A FEELING HE'LL TURN UP AGAIN.

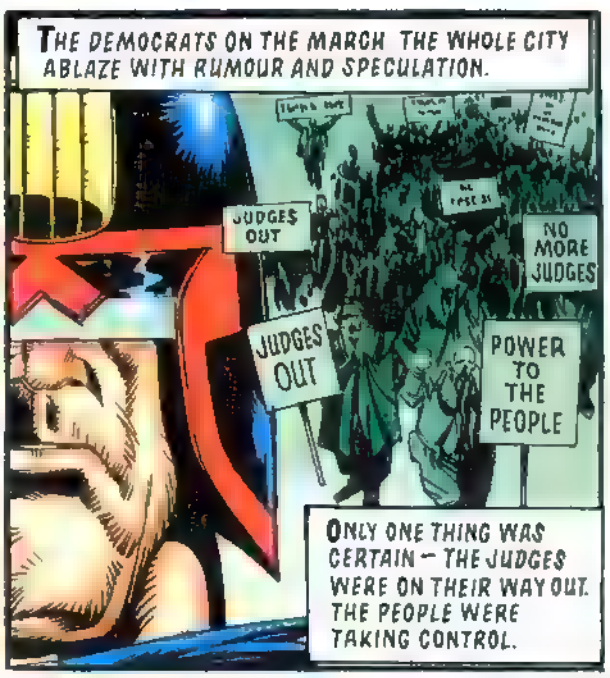

THE JILTED LOVER WHO BLEW UP A CITYBLOCK TO GET ONE MAN. . HOW MANY PEOPLE HAD DIED — 37,000 ?

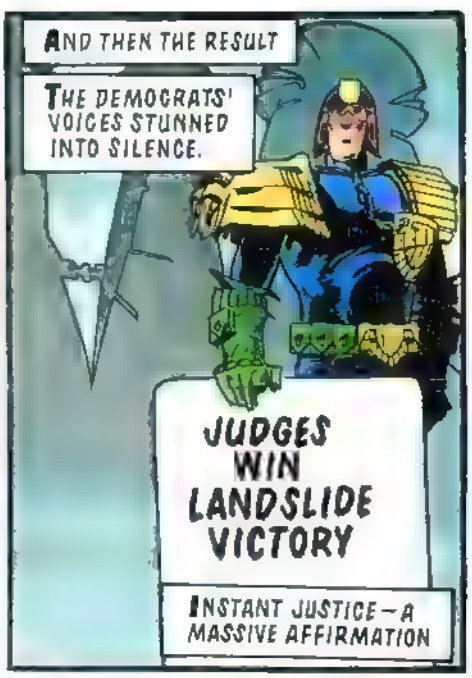
AND JUDGE DEATH STILL LOOSE IN THE CITY

BUT THE SINGLE EVENT THAT OVERSHADOWED IT ALL — THE YEAR'S **BURNING ISSUE** — WAS THE **VOTE**.
GET AFF!
WHAT IS IT WI' YOU? CAN YOU NO' STOP TALKIN'?
BOAB



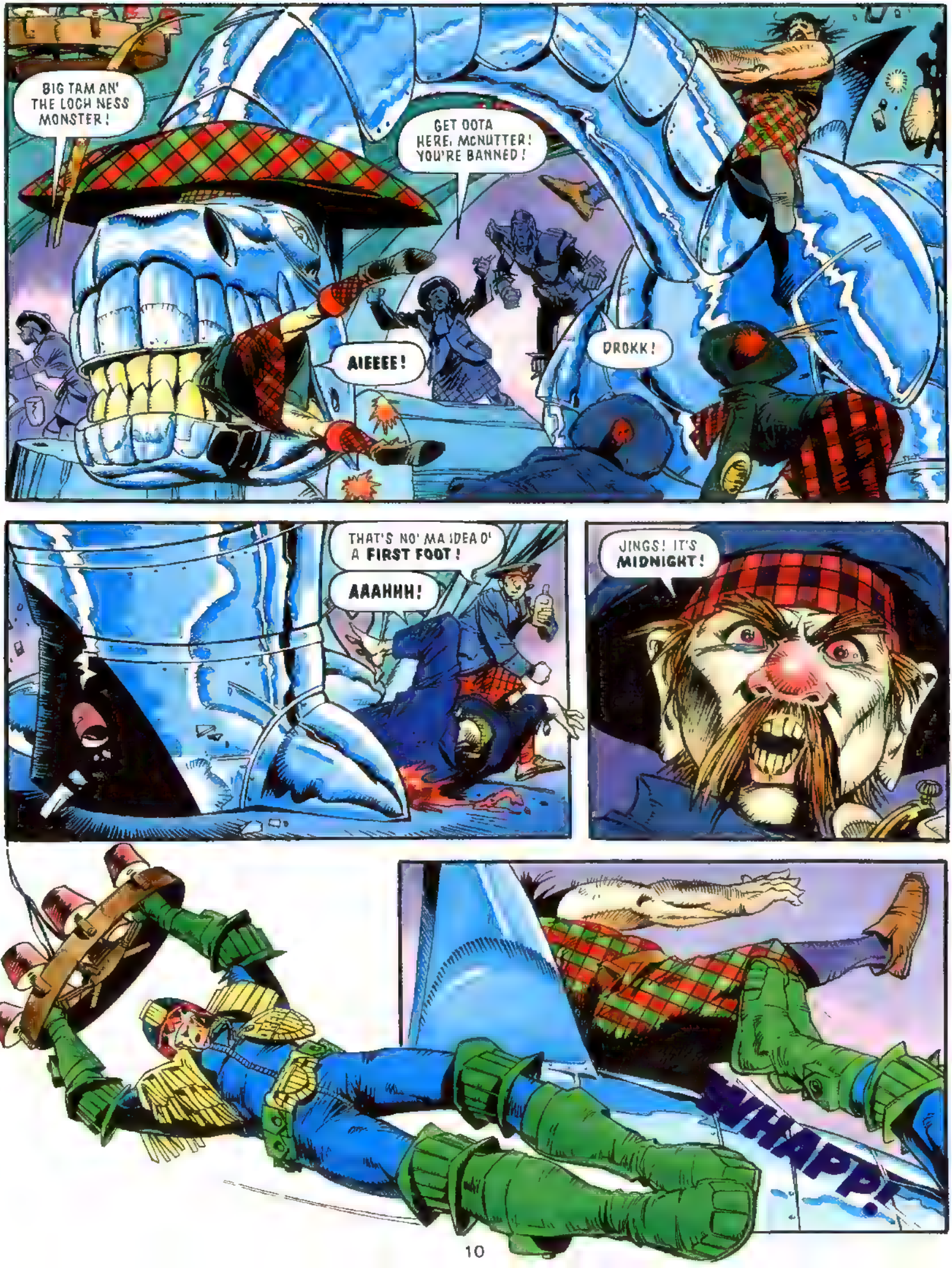
TIME'S GETTIN' OAN – CAN YE SPEED IT UP A BIT ?


THE DEMOCRATS ON THE MARCH. THE WHOLE CITY ABLAZE WITH RUMOUR AND SPECULATION.
JUDGES OUT
NO MORE JUDGES
JUDGES OUT
POWER TO THE PEOPLE
ONLY ONE THING WAS CERTAIN – THE JUDGES WERE ON THEIR WAY OUT. THE PEOPLE WERE TAKING CONTROL.


AND THEN THE RESULT
THE DEMOCRATS' VOICES STUNNED INTO SILENCE.
JUDGES WIN LANDSLIDE VICTORY
INSTANT JUSTICE – A MASSIVE AFFIRMATION

HEIDCASE !
I'LL GIE YE HEIDCASE !

THE QUESTION IS, WHAT DOES 2114 HOLD FOR US – WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE ?
11-59
AH DON'T CARE WHERE YE GO, AS LONG AS YE GET AFF!
AYE, YE'VE GOT MAIR MOOTH THAN THE RIVER CLYDE!
UH, PLEASE. UH, IT'S ALMOST TWELVE O' CLOCK–
CRASH!
HAPPY NEW YEAR, YE BUNCH O' SCUNNERS!


BIG TAM AN' THE LOCH NESS MONSTER!
GET OOTA HERE, McNUTTER! YOU'RE BANNED!
AIEEEE!
DROKK!
THAT'S NO' MA IDEA O' A FIRST FOOT!
AAAHHH!
JINGS! IT'S MIDNIGHT!
WHAPP!

EVERYBODY! IT'S TIME TAE RING OOT THE OLD AN' RING IN THE NEW!
HAPPY NEW YEAR!
HEIDCASE! I'LL GIE YE HEIDCASE!
NO — I'LL GIE YE HEIDCASE!
WHACK!

I KNEW I WASN'T GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT MAKING ARRESTS!
CONTROL! MED-WAGON REQUIRED, CAL HAB EXPATS' CLUB!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT 2114'S GOING TO BRING BUT IF THIS IS AN OMEN I'M NOT LOOKIN' FORWARD TO IT!
SHOULD...AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT...
AND NEVER BROUGHT TO MIND..
♪SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT FOR AULD LANG SYNE♪
♪FOR AULD LANG SYNE, MY DEAR, FOR AULD LANG SYNE WE'LL TAK A CUP OF KINDNESS YET, FOR AU-AULD LA-ANG SYNNNNE♪

THE END

JUDGE DREDD
IMPACT IMMINENT!
MEGA-CITY ONE TOUR
IAN IMPACT
BEGINS
AUGUST 5TH
SOLD OUT
AUGUST 5TH
SOLD OUT
Script SIMON FURMAN
Art STEVE YEOWELL
Lettering DOZY
UUNG!
CHTTCHH
IT'S THE CUBES FOR YOU, CREEP! I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS THE BIGGER CRIME - PICKING POCKETS...
... OR DRESSING LIKE THAT AT YOUR AGE!
SUPERSTARS. WHO NEEDS 'EM?

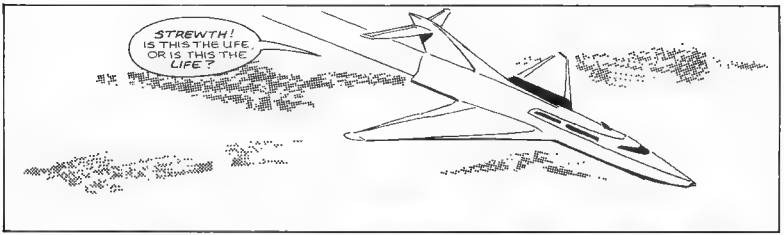
IMPACT!
IMPACT!
IMPACT!
WE LURRVE YOU, IAN!
HE'S JUST SOOOO HUNKY!
DROKK! EVEN THE LAST DEMOCRATIC MARCH WASN'T AS BAD AS THIS!

CONTROL, GOT ANOTHER ONE. FOR YOU.
GOT ONE FOR YOU, TOO. TWO PERPS HELD UP THE BETTY BANK. THEY'RE DRESSED AS IMPACT FANS!
HE'LL HAVE TO WAIT. WE'VE GOT TWO HUNDRED OR MORE ALREADY NEED COLLECTING IN YOUR AREA

I'M ON IT
THIS IS GONNA BE A LONG DAY!

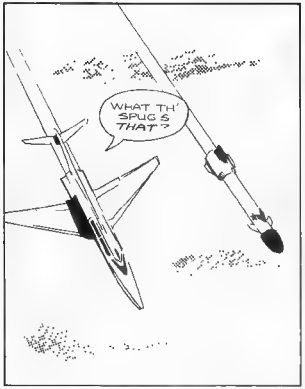
IT IS TIME!
TIME FOR REVENGE! TIME TO FINISH WHAT OUR GLORIOUS WAR MARSHALL KAZAN * STARTED!
OUR ENEMIES HAVE BEEN HURT, THEIR DEFENCES RAVAGED BY NECROPOLIS! WHAT REMAINS HAS BEEN LOWERED, TO RECEIVE AN INCOMING CRAFT! IT IS TIME!
* LEADER OF THE SOV JUDGES
SINCE WE WERE EXILED HERE, FOLLOWING THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR HOMELAND, * WE HAVE LIVED AND WORKED FOR BUT ONE DAY!
* THE APOCALYPSE WAR 2000 AD PROGS 265 - 270
THIS DAY! THE DAY MEGA-CITY ONE.
...IS WIPED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

WELCOME, VIDDERS, TO ANOTHER OF IAN IMPACT'S GREATEST HITS!
OPEN
IT'S A LITTLE NUMBER CALLED 'GIVE US ALL YOUR JEWELS!' SURE TO BE A BIG SMASH!'
NYAAA, HA HAAA!
KRISSH!
DREDD, YOUR TWO PERPS -
I'VE GOT THEM!
FIRST AND LAST WARNING CREEPS - SURRENDER OR DIE!
TROUBLE!
HEY, NO PROBLEM
YOU'RE A CELEBRITY, REMEMBER?
HEY, BOYS AND GIRLS LOOK! IT'S IAN IMPACT!
IAN MAG
DROKK!
SCREEEEEEE!


STREWTH! IS THIS THE LIFE, OR IS THIS THE LIFE?

FIRST CLASS ALL THE WAY TO THE BIG MEG - JUST TO PLAY A FEW OTHER PEOPLE'S SONGS!
SURE BEATS THE SPIT OUTTA THE OLD SOAPS!

IN FACT, I'D SAY...
SPLAUGHH!
STONE THE FLAMIN' CROWS!


WHAT TH' SPUG IS THAT?

JUSTICE CENTRAL
WHAT IS IT?
WE DON'T KNOW - SKY CAMERAS ARE STILL OUT! WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THERE - AND IT'S FOLLOWING IMPACT'S COURSE EXACTLY!

IT'S REAL BAD. PILOT OF THE PLANE REPORTS A LONG RANGE MISSILE, POSSIBLE NUCLEAR WARHEAD!
THAT'S WHAT WE DON'T KNOW.
OKAY, BUT WHICH ONE IS WHICH?
...PILOT REPORTS IT'S CONTINUALLY SWITCHING SIDES!
DREDD, WE'VE GOT A REAL BIG PROBLEM HERE COULD USE YOU AT JUSTICE CENTRAL RIGHT NOW!
ON MY WAY!
ALL RIGHT, CREEPS- FREEZE! FUN'S OV-
IAN IMPACT
IAN IMPACT
DROKK! ONE TOO MANY!
NOW!
GHAA-!
BADAM!
BADAM!
AAHK!

HOW-HOW DID YOU KNOW WHICH THEY WERE?
I DIDN'T
JUSTICE CENTRAL
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME! UNLESS WE DESTROY THAT MISSILE IN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS, IT'LL BE TOO CLOSE TO DETONATE SAFELY!
WE'VE LOCKED IN THE TWO SETS OF CO-ORDINATES ACCORDING TO THE PILOT'S LAST REPORT HE'S THE LEFT BLIP, MISSILE RIGHT. BUT IF WE LAUNCH AND THAT CHANGES...
LOCK
C 1718
LOCK
C 1718
WELL, WE DESTROY IAN IMPACT. AND WE'LL HAVE A RIOT ON OUR HANDS
THE DECISION'S YOURS, DREDD LEFT OR RIGHT?
FWOOOSH!

FADOOOOM!
IAN!
IAN!
IAN!
IMPACT
RIPPER, MATE! ABSOLUTELY SPUGGIN' RIPPER! BUT TELL ME, HOW'D YOU KNOW WHICH ONE WAS THE MISSILE? I MEAN, WE SAW IT SWAP SIDES, JUST AFORE YOURS HIT IT!
MUST BE MY DAY FOR LUCKY GUESSES
HEYY, WHAT GIVES, SPORT?
I'M DEPORTING YOU BACK TO OZ AS A PUBLIC MENACE. YOU'VE CAUSED MORE TROUBLE IN ONE DAY THAN MOST PERPS MANAGE IN A LIFETIME!
IF YOU PEOPLE WANT HEROES – I'LL HAVE TO DO!

JUDGE DREDD
YEARBOOK 1992

NOW SHOWING

JUDGE DREDD in The Sleeper (Part 1) P5
RAP SHEET: Geoff Senior ..... P?
THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME: Text Story ..... P?
JUDGE DREDD in Back On The Streets P17
RAP SHEET: Cam Kennedy P24
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RAP SHEET: Steve Yeowell P30
JUDGE DREDD in Impact Imminent P31
RAP SHEET: Mike Hadley P40
JUDGE DREDD in The Mystery of Judge Edwina Dread P41
JUDGE DREDD in The Sleeper (Part 2) P46
FACT FILE: Walter The Wobot P57
JUDGE DREDD in Beggar's Banquet P58
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JUDGE DREDD in The Sleeper (Part 3) ..... P?

IGGY ZEIGLER *Presents:*
The **MEGA-CITY FOLLIES**

Cover by Dermot Power
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PICK ME UP AFTER THE SHOW, GREGORY.
IT'S IGGY ZEIGLER--
CRUNCH!
KRANG!
WHAT ON EARTH--? STOP IT!
HAVE YOU ROBOTS GONE MAD--?
UNHAND ME, YOU!
AHHH! PUT ME DOWN!
I'LL HAVE YOU DISMANTLED, DAMN YOU! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?!

I KNOW YOU, MR ZEIGLER
OH MY GRUD--!
I HAVE A MESSAGE FROM LEONARD OVERLY
OVERLY- BUT HE'S DEAD!
AND SO ARE YOU, MR ZEIGLER.
AAAAAHHHHH!

SO I SUCK, DO I, SONNY ?
SUCK — NO ! TH-THAT WAS A MISTAKE, MAN !
SUCCEEDS — YEAH ! THAT'S WHAT I WAS WRITIN' ! IT'S MY SPELLIN' — NEVER WAS NO GOOD !
JUDGE DREDD SUCCEEDS IN, UH.. CLEANIN' UP THE STREETS ! THAT'S IT ! THAT'S WHAT I WAS WRITIN', MAN !
SEE ! I'M ON YOUR SIDE, MAN !
SURE
WITH A FEW MORE LIKE YOU THIS WOULD BE A REAL LAW-ABIDING CITY, HUH ?
THAT'S RIGHT, MAN ! YOU GOT IT !
YOU GONNA LET ME OFF, MAN ?
SPLUTCH !
CLEAN THAT OFF BY THE TIME THE CATCH WAGON ARRIVES AND I'LL THINK ABOUT IT.

NO WAY I'M GONNA CLEAN IT IN THAT TIME, MAN! WHAT'M I GONNA CLEAN IT WITH?
HEY, I WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU—YOU SUCK, MAN!
JUDGE DREDD
CONTROL, WE GOT A POSSIBLE LEAPER— JUST CAME DOWN IN VINNY SQUARE! CLEAN UP SQUAD REQUIRED?
CHECKING IT OUT.
OH MY GRUD—!
DID YOU SEE WHAT THEY DID—?
TH-THAT WAS IGGY ZEIGLER!
DREDD! CITIZEN JUST 'PHONED IN! YOUR VICTIM WAS NO LEAPER!
ASSAILANTS WERE THREE ROBOTS —LOOKED LIKE DOMESTIC JOBS!
I SEE 'EM! COMING STRAIGHT AT ME!
SPOK!
SPOK!
ZANGGG!
BZANGGG!
AND THEY'RE NOT STOPPIN'!
SKREEEEEEEE!

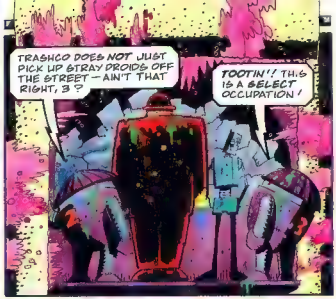
HI-EX!
SSHR-AKK!
VAROOOOOOOOOM
FLAMER! THEY'RE GONE, CONTROL!

"DROKK! I'M WRITING THESE CREEPS OFF TOO SOON!"

FORGET HIM. HE'S FINISHED
HE'S NO USE TO ME NOW!
KRAKKASK!
THIS JUST ISN'T MY DAY!
CONTROL! BIKE'S OUT OF COMMISSION! TWO OF THE ROBOTS HAVE ESCAPED!
HURRY!
CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

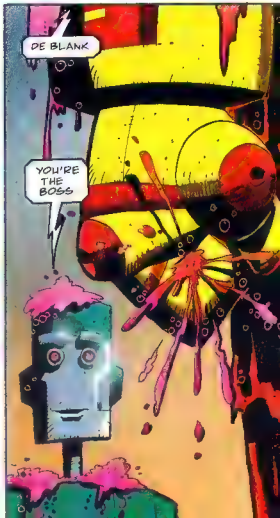
JUDGE DREDD
THE SLEEPER
PART 2
LAST SEEN HEADING DOWN THE SKEDLINK !
ROGER ! UNITS ON THEIR WAY !
VICTIM WAS IGGY ZEIGLER, THE PRODUCER.
HE'D JUST ARRIVED FOR THE EVENING PERFORMANCE. EYE-WITNESSES SAY TWO OF THE ROBOTS TOOK OUT HIS CHAUFFEUR, THE OTHER ONE WENT STRAIGHT FOR ZEIGLER.
SO IT WAS A DELIBERATE ATTACK.
MOTIVE ?
WHO KNOWS ? BAD DEBT — OLD SCORE — A MAN LIKE ZEIGLER MAKES A LOT OF ENEMIES.
CHECK EVERYTHING.
STILL NO SIGN OF THE ESCAPERS, CONTROL'S
NEGATIVE. WE'VE GOT TO ASSUME THEY'VE SLIPPED THROUGH THE NET BY NOW.
DREDD !
SERIAL NUMBER ON THE DROID—
IT'S ONE OF THREE REPORTED STOLEN THIS MORNING FROM WALT'S USED DROID LOT.

TRASHCO
I'M TELLIN' YOU, IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FER A JOB YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR TIME, BOYS!
DECON

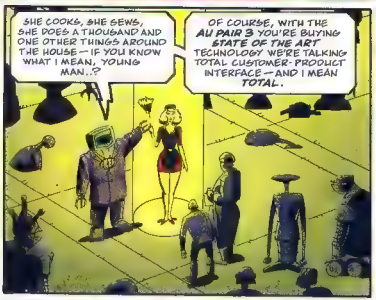

TRASHCO DOES NOT JUST PICK UP STRAY ROBOTS OFF THE STREET — AIN'T THAT RIGHT, 3 ?
TOOTIN'! THIS IS A SELFLESS OCCUPATION!

SHUSSHH!
IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR A POSITION, TRY THE POUND.
YEAH, OR WALT'S — OL' WALT TAKES IN STRAYS

GUESS THEY TOOK THE HINT?


DE BLANK
YOU'RE THE BOSS

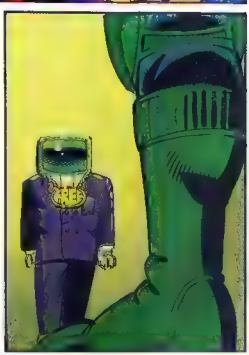
Watts
USED DROID LOT
ISN'T SHE A LITTLE BEAUTY?


SHE COOKS, SHE SEWS, SHE DOES A THOUSAND AND ONE OTHER THINGS AROUND THE HOUSE—IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, YOUNG MAN..?
OF COURSE, WITH THE AU PAIR 3 YOU'RE BUYING STATE OF THE ART TECHNOLOGY WE'RE TALKING TOTAL CUSTOMER PRODUCT INTERFACE—AND I MEAN TOTAL.

HRMFF! YES, WELL, WE'D LIKE TO SEE SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS TOTAL
AW, MUM

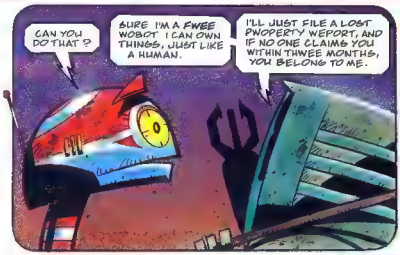
EXCUSE ME, SIR, A JUDGE TO SEE YOU
HIM!
OH CWIPES!
I MEAN— CRIPES!

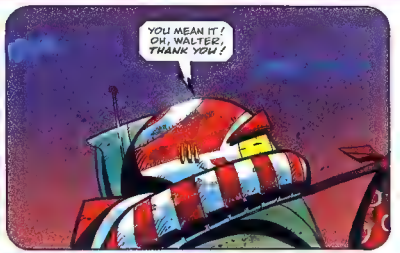
MR MCDADE! TAKE OVER HERE PLEASE!
YES, SIR.

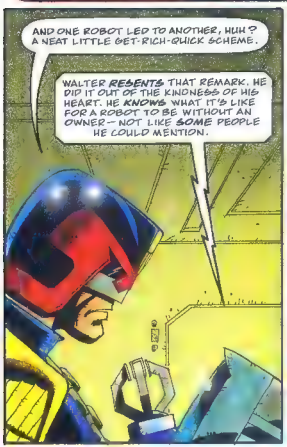


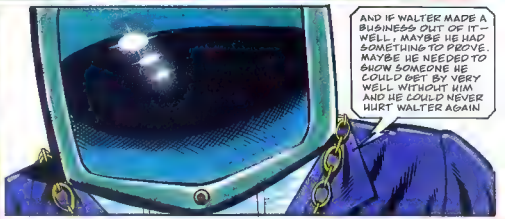
YOU'VE COME UP IN THE WORLD, WALTER.
YES, SIR. THIS HUMBLE ROBOT PRIDES HIMSELF THAT HE HAS DONE FAIRLY WELL FOR HIMSELF SINCE WE PARTED COMPANY, SIR.
HAD THE VOICE FIXED TOO
INDEED, SIR. THOUGH IT MAY HAVE BEEN AN ENDEARING TRAIT, THE INABILITY TO PRONOUNCE THE LETTER 'R' CAN BE A DRAWBACK IN BUSINESS
BESIDES, I CONSIDERED IT TO BE AN UNPLEASANT SYMBOL OF MY SLAVE PAST
ONCE WALTER HAD BEEN JUDGE DREDD'S OWN ROBOSERVANT FOR HIS SERVICES AGAINST THE TYRANT CAL HE HAD BEEN DECLARED THE CITY'S FIRST FREE ROBOT
FREE
FOR WHAT'S TRY ME
BUT THE LOYAL SERVANT DROID COULD NOT OVERCOME HIS DEVOTION TO HIS FORMER MASTER. DESPITE HIS NEWFOUND STATUS, HE PLEADED TO BE TAKEN BACK...
...PLEAS THAT FELL ON STONY GROUND.
CAST ADRIFT, PURPOSELESS, THE DEJECTED ROBOT WANDERED THE STREETS, ON A DOWNWARD SPIRAL TO THE SCRAPHEAP-
NECROPOLIS MADE ME.
SO I HEARD

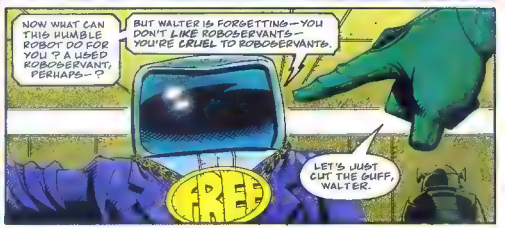
AFTER NECROPOLIS THERE HAD BEEN COUNTLESS ROBOTS LEFT TO WANDER THE STREETS, OWNERLESS
MY OWNERS ARE DEAD. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO, WALTER?
I'LL BE YOUR OWNER, FWANK


CAN YOU DO THAT?
SURE I'M A FWEE WOBOT. I CAN OWN THINGS, JUST LIKE A HUMAN.
I'LL JUST FILE A LOST PWOPEWTY WEPORT, AND IF NO ONE CLAIMS YOU WITHIN THWEE MONTHS, YOU BELONG TO ME.

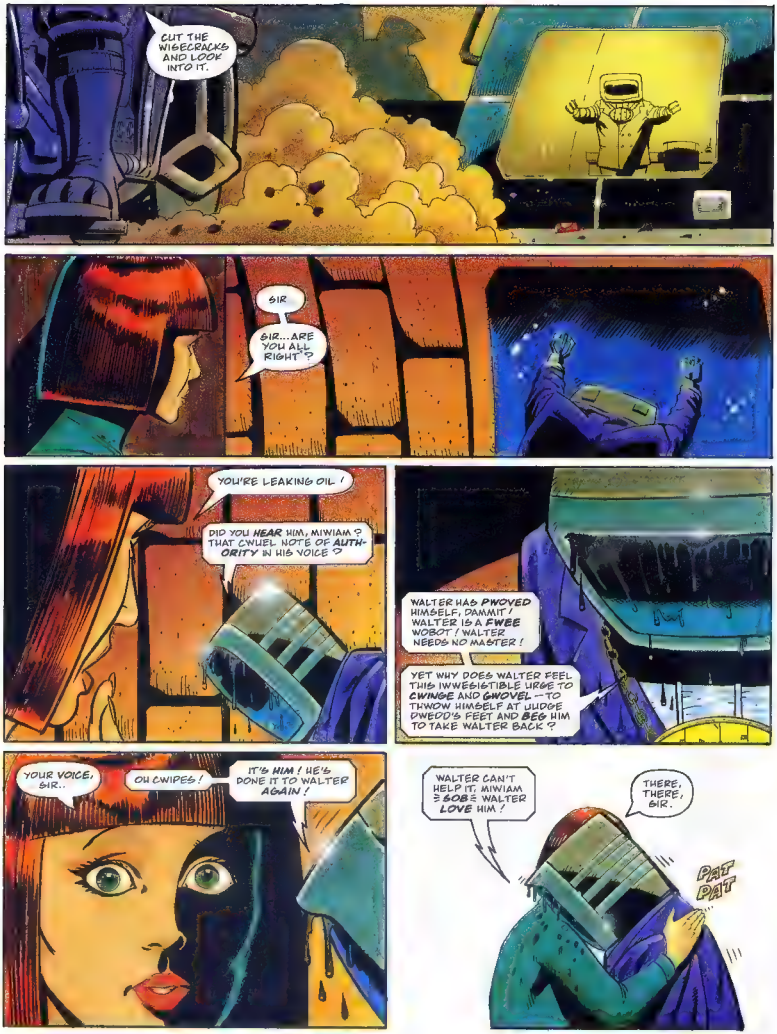

YOU MEAN IT! OH, WALTER, THANK YOU!


AND ONE ROBOT LED TO ANOTHER, HUH? A NEAT LITTLE GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEME.
WALTER RESENTS THAT REMARK. HE DID IT OUT OF THE KINDNESS OF HIS HEART. HE KNOWS WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR A ROBOT TO BE WITHOUT AN OWNER - NOT LIKE SOME PEOPLE HE COULD MENTION.

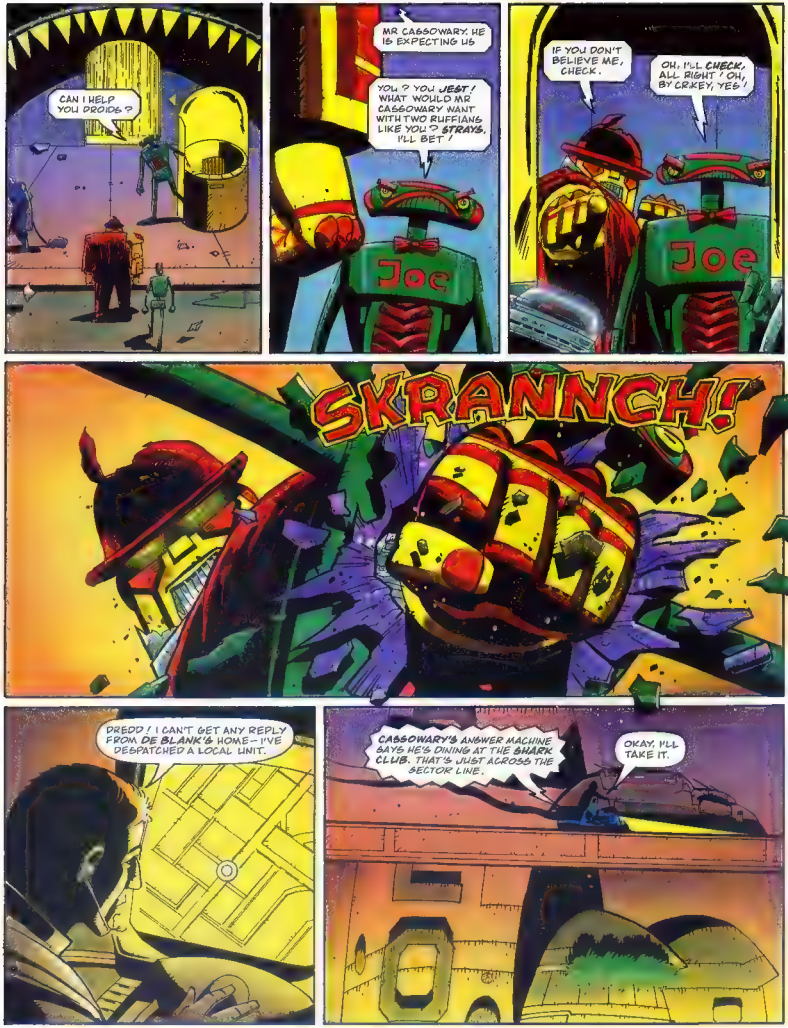

AND IF WALTER MADE A BUSINESS OUT OF IT - WELL, MAYBE HE HAD SOMETHING TO PROVE. MAYBE HE NEEDED TO SHOW SOMEONE HE COULD GET BY VERY WELL WITHOUT HIM AND HE COULD NEVER HURT WALTER AGAIN


NOW WHAT CAN THIS HUMBLE ROBOT DO FOR YOU? A USED ROBOSERVANT, PERHAPS--?
BUT WALTER IS FORGETTING--YOU DON'T LIKE ROBOSERVANTS--YOU'RE CRUEL TO ROBOSERVANTS.
FREE
LET'S JUST CUT THE GUFF, WALTER.

THIS MORNING YOU REPORTED THREE ROBOTS STOLEN FROM THIS SHOWROOM. AN HOUR ABOAT LEAST ONE – PROBABLY ALL THREE – COMMITTED MURDER.
THE REPORT SAID IT WAS AN INSIDE JOB. I WANT TO KNOW WHO TOOK THOSE ROBOTS.
WELL, WALTER IS SURE HE DOESN'T KNOW. HE HAS GIVEN A FULL STATEMENT AND HE HAS NOTHING FURTHER TO ADD. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE HIM, WALTER IS A VERY BUSY DROID!
DEAL WITH THIS GENTLEMAN, MIRIAM.
SLAM!
TEMPER!
THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS ONE, CONTROL.
I'VE RECHECKED ALL THE STAFF – NO INDICATION ANY OF THEM IS LYING. YET THE FORENSIC REPORT IS DEFINITE – NO SIGN OF FORCED ENTRY, NO EVIDENCE OF ANYONE TAMPERING WITH THE STOCK.
IT'S LIKE THESE THREE ROBOTS JUST UPPED AND WALKED OUT
TWO OF THE ROBOTS CAME FROM THE CLARON HOTEL, SURPLUS BELLHOPS. THE THIRD WAS A Q13 MANSERVANT, PURCHASED FROM THE ESTATE OF ONE LEONARD P OVERLY – THAT NAME MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
NOT OVERLY MUCH


CUT THE WIGGCRACKS AND LOOK INTO IT.
SIR
SIR... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YOU'RE LEAKING OIL!
DID YOU HEAR HIM, MIWIAM? THAT CWUEL NOTE OF AUTHORITY IN HIS VOICE?
WALTER HAS PWOVED HIMSELF, DAMMIT! WALTER IS A FWEE WOBOT! WALTER NEEDS NO MASTER!
YET WHY DOES WALTER FEEL THIS IWWESISTIBLE WIRGE TO CWINGE AND GWOVEL -- TO THWOW HIMSELF AT WUDGE DWEDD'S FEET AND BEG HIM TO TAKE WALTER BACK?
YOUR VOICE, SIR.
OH CWIPES!
IT'S HIM! HE'S DONE IT TO WALTER AGAIN!
WALTER CAN'T HELP IT, MIWIAM = SOBE WALTER LOVE HIM!
THERE, THERE, SIR.
PAT PAT

BINGO!
ZEIGLER WAS INVOLVED IN A LAWSUIT LAST YEAR—THE PLAINTIFF WAS LEONARD P. OVERLY.
OVERLY CLAIMED THAT ZEIGLER, THE WRITER BLANCHE DE BLANK AND THE COMPOSER ERROL CASSOWARY HAD STOLEN HIS SCORE FOR THE MEGA-CITY FOLLIES—ORIGINALLY PSYCHO CUBE ROCK BABY YAYA. THE THREE DEFENDANTS COUNTER-CLAIMED DEFAMATION.
OVERLY LOST. HEAVY. AND I MEAN HEAVY. WHEN HE DIED LAST MONTH HE WAS DOWN TO HIS LAST MILLION.
MY HEART BLEEDS.
FOR A CREEP LIKE OVERLY THAT'S PRACTICALLY PENNILESS. HE MADE THIRTY MIL ALONE ON LITTLE PSYCHO CUBE OF HORRORS. DON'T CRY FOR ME.
OVERLY WAS SUCKED INTO PSYCHO CUBES.
MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE PUT HIM IN ONE.
I RECKON THE ROBOT'S A SLEEPER.
"PROGRAMMED WITH A HIDDEN DIRECTIVE - PRIMED TO ACTIVATE, SAY, A CERTAIN TIME AFTER OVERLY'S DEATH. OVERLY'S OUT OF HARM'S WAY, BUT HIS REVENGE LIVES AFTER HIM."
"THAT EXPLAINS THE INSIDE JOB AT WALT'S LOT. ONE NIGHT THE PROGRAMME TRIPS IN AND 019 WALKS OUT - TAKES THE TWO BELLHOP DROIDS WITH HIM FOR BACK-UP."
"IF THAT'S THE CASE THEN DE BLANK AND CASSOWARY COULD BE TARGETS AS WELL."
SHARK CLUB


CAN I HELP YOU DROIDS?
MR CASSOWARY. HE IS EXPECTING US
YOU? YOU JEST! WHAT WOULD MR CASSOWARY WANT WITH TWO RUFFIANS LIKE YOU? STRAYS, I'LL BET!
Joe
IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, CHECK.
OH, I'LL CHECK. ALL RIGHT! OH, BY CRIKEY, YES!
Joe
SKRANNCH!
DREDD! I CAN'T GET ANY REPLY FROM DE BLANK'S HOME - I'VE DESPATCHED A LOCAL UNIT.
CASSOWARY'S ANSWER MACHINE SAYS HE'S DINING AT THE SHARK CLUB. THAT'S JUST ACROSS THE SECTOR LINE.
OKAY. I'LL TAKE IT.

BLACK ATLANTIC SHARKS – DELIGHTFUL SPECIMENS, DON'T YOU THINK, MY DEAR?
I LOVE SHARKS! SO COLD, SO MERCILESS – SO EXQUISITELY CARNIVOROUS! I JUST LIKE YOU HAVE TO BE IN BUSINESS! ANY BUSINESS, EVEN MINE!
YOU KNOW, THERE REALLY OUGHT TO BE A CABARET – DROP IN A SHMP OR TWO NOW AND THEN. IT WOULD ENTERTAIN US AND GET RID OF A FEW SHMPS INTO THE BARGAIN!
I COULD WRITE THE MUSIC FOR IT! WHY, IT COULD BE MY NEXT SHOW!
OH, CASSY, YOU'RE SO WICKED!
HO HO! SOME SORT OF COMMOTION–!
I SAY! THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY!
I HAVE A MESSAGE FROM LEONARD OVERLY
U.P.!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

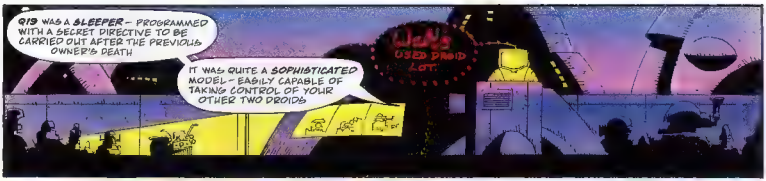
JUDGE DREDD IN THE SLEEPER
PART 3
COULD BE TOO LATE ALREADY, CONTROL !
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ? THIS IS THE SHARK CLUB ! SEND A JUDGE, QUICK -
GEEZ !
P-PLEASE PUT ME DOWN !
SOON MR JASSONAR
HEEELPPPP !

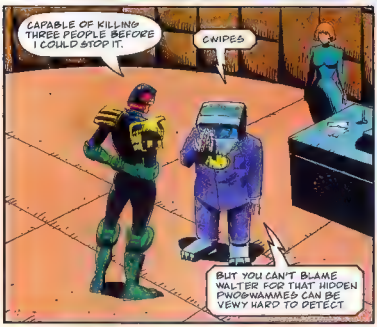
CLEAR THE WAY!
I ALREADY GOT MY ORDERS
THAT'S AN ORDER! YOU MUST OBEY AN ORDER!
SLAM!
VZZZT!
DROP HIM!
PLEASE! PLEASE! DON'T DO THIS! I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING! ANYTHING!
OH SWEET GRUD--!
MR OVERKY STIPULATED ONLY REVENGE, SIR.

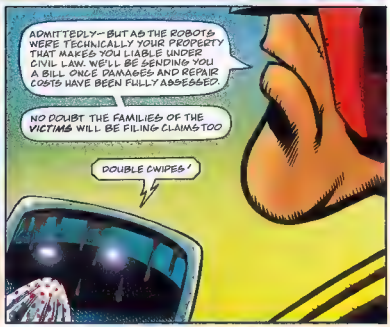
SPLAOESSH!

AAAAAAAAHHH!
GUESS I COULD HAVE CHOSEN MY WORDS BETTER

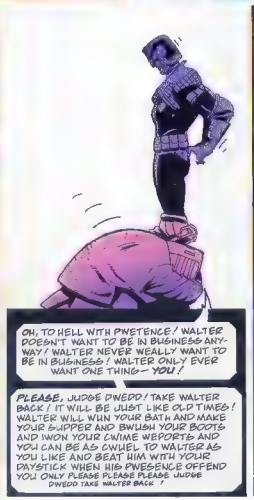
K'IND OF HARD TO TAKE YOUR EYES OFF
YEAH, NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE. ALWAYS WANTED TO
LOOK AT THAT ONE THERE— WHAT'S IT GOT?
THINK IT'S A LEG.
ONE MOVE AND IT'S MY EX TIME, PAL!
HMMMM
Q-19
THE ROBOT'S SHUT DOWN, CONTROL.
LEONARD OVERLY'S EXTRACTED HIS REVENGE— THE SLEEPER'S GONE BACK TO SLEEP.
RRR-IIP!
BUT WE'LL JUST MAKE SURE


Q13 WAS A SLEEPER – PROGRAMMED WITH A SECRET DIRECTIVE TO BE CARRIED OUT AFTER THE PREVIOUS OWNER'S DEATH
IT WAS QUITE A SOPHISTICATED MODEL – EASILY CAPABLE OF TAKING CONTROL OF YOUR OTHER TWO DROIDS
USED DROID LOT


CAPABLE OF KILLING THREE PEOPLE BEFORE I COULD STOP IT.
CWIPES
BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME WALTER FOR THAT HIDDEN PNOBWAMMES CAN BE VEWY HARD TO DETECT


ADMITTEDLY – BUT AS THE ROBOTS WERE TECHNICALLY YOUR PROPERTY THAT MAKES YOU LIABLE UNDER CIVIL LAW. WE'LL BE SENDING YOU A BILL ONCE DAMAGES AND REPAIR COSTS HAVE BEEN FULLY ASSESSED.
NO DOUBT THE FAMILIES OF THE VICTIMS WILL BE FILING CLAIMS TOO
DOUBLE CWIPES!

BUSINESS IS A TOUGH GAME, WALTER. WORLD'S FULL OF SHARKS JUST WAITING TO GOBBLE YOU UP


OH, TO HELL WITH PWETENCE! WALTER DOESN'T WANT TO BE IN BUSINESS ANY-WAY! WALTER NEVER WEALLY WANT TO BE IN BUSINESS! WALTER ONLY EVER WANT ONE THING – YOU!
PLEASE, JUDGE DWEDD! TAKE WALTER BACK! IT WILL BE JUST LIKE OLD TIMES! WALTER WILL WUN YOUR BATH AND MAKE YOUR SUPPER AND BWUSH YOUR BOOTS AND WHON YOUR CWIME WEPORTS AND YOU CAN BE AS CWUEL TO WALTER AS YOU LIKE AND BEAT HIM WITH YOUR DAYSTICK WHEN HIS PWESENCE OFFEND YOU. ONLY PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE JUDGE DWEDD TAKE WALTER BACK!

YOU'RE LEAKIN' OIL ON MY BOOTS!

GET THIS THROUGH YOUR ADDLED SEMI-CONDUCTORS, WALTER! I DON'T NEED A ROBOT – I DON'T WANT A ROBOT – AND EVEN IF I DID THEN BELIEVE ME YOU ARE THE LAST ROBOT I'D CHOOSE!
IF YOU'VE GOT ANY MONEY LEFT AFTER THE VICTIMS' FAMILIES ARE FINISHED WITH YOU, I SUGGEST YOU USE IT TO SEE A SHRINK!
AND BY THE WAY- THE VOICE HAS GONE AGAIN
OH, SIR DON'T LEAK
OH, HOW COULD HE BE SO CRUEL?
THAT'S JUST HIS WAY, M'WIAM :SNIFF:
ONCE YOU GET TO KNOW HIM YOU WEALISE THAT, DEEP INSIDE, HE'S QUITE SWEET WEALLY.
SWEET?
AW WEVWAW, DEAR JUDGE DWEDD- BUT NOT GOODBYE! WALTER WILL NEVER GIVE UP!
HE SEND YOU LITTLE PWESENTS, AND CARDS ON YOUR BIRTHDAY- AND CAWWY OUT COUNTLESS OTHER ACTS OF CWINGING DEVOTION.
AND IN THE END MAYBE YOU WILL WEALISE, YOU DO NEED WALTER...
FREE
IN THE END, LOVE WILL TWIUMPH!
PASS THE SICK BAG.
The End

JUDGE
DREDD

JUDGE DREDD

THE MYSTERY OF JUDGE (EDWIN) DROOD

A POST-NECROPOLIS STORY

'IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES, IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES'

"...A TIME OF REBUILDING SPRING CLEANING FEVER GRIPPED OUR CITY EACH INDIVIDUAL TRYING TO OUT-DO HIS FELLOWS IN RESTORING LIFE TO THE RAVAGED PLACE.

"STILL, IT WAS A **GRIM** TIME... SMOKE LOWERING DOWN FROM THE VENTS, MAKING A SOFT BLACK DRIZZLE OF SOOT AS BIG AS FULL-GROWN SNOW-FLAKES - GONE INTO MOURNING FOR THE DEATH OF THE SUN

Script: DAN (BOZ) ABNETT
Art: MIKE HADLEY
Lettering: DOZY

"EVEN IN THE ARCHIVE VAULTS, LOOM OF THE CITY'S KNOWLEDGE, RESTORATIVE SURGERY WAS URGENTLY REQUIRED."

MIND YOUR BACKS, NOW!

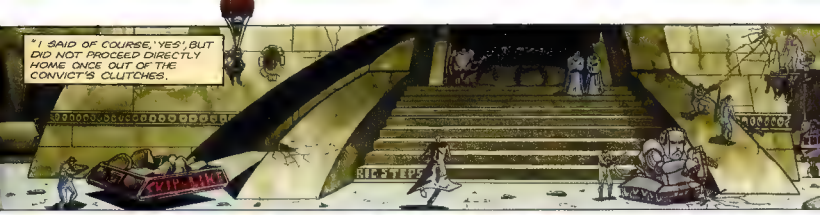
DROOD! THE PIPES ON THREE HAVE BURST AND FLOODED EVERYTHING FROM COMMUNITY WELFARE DOWN WE'VE GOT TWO VAULTS CRASHED AND ANOTHER DOWNLOADING AT THIRTY K PER MINUTE

DROOD? YOU HEAR ME? MOST OF THE DEPORTATION RECORDS ARE **PAPER PORRIDGE** GET THIS LOADED ONTO YOUR TERMINAL BY NEXT SHIFT OR WE'LL HAVE LOST IT **ALL!**

PLACE IT ON THE PILE, IF YOU PLEASE I'LL GET TO IT

I'VE FOUND SOMETHING HIGHLY UNUSUAL...

"AS WE RE-CATALOGUE AND REPAIR THE CITY'S COLLECTIVE KNOWLEDGE, THE MOST SINGULAR THINGS ARE COMING TO MY ATTENTION...
"...A BLESSING OF WORDS THAT I WOULD WISH TO SHARE WITH SOMEONE..
RESYK HOUSE OF REMEMBRANCE
RIP
TRUST
"WITH SOMETHING MORE THAN A STONE TABLET"
EDGAR DROOD & GEORGINA DROOD WIFE OF THE ABOVE
10 MORE YEARS
HOLD YOUR NOISE! KEEP STILL, YOU LITTLE DEVIL, OR I'LL CUT YOUR THROAT!
MNK!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME? GIVE IT MOUTH!
E-EDWIN DROOD, SIR. PRAY, DO NOT CUT MY THROAT
MAYN'T I WILL AND MAYN'T I WON'T GET ME FOOD, AND BRING IT 'ERE TOMORROW MORNING, AND NEVER SAY TO THEM JUDGES THA' YOU HAVE SEEN SUCH A PERSON AS ME, AND YOU SHALL BE LET LIVE..
FAIL, AND GO FROM MY INSTRUCTIONS ANYHOW, YOUR HEART AND LIVER SHALL BE TORN OUT, ROASTED AND ATE. NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY?


"I SAID OF COURSE, 'YES', BUT DO NOT PROCEED DIRECTLY HOME ONCE OUT OF THE CONVICT'S CLUTCHES.
SKIP-JAKE
BIG STEPS

"ALAS, NO WORD OF MY ASSAILANT REMAINED IN THE RECORDS."
I TOLD YOU ALREADY, ALL THE DEPORTATION ORDERS ARE LOST. WHY ARE YOU WASTING TIME ON THAT?

DROOD? THAT'S PRE-CITY FICTION YOU'VE ACCESSED.
DROOD?
"EXCEPT FOR HERE, IN THE UNOFFICIAL RECORDS KEPT BY THE ARCHIVIST DICKENS. HE MENTIONS A CONVICT, MAGWITCH, AT LARGE FROM A PRISON SHIP."

"HOWEVER, I DID NOT YET HAVE ENOUGH FOR THE JUDGES TO ACT ON..
"...NOT RELISHING THE THOUGHT I REALISED THAT I, EDWIN DROOD, MUST GO FORTH INTO THE DISMAL NIGHT AND RESOLVE THE SITUATION...

" NO MATTER WHAT "
.. PAGES AND PAGES OF THE STUFF, JUDGE DREDD. REAMS OF OLD DATA ABOUT CITIZEN'S ARREST AND THE POWERS OF THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE THEN HE LEFT..
WHERE TO?
PUNCH UP THE DATA

LORD STRIKE ME DEAD, BUT THIS IS A FINE TOY TO FIND..
MAGWITCH!
JUDGE
SINNER
DEATH
WHO IS IT? WHO'S THERE? GIVE IT MOUTH, NOW! AND ME NAME'S NOT...
KLONG!
UHNNF!
AS A VOLUNTEER SPECIAL CONSTABLE, MAGWITCH, I HEREBY ORDER YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE PRECINCTS OF THE JUDGES!
WHA - ?
SPECIAL CONSTABLE? WHY, THAT WOULD MAKE YOU JUDGE DROOD, SURE ENOUGH
HAHAHAHA HAHAAA!
KLONG!
GNNNF!
I'LL TEAR OUT YER HEART AND LIVER FOR THAT, SO I SHALL!

GRAAAH!
BASH!
OOOOH!
"IT IS A FAR, FAR BETTER THING THAT I DO NOW. MAKING A STAND AND EVERYTHING. . ."
I WON'T HAVE A RAG OR BONE LEFT OF YOU ON THE EARTH, YOU ENEMY! I'LL HAVE DONE WITH-
THUDM!
CONTROL. MEAT WAGON TO BILL SYKES ROW. WE'VE FOUND DROOD.
LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN BEATEN TO DEATH.
TAP GANG? RUBBLE RUNNERS?
NEGATIVE, CONTROL. HIS WALLET'S HERE. ANOTHER WASTE OF TIME IN THE SECTOR DEAD ZONE.
GREAT. 'EDWIN DROOD - UNSOLVED' IS A LOUSY REPORT TO FILE.
WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?
THAT'S ALL HE WROTE

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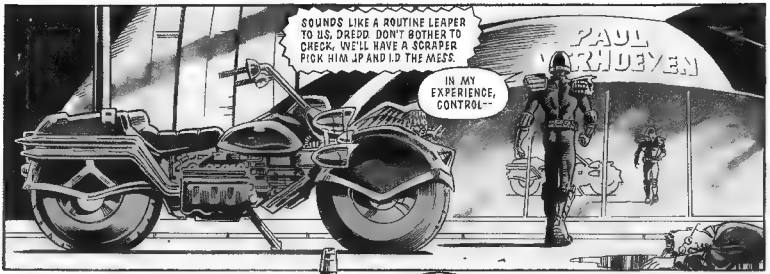
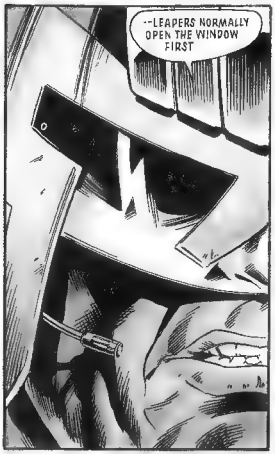
JUDGE DREDD
ROBOBLOCK!
PAUL VERHOEVEN BLOCK
AAAAAAA
LEAPER!
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT
Script SIMON FURMAN
Art LEE SULLIVAN
KEV HOPGOOD
Lettering TOM FRAME

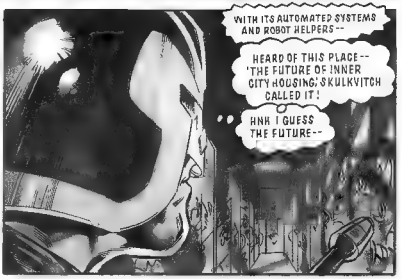

SOUNDS LIKE A ROUTINE LEAPER TO US, DREDD. DON'T BOTHER TO CHECK, WE'LL HAVE A SCRAPER PICK HIM UP AND I.D THE MESS.
IN MY EXPERIENCE, CONTROL--
PAUL VERHOEVEN


--LEAPERS NORMALLY OPEN THE WINDOW FIRST

BESIDES, THIS DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT. NO LIGHTS, NO PEOPLE, NO--

I'M AARON SKULKVITCH, AND I'D LIKE TO WELCOME YOU TO PAUL VERHOEVEN BLOCK, MEGA-CITY ONE'S FIRST COMPLETELY ALTOMATED DWELLING!
RECORDING!

AT PAUL VERHOEVEN, CHORES AND WORK BECOME A THING OF THE PAST. SIT BACK AND LET THE BUILDING'S VAST AND COMPLEX COMPUTER BRAIN MAKE YOUR LIFE--SIMPLE!


WITH ITS AUTOMATED SYSTEMS AND ROBOT HELPERS--
HEARD OF THIS PLACE-- 'THE FUTURE OF INNER CITY HOUSING,' SKULKVITCH CALLED IT!
HNH. I GUESS THE FUTURE--

Whrrr..
--BLEW A FUSE.
HEATING'S STILL WORKING HOT AS A RAD-PIT IN HERE! GRUD KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED HE--
SLICEDICECHOP! SLICEDICECHOP!
ROBOCHEF--
WHISK&TIRMIX! WHISK&TIRMIX!
AND I'M ON THE MENU!
ARMOUR PIERCING AREN'T STOPPING IT. TOO CLOSE FOR HI-EX!
UHH!

BASTEBROILROAST!
BASTEBROILROAST!
DROKK!
MICROWAVEMICROWAVEMICROWAVE!
YEAH?
MICROWAVE THIS, CREEP!
NEED MORE SPACE!
1109
ITCH!
MICROWAVEMICRO-MICRO-MICRO-
FROOOM!
GRUD! 'LET OUR MACHINES MAKE YOUR LIFE SIMPLE'--

-- DEAD SIMPLE!
CENTRAL COMPUTER BRAIN. HUH? GONNA NEED IT TO EXPLAIN THIS MESS.
GETTING HOTTER! CREEP MUST BE TRYING TO SWEAT ME OUT.
RM 'COME INTO MY PARLOUR' THANKS, BUT NO THANKS
ELEVATOR NORTH WING
GUARD DOG!
WAHHH!
GO FIND A ROBO-TREE, POOCH!

SLAMM!
GUESS I TAKE THE ELEVATOR!
FWWOOSH
UNH! GONNA PULP ME AGAINST THE ROOF. SECONDS LEFT. GOT TO--
GNA!
KUNG!
STOPPED! DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO GUESS...
SIIIIII
. . WHAT COMES NEXT!

ELEVATOR DESTROYED INFESTATION NULLIFIED UNIT SAFETY INSURED
DON'T BET ON IT
NO!
THE ELEVATOR?
GOT OUT THE TOP GRABBED A MAINTENANCE LADDER
THE HEAT?
IN A MEGA-CITY JUDGE-
B
--I CAN STAND THE HEAT!
WAIT! MY PROGRAMMER MADE ME RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WELL-BEING OF THE BUILDING! I WAS TO DO ANYTHING NECESSARY TO KEEP IT SAFE FROM HARM.
I TRIED. I REALLY DID BUT I ONLY HAD SO MANY REPAIR AND CLEANING DROIDS . . . COULDN'T KEEP UP! AS FAST AS I HEALED THE UNIT MORE DAMAGE WAS DONE
KERS!

THE HUMAN GERMS THEY WERE THE PROBLEM. THEY... THEY WERE HURTING ME IN SO MANY WAYS TO OBEY MY PRIME DIRECTIVE--
PAUL VERHOEVEN BLOCK
--THE HUMANS HAD TO GO!
YOU MAY NOT BE TO BLAME BUT YOU BROKE THE LAW JUST THE SAME AND IN MEGA-CITY ONE--
--SKYSCRAPERS AREN'T ABOVE THE LAW!
BADAMM!
AARON SKULKVITCH, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF FIFTY THOUSAND CITIZENS.
NO! YOU-YOU CAN'T LOOK MY GENIUS AWAY. I--I HAVE A NEW SCHEME.
IT'S ROBOJUDGE-- THE FUTURE OF LAW ENFORCEMENT!
PSYCHO CUBES

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

MARK MILLAR
Story

DERMOT POWER
Illustrations

It happened every year. No one could stop it. Grilles snapped tight over shop windows, steel shutters were locked over doors and those people in Mega-City who believed they were decent stayed inside, weapons in hand, until the madness was over. Children huddled to their parents for comfort, terrified eyes filled with tears. How many would die? How many *more* would die this year? Bones snapped in two, meat torn from bodies, streets red with corpses.

How many more would die this year…for Charades?

The Judges always appeared after the fights were over. When everyone was dead. Every year the Scot-Blocks would meet the Albion-Blocks in a pitched battle to the death for their sport. 'Charades-Hooligans', Channel 99 News had called them; people who failed to understand that it was only a game. People who took each subtle gesture, each syllable, each film with six words in the title so seriously that they were prepared to *die* for it. The streets were already crimson with blood, and the semi-finals had barely begun. All the Judges could do now was to pick up the pieces and hope that the luckless contestants had no more fight left in them. Load up the bodies in a sweet-smelling truck bound for Resyk. Few Judges dared break up the riots. None would enter the Scot-Blocks at night. There was even a rumour that Judge Dredd himself had whistled and driven past a fight between two drunken Scotsmen. It's said that even *he* was afraid to confront them, but this was only a rumour. It probably wasn't true.

A man screamed like a girl from the direction of the teetering edifice that was Albion-Block and the Judges squinted up at the sun as a window on the fifth floor shattered into fragments. A broken, bleeding body landed at their feet, still twitching.

'Huh-he tore out muh-my heart…'

The Judges leaned forward to examine the gaping hole in the man's chest. They studied his clothes. The cuban heels. The mauve, flared trousers. The tight wool jumper. His face; worn, yet tanned. The swept-back mound of brillo-pad hair. The likeness was unmistakeable. 'Who did this to you, citizen?' they asked the clone of Lionel Blair.

Blair coughed on his own blood as his eyes clouded over, approaching death. He glanced down at his ragged chest, chuckling for a moment at how ridiculous it looked. He tried to talk, but could only whisper odd, quiet syllables. The Judges leaned closer still. 'What's he like? Can you give us any clue as to who he is?'

Blair stretched out his hands, palms upwards. 'Song?' one of the Judges asked hesitantly. Blair nodded vigorously, and the Judge smiled smugly. 'Three words,' said the second Judge, catching on fast. Blair's eyes bulged encouragingly as his hands fluttered like small birds above his shattered rib cage.

'First word's "Hey".'

'Second word. Sounds like "swannee".'

'"Nonny?"'

'Third word…' Blair ground his teeth furiously as the Judges looked on. 'Gnaw?' The second Judge looked blank.

'No.' said the first. 'It's "Naw" – like in the old Scottish folk song. "Hey Nonny Naw".' Lionel Blair looked pleased for a moment, then died very suddenly.

Upstairs, the Judges found the room from which Blair had been thrown. More Charades-Hooligans? They scanned the walls, even now dripping with ectoplasm. The furniture was alight, and all the mirrors had gone black. 'Hey Nonny Naw', the first Judge said under his breath. Three Albion-Block citizens had been found dead this past week. Stranger still, each had been clones of television personalities from the twentieth century. First had been Barry Took, who was found face-down in a rad-waste lake. Next was bubbly Liza Goddard, brutally beaten to death with a walking stick and left to die in a bed of ectoplasmic fluid. The Scot-Blocks certainly had motive for the killings, but had they the means? All experienced Charades experts would be key figures in the approaching finals, but this was just *too* weird. The Judges cordoned off the building.

Then they called Psi-Division.

The Scot-Block vs. Albion-Block games was a tradition dating back almost one hundred and twenty years; since the first settlers had arrived from Brit-Cit and the Cal-Hab zones. In those days, of course, they were allowed to play football – but the first games resulted in a spate of appalling deaths, and the Judges banned the sport whilst only in its third season. The game was replaced by blow football, but even this proved to be deadly, inciting the fans to chilling acts of violence, invading the pitch and so on. This was particularly distressing, since the pitch was a four by five foot coffee table in someone's living room.

The annual game, eight years previously, became Charades. At first this proved very successful, with only a small handful of casualties; but as the years passed, support for the game, at first fanatical, became lethal. Charades-vandalism became a familiar sight. 'Charades-casuals' would tattoo the names 'Gareth Hunt' or 'Bernie Winters' onto their arms, waving patriotic flags to the games. What had begun in a living-room expanded and grew into full-blown matches in stadiums packed with citizens from the Cal-Hab ghettoes and Brit-Cit, all wearing team colours and threatening the chunky-jumpered Chairman (who was notorious for giving one team a film title like 'The Sound of Music', while giving the opposing team a fiendishly difficult music title, like 'Itsy-Bitsy-Teeny-Weeny-Yellow-Polka-Dot-Bikini').

A forensic team were snapping photos of the room in Albion Block when Anderson walked in. She cracked a couple of jokes, but nobody laughed. There were no ornaments in the room, no photos, absolutely nothing to indicate that the victim had led any kind of life. He was a clone, bred solely to take part in the games. He had never had a family, or even friends. Charades was his life, and he had trained night and day to perfect his craft. Anderson ran a finger along the black glass of the mirror, feeling the cracks.

'It was something old. Something terrible that did this.'

The other Judges looked up as she began to tremble. Her eyes fluttered closed as she whispered, as though in conversation with someone or something unseen; then snapped open, wide with sudden fright. Anderson drew a long, shuddering breath before she spoke.

'Do the words "Hey Nonny Naw" mean anything to you?'

Lionel Blair's dying words. Anderson paled, as realisation of what they were facing dawned with a spectral chill. A creature famed for its eccentric anecdotes and murderously unfunny songs. The scourge of the Royal Variety Show. Another brief psychic flash; a premonition of scraggly white hair and gnashing false teeth. With terrifying certainty, Anderson knew they would have to face Sir Harry Lauder himself.

It was the eve of the Big Match. Ricky McFulton, Scot-Block team manager, reclined in his comfy chair as he poured a glass of illegal whisky. He scrutinised the contract he was holding, signed in his own blood. A pact with The Beast. Yet, mused Ricky, what cost his own soul, when weighed against the importance of the game; against Charades? The Brit Cit team, with their marshalled ranks of twentieth century TV personality clones, had won the annual event seven years running. Something *had* to be done before they reached the Grand Slam. With the help of some Celtic Druids on the fourth floor of Billy Connolly Block, McFulton had evoked the twisted spirit of Sir Harry Lauder; one by one, he had destroyed the best of the opposing team, as Harry tore the living hearts from their bodies.

Ricky sipped his whisky and smiled.

Elsewhere, in Jon Pertwee Con-Apts, Una Stubbs (the only surviving member of the English team) did some Charades exercises. She had been placed under 24-hour security, for fear of an attempt on her life. Anderson watched as Una groaned with concentrated effort, stretching her finger muscles one by one, rapidly skipping between one, two, three syllables. Choosing numbers at random. 'Concentration and a clear mind,' she trilled. 'That's all it takes!' At eleven twenty-four, all the glasses in the room began to chime.

The chiming grew intolerably louder as Una, Anderson and the Judges covered their ears, mouthing silent instructions at one another. The chiming grew in volume and pitch, reaching a frequency beyond the range of human hearing. Then everything exploded. Windows, glasses, cups, saucers; clocks, watches, strip-lights, vid-screen. Everything shattered, then froze in mid-air. Like a photograph. Then the apartment went dark…

Anderson held Una's hand in the pitch-blackness. Both squinted as a bright light appeared, widening, and a man with a small, crooked stick stepped out of it. He was wearing a kilt.

'Hey, Nonny Naw, like a BIRD by the STREAM,' the newcomer intoned, as though his singing voice had not been used in hundreds of years, and hadn't been particularly good to begin with. Anderson gritted her teeth against the pain. 'Stop it!' she entreated. 'For Drokk's sake, STOP IT!'

Anderson and Una screamed, pressing their hands to their ears in a futile attempt to block the terrible noise. Sir Harry Lauder merely winked as he leaned back on his walking cane with a smirk, continuing to sing. The outsize kilt was set off by a musty-looking tweed jacket. An awful beret perched balefully on his head, made all the more ludicrous by the single grouse-feather protruding from it. He hobbled forward, withered lips smacking as he reached for Una's chest. Harry was under contract from the Devil Himself, and only the agreed bounty would satisfy the Lord of Chaos. He had to bring back the heart. Far away in Billy Connolly Block, Ricky McFulton sat bolt upright in his comfy chair as he exploded into gales of laughter. He drained the whisky glass in a single jolt.

'Nooooo!' Anderson wrestled in living shadows that shifted and changed with her struggles, screaming threats at the shrunken, smirking form of Harry Lauder as he dropped the still-beating heart into his sporran. 'Aye,' he said, grinning a

toothless grin. 'That'll do the Big Man nicely.' With a superhuman effort, Anderson struggled free of the enveloping shadows, leaping onto the departing entertainer. With a strangled cry, Lauder was knocked spiralling through the base of the spirit-realm directly into Purgatory, arms pinwheeling wildly. Lost souls huddled in corners, wailing piteously as a freezing mist roiled around them. Anderson plunged her hand deep into Lauder's sporran, bringing forth the purple-red heart. It pulsated in her hands as she began to squeeze. 'Hey Nonny *noooooo*…' wailed Lauder, clawing at her as she slowly crushed the heart. It squelched as thick, black blood jetted out, running through her fingers.

Finally, his supernatural power spent, Harry Lauder disintegrated before her with a hollow scream. Out of breath, Anderson lurched back into the room, where time continued to stand still. Carefully avoiding the shards of shattered glass which still hung in the air, she headed for street-level, meeting with the squad of Judges now surrounding the building. Crowds from both Scot-Block and Albion-Block had gathered, anxious to know how the evening's developments would affect the championship. The news was not good. Judge Gordon Rennie's expression was grave as he held a megaphone to his lips and gave the order that would outlaw Charades forever. It was a momentous day, in which a new crime was added to the seemingly endless charter of offences in Mega-City's criminal calendar. Henceforth, any citizen caught miming in a built-up area was looking at a twenty-stretch in the Cubes. The new annual sporting event between the rival blocks was to be 'I-Spy', and then only for those citizens lucky enough to be issued with a permit.

It was not a popular decision; even less so when Rennie outlined the conditions under which citizens would qualify for a permit. The news that no-one of either Scottish or English descent was eligible under any circumstances was not well-received. The crowd jeered their contempt for the ruling, screaming threats and abuse until Judge Rennie took the megaphone again, explaining patiently that any citizen caught insulting a Judge would receive similar punishment. An immediate, if rather sullen silence fell on the street. A mother hastily covered the mouth of her squalling child as Rennie turned to Anderson with a wicked smile. Anderson held out the mangled remains of Una Stubbs' broken heart.

'Oh, have a *heart*, Judge Rennie…'

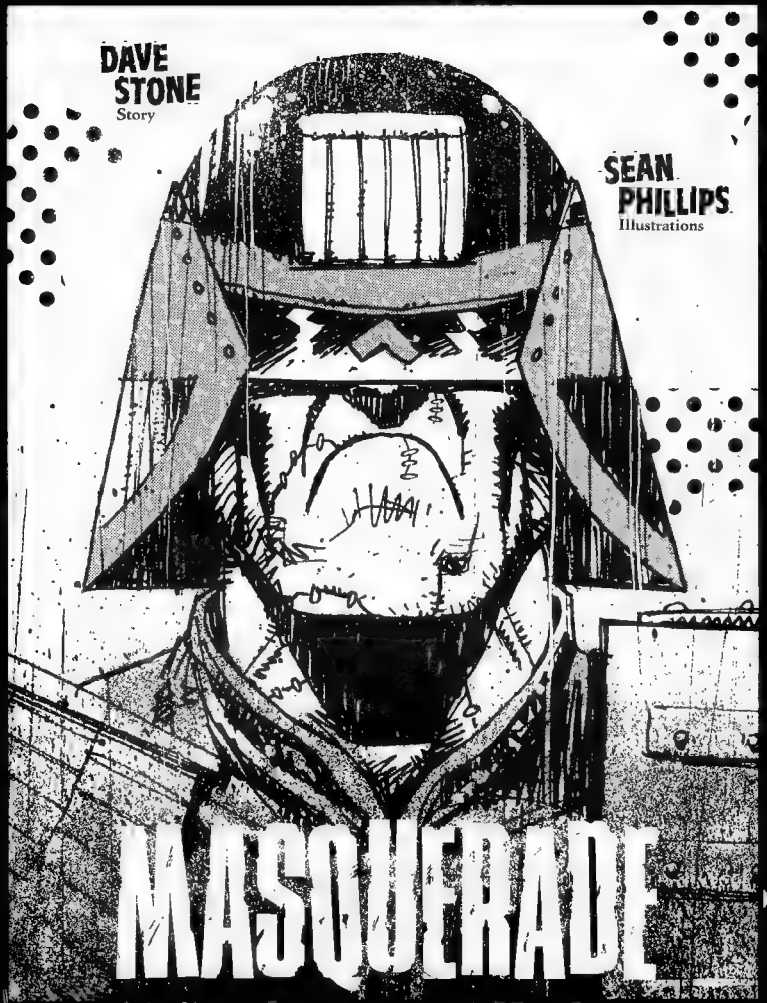
JUDGE EDWINA'S STRANGE CASES

WORDS AND SENSATIONS SQUIRMING IN HER HEAD. SHE SENSED IT WAS HUNGRY. HUNGRY FOR SOMETHING MORE THAN MOTHER'S MILK.
HUNGRY FOR SOMETHING HOT AND CLOTTING, THE FEEL OF VEINS PUMPING BETWEEN ITS TEETH...
HUNGRY FOR A SOUL
WOULD YOU COME IN HERE A MOMENT, ADAM?
YES, MARGARET? WHU-WHAT IS IT? I . .

KRAK!
UUUH!
A-HUH! A-HUH!
DOES IT HURT? CAN YOU FEEL IT?
I WANT TO PULL IT OUT AND SEE WHAT'S INSIDE.!

WHEN HE WAKES WE ARE GOING TO GUT HIM AND EAT HIM, AREN'T WE, MY DARLING ?
AAOW... MY HEAD. I...
MUH-MARGARET ?
MAKE HIM DEAD AND MAKE YOU STRONG AND FINE AND OH SO...
WHU-WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MARGARET ?
WHAT ARE YOU...?
OH
EAT, MY PRECIOUS... FEED, MY SMALL ONE. EAT HIM AND EAT HIM AND EAT HIM ALL...
EAT HIM ALL UP !
AND ADAM CASE SCREAMED AS EVERYTHING THAT WAS HUMAN IN HIM BURNED AWAY...

EVERYTHING THAT WAS HUMAN.
SO LONG. .
SO LONG TRAPPED IN THAT TIRED, FRAIL BODY.. THAT WEAK AND TIMID IDENTITY...
I'M FREE NOW
I'M FREE!
THE DEMONSPAWN HAD TO COME FROM SOMEWHERE, YOU SEE
THE POTENTIAL FOR UNENDING, FETID DARKNESS HAD TO EXIST IN ONE OF ITS PARENTS. . .
AND MARGARET CASE, UNFORTUNATELY FOR HER, WAS ENTIRELY HUMAN ..


DAVE STONE
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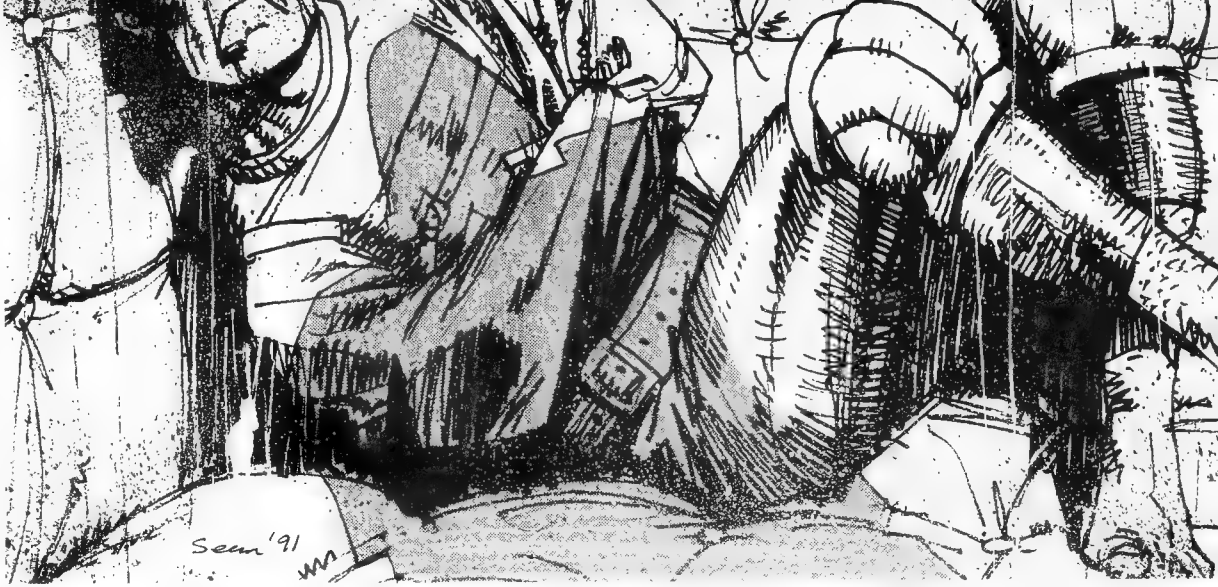
SEAN PHILLIPS
Illustrations
MASQUERADE



one: *the internal man*

'He was found in a hotel block on the Sector 10 transit rack,' Masters said. 'Edwin Creed, I mean. The room was a mess. Blood on the walls. No ID on the victim

Several of the internal organs were, ah, missing...'

The Judge leaned forward in his chair; tubular steel and expanded polymer, far too comfortable for his liking. 'Control told me you had a problem. You're trying to tell me you don't think he's guilty?'

'Oh, he's guilty...' Masters folded his arms tightly around himself, scratched at his neck: a tense, neurotic action. Like most of the medical staff of which he was chief, his own identity seemed perpetually on the point of disintegration. It was as though the influence of the twenty thousand criminally insane stored in the Psychoblock had somehow seeped into the walls, infecting all who entered.

'He's guilty, all right,' he said. 'DNA typings match perfectly. Blood and tissue under the nails. The problem is, I think he did a lot more. I think he's this serial killer the news people started following a few months ago. I think he's Jackie Pelt.'

'Evidence?' the Judge said.

Masters shrugged. 'Some things he said. Just a feeling. The murders have stopped since he was brought here, of course, but I...'

'You don't have anything solid. You've sliced his mind? He's a proven killer so his rights don't come into it. If he's holding something back you can just rip it out.'

Masters shook his head. 'We could cut into his mind if he was there, but he isn't anymore. He's gone.'

'He got *out?*' the Judge was shocked

'Nothing like that,' Masters said. 'His personality has collapsed. He's negated his memories, blanked them out.

'He's constructed a completely new identity for himself and refuses to believe in his previous life. It simply has no connection with him. His delusion is rock-solid, unbreakable by conventional means...and that's why we need you.'

'Me? Why me?'

'I believe that you can shock him into a degree of self-awareness,' Masters said. 'That if he's confronted by the object of his fixation it will collapse, or at the very least suffer a serious blow...

'Edwin Creed believes he's Judge Dredd. He thinks he's you.'

Somewhere, through permaplas and faulty soundproofing, someone was screaming that Hollowhead was there, Hollowhead was hanging off the plate. Over and over and over again...

Pancreas and kidneys wrapped in waxed paper and carefully stored in the refrigerator. The head had proved to be a problem. the tubes simply wouldn't fit over the drinks dispenser outlet, and in trying he spoiled them. Eventually he was forced to compromise, drawing out the cephalic fluid with a hypodermic, storing the empty head in the freezer compartment...

As Dredd followed Masters through the intestinal maze of catwalks strung through the Psychocube stacks, the murders the media had dubbed Jackie Pelt's ran through his head. There had been no pattern to them, none at all just a string of mutilated corpses that somehow *tasted* of him. It was as though the deaths were part of some consciously random ritual: the working parts of a chaos machine, and when you tried to comprehend its complexity you could feel yourself drifting down into madness...

'He was wearing a Judge's uniform when he was found,' Masters was saying. 'Obviously home-made, but the specific details were remarkably accurate. The badge, for instance, was made from *papier maché* and all over the place...but every single element was there, even a warped attempt at reproducing the security microhologram on the back. He's studied the object of his fixation in *depth* ...'

The juve hung from a chain, swaying in a slow arc, softly brushing each side of the ventilation shaft, one after another after another after another...

The nameplate read: CREED, E. SHCZ CMPLSV

'I should warn you that the, ah, physical similarity is remarkable,' Masters said. 'Cosmetic surgery on his face, his musculature developed over *years* to mirror your own. You may find it disconcerting. Disorientating...'

(Dead meat dead meat hanging from the petrified trees it –)

'I can handle it,' Dredd said. 'Let's get this over with.'

The hatch slid back. The figure lay curled in a corner, plucking at his paper coverall with his nails. Already it was in shreds. Big wide trapped eyes. The Judge stepped inside.

And Joe Dredd stared up at the imposter in his uniform and screamed.

two: *shatterland*

An electrostatic field bisected the observation room and the psychomedic sat behind it. If you got too close the field pulled your nervous system out and fried it.

'You were born in Dario Argento Block Maternity,' the medic said. 'Only son of Barrington and Robyn Creed, both unemployed...'

(It's not it's not *I...My mother was, my mother and my father were...No. No that's* wrong, *I never had a mother or a...I had a...)*

'When you were six years old, your father took a laser rifle to the top of Donald Trump block and just started picking off citizens. It took five hours for Judges to gain access to the roof, and your father subsequently died resisting arrest.' The medic flipped through his notes. 'Your mother is still alive, living on insurance payments – reduced, of course, since your father committed suicide...

'At the age of nine you became a candidate for the Justice Department. Psychoprobe testing showed you were psychologically unfit to perform the duties of a Judge...

'At the time of your arrest, you were working as a lab assistant for TetraChem, living in their corporate hab-block...'

'I...it's not...' the madman said. 'I'm a Judge. I'm a *Judge* Somehow he changed places with me and...'

There were holes in his mind; razorcuts in his memory.

(Where did I live? I must have lived somewhere. I...my...I climb off my Lawnmaster and I climb the stairs. I take off my helmet and I –

(I take off my helmet and I take off my uniform and I can't remember Oh Grud I can't remember!)

Only one clear memory: crumbling rockcrete and tensile struts, moving through air like cloying oil. A dark figure, a dark man... a hand around his throat and big weight on top of him, something slashing for him, he –

The medic was still talking.

'...Your records show you're a compulsive personality; that without constant medication, you're subject to hallucinatory blackouts. You do things and then you forget you did them...'

'You don't...understand...' the cliché sounded predictable and

false even to the madman's ears. 'That man, that imposter, he's out there and he's taken over my life and he's *killing* people. I'm Dredd. I'm *Dredd!*'

Feet curled under the chair, as far back as they could go, soles flat against the floor. Launching himself and the searing agony of the electrofield: white fire in his veins, burning him to death…

And then he was through. Stiff fingers in the medic's solar plexus, a hand under the chin. He slammed the medic's head against the wall. Three times. Four.

There was an alarm switch on the wall. He hit it. Then he waited by the hatch, waited for somebody to come in and, after a while, somebody did.

Every resource was directed to finding the escaped psychotic. A search area steadily widening from the Psychoblock, Lawmasters and Mantas and auxiliary forces with shoot-to-kill orders.

He slipped through them. Some animal cunning or deep and basic knowledge of Justice Department procedure allowed him to slip through them.

The murders started again.

The false Dredd appeared in the media, addressed the camera directly.

'I know you're out there,' he said. 'I know you're there. If you don't give yourself up, you're going to die. You're going to die and I'm going to kill you.'

And Joe Dredd, watching a monitor through a storefront, lip-reading, lurched back with something like a sob and pressed his face very close to a young mother laden with shopping bags.

'It's not me,' he said through gritted teeth, while her two children looked on and bawled. 'It's not.'

And then something burst into his head and everything whited out blank…

Stumbling through the dark places, through the underlevels, dragging a nerve-damaged leg. He had never realised that skin and bone and muscle could be so heavy.

His vision was wrecked: long periods of dead black nothing or swirling multicoloured static – light sleeting about him, through *him…*

Picosecond flashes of image and identity and sensation.

Once he found himself just sitting on the edge of a bombsite left from the Apocalypse War, trying to remember something about a stump that talked…

He lived in the landscape of his dreams now. In the shatterland.

He came to himself with shocking abruptness: chemical crystals in a saturated solution. Buried under rotting garbage and expanded polymer packaging. An alley. Ambient light from some distant street.

'I didn't, Eddie.' A woman's voice, urgent. Frightened. 'I didn't! I'd *never* do something like…'

A slap.

'Don't say a word.' A man, Undercity accent, Puerto Rican overlay. 'One too many times, Lisa. When you look in the mirror for the rest of your life you remember that. Just one too many times…'

Two figures: a male karmahead, expensive tailored orange robes and a topknot, pressing a girl in a skintight polymer jumpsuit and cultured fur against a wall, gently running something flat and glinting over her face.

He was on his feet and running. No thought, just a simple automatic response. He grabbed the hand holding the straight-edge razor, pushed it out of the way. The slightest resistance, steel slipping in flesh, a small spray of blood

Static burst behind his eyes and something went wrong with his heart. He went blank and the next thing he knew the karmahead was backing off and circling, razor held loosely in front of him, weaving.

'Oh man,' he said. 'You shouldn't have *done* that. Now I got to *cut* you and I got to make a *hole*…' A flap of skin hung from his right cheek

The karmahead closed in.

Again there was no thought, no time for thought, just the heel of a hand in an armpit, pushing the razor away, the straight-edge of a hand in the throat…

A look of sheer surprise passed over the karmahead's face and then he collapsed. The madman stood over him, unsure what to do now, bemused.

Weak now. He felt his legs giving way under him – and then something soft and warm was against him, cool hands on his arm and side, supporting him.

The girl looked down at the body of the karmahead, spat gently between her teeth

Turned back to her rescuer.

'You look like hell,' she said. 'What happened to you?'

He looked into her dark eyes and there was too much to get out, too much to tell..

'Help me,' he said. It was all he could think of to say.

three: *death in the afternoon*

Arthur Newbegin was a bachelor and something of a handyman, always ready to fit a cupboard for a neighbour, to take down a partition, to make a small duropolymer toy for a child. His abstract sculpture, 'Seven Sisters of the Little Goddess', had won second prize in the annual Lana Turner Block amateur art exhibition…so when he arrived home from the jobline to find every tool that he owned missing, it was as though someone had stolen his life.

Bemused, closer to tears than he would ever admit, he called the Justice Department. A synthesised voice told him to state his name and address and that the matter would be dealt with as soon as possible. He cut the connection and wandered aimlessly about his apartment for a while. And, eventually, he wandered into the kitchen

All of his tools were there, every single one, arranged neatly on every available work surface.

A power saw purred to life.

'Hello,' said a voice. 'I've been waiting…'

In the main ward of James Dean Block Medicentre, the fragbomb opened up like a bright metallic flower.

Jerry ran through the warehouse, the sickly sticky scent of imported lychees clotting his lungs. He wasn't a mugger, not really, but the sight of the handbag had been too good to resist and then the old woman was hitting him with her stick and he ran and…

Suddenly it was ahead of him.

A figure dropped from a pile of crates, a figure in a Judge's uniform.

'I'm Jackie Pelt,' it said. 'I'm Jackie Pelt the toyman so won't you come and play?'

four: *headgames in the big machine*

Her name was Lisa Marsh and her tattooed red eyelids set off her black coffee skin perfectly. For three days he had slept in her apartment, listened to her breathing and her dreamtalking.

Nights he spent in an alcove in the access tube, flipping through elderly, illegal book cubes; *Paradise Lost, The Old Curiosity Shop, Mona Lisa Overdrive*…

Nobody bothered him.

It was almost dawn when she came for him, took him back inside.

'That was one long night, Joey,' she said. 'Anything exciting happen to you?'

'Just reading, I…' A desperate pause. 'I still don't know what to do or say. I can feel something bubbling in my subconscious, feel something there, but it's just blank. I *know* I'm…'

'Yeah,' Lisa said. 'You're a Judge. You're Dredd. You wouldn't believe how many people want to be Judges in this city, you wouldn't believe some of the stuff I have to do.'

He nodded. She had already shown him her Psi-Judge costume.

'Listen…' she said suddenly. 'I was thinking. There's holes in your mind, but holes make shapes you can see. I use a lot of head stuff in my work, a lot of psychodrama. I could send you into your head if you want, let you see what's in there…'

He thought about it. 'Drugs?'

'Drugs are illegal,' Lisa said virtuously. 'Are you *sure* you think you're a Judge, Joey?'

She went to a closet, came back with a hand-held terminal and electrodes. 'It taps into your subconscious and feeds it back – at least, that's what the guy who sold it to me told me. It works. You want to try it?'

Lisa's voice in his ears, the same phrase over and over and over again: '…*house. We tie our children to the dream machine, we all live in the big house. We tie our children*…

his bodysense dissipated and

suddenly he was

somewhere else. A spinning helix through the dark and something was coming, coming fast

Like a light in his head.

The skeletal block. The edge of the ruins. The mirrorman slashing at him with an infected fingernail and –

The dislocation

Lashed to a girder, straps around his wrists and ankles. The mirrorman's face so close to his

A voice: 'I want to be you. I've *always* wanted to be you and I've paid some *very* bright people to change the little things that keep me apart from you…

'And now there's just one thing to do. Just one little thing…

The hiss of a hypo, something sliding into his skin.

The dislocation.

Lying on a bed, the smell of blood in the back of his throat. Something beside him, warm but rapidly cooling. Slick bright blood on him.

And the false Dredd standing in the doorway.

'I have to leave you now,' he said. 'Have fun.'

Something broke, it

Broke.

Screaming. Lisa's arms around him. She was concerned.

'It's all right,' she said. 'It's all *right*. It's over now. It's gone. It's not going to happen again.' Motherly, shushing sounds.

He shook her off.

'I remember now,' he said. 'I remember what happened. I know who did this to me and I know where he is.'

five: *the skull beneath the skin*

He had tracked the killer down. Connected the disparate strands of the murders, had almost been able to predict them. It was as if he'd had some affinity with them.

It was some time before he realised that the trail of deaths followed almost exactly the beat of Judge Dredd.

And finally he had found the killer in a derelict block on the ragged outskirts of the city, the bitter edge of town before the polluted waste that was the Cursed Earth. Where he had met the mirrorman. Had been infected by him. Had somehow changed places with him…

The killer still lived there. That was his lair and he would never leave it. He was there. It felt right.

Improvised equipment: a heavy polymer jacket, kevlar plates stitched over shoulders and kidneys. A gun Lisa had bought for him on the black market.

The rotting structure rattled and groaned about him, almost on the point of collapse but never falling. Under a greasy tarpaulin he found his Lawmaster The bike's alarm shrieked when he tried to touch it.

The scrape of fractured, artificial shale behind him. He turned…

The false Dredd stood before him.

'I knew you'd come,' the impostor said. 'When you escaped from the big house I knew you'd come here.'

Something sucking at his head. 'You're not me. You're…'

'But I *am* you,' the impostor said. 'I'm Edwin Creed, too. And Jackie Pelt. I sometimes have to let him out and he kills people and I really feel bad about that…but that's the price I have to pay. You can't dismiss a Judge of my calibre just because a few people die…

'You were just born. I *made* myself into you, saved for *years*… An engineered virus to turn you into me. Best bootleg biochemist in the city. It was quite expensive.'

Creed pulled his Lawgiver from his boot. 'Your DNA codes are still on Justice Department files, but in a couple of days they'll be mine, too. The real priorities have been taken care of. Your bike's set to my heat signature. Your Lawgiver…' He held it up. 'It'll explode if anyone but me touches it. You want to see? Here – catch!' He threw the gun.

Automatically, Dredd caught it…and, automatically, the lightning reactions of a real Judge, the instincts he had been bred for, came into play. The gun slapped into his palm and he held it for the split-second it took to arm the explosive charge and he threw it back.

The false Judge gasped, tried to get out of the way, but it was too late. The charge detonated in his face, tearing off his lower jaw, fracturing his teeth, enamel shrapnel driven up into his brain.

Edwin Creed began to shake. It was a long time before he fell sprawled on the rubble.

Dredd watched him for a while. Then he picked up a length of broken piping and returned to the Lawmaster, used it to switch on the two-way radio.

'Control?' he said. 'Dredd. I'm at the Dario Argento Block, west ten. I need some people here now. You're going to find what looks like a dead Judge and a psychotic. Don't open fire. The psychotic is me.'

epilogue: *taking it all away*

The virus had been primitive, unstable; his immunity system would have killed it, his bloodstream flushed it from his brain in a matter of weeks. The medics had speeded the process.

His leg still bothered him; the nerve grafts were healing, but it would be a week before he could return to active duty. He limped through the underlevels, found the door he was looking for. Knocked. Waited.

The door opened and Lisa was standing there in a white bathrobe. She yawned.

'I was trying to *sleep*,' she said. Then she saw the uniform and the badge. 'Oh.'

And then she saw his mouth, the line of his jaw.

'It's you,' she said in a small voice. 'It really is you. You were telling the…'

'Ms Marsh,' he said. 'I have reason to believe that certain illegal practices are conducted on these premises. If you come with me now, I can let you off with two years. If I have to send a search squad it'll be ten. It's your choice.'

She looked up at him. Something glittered in her eyes.

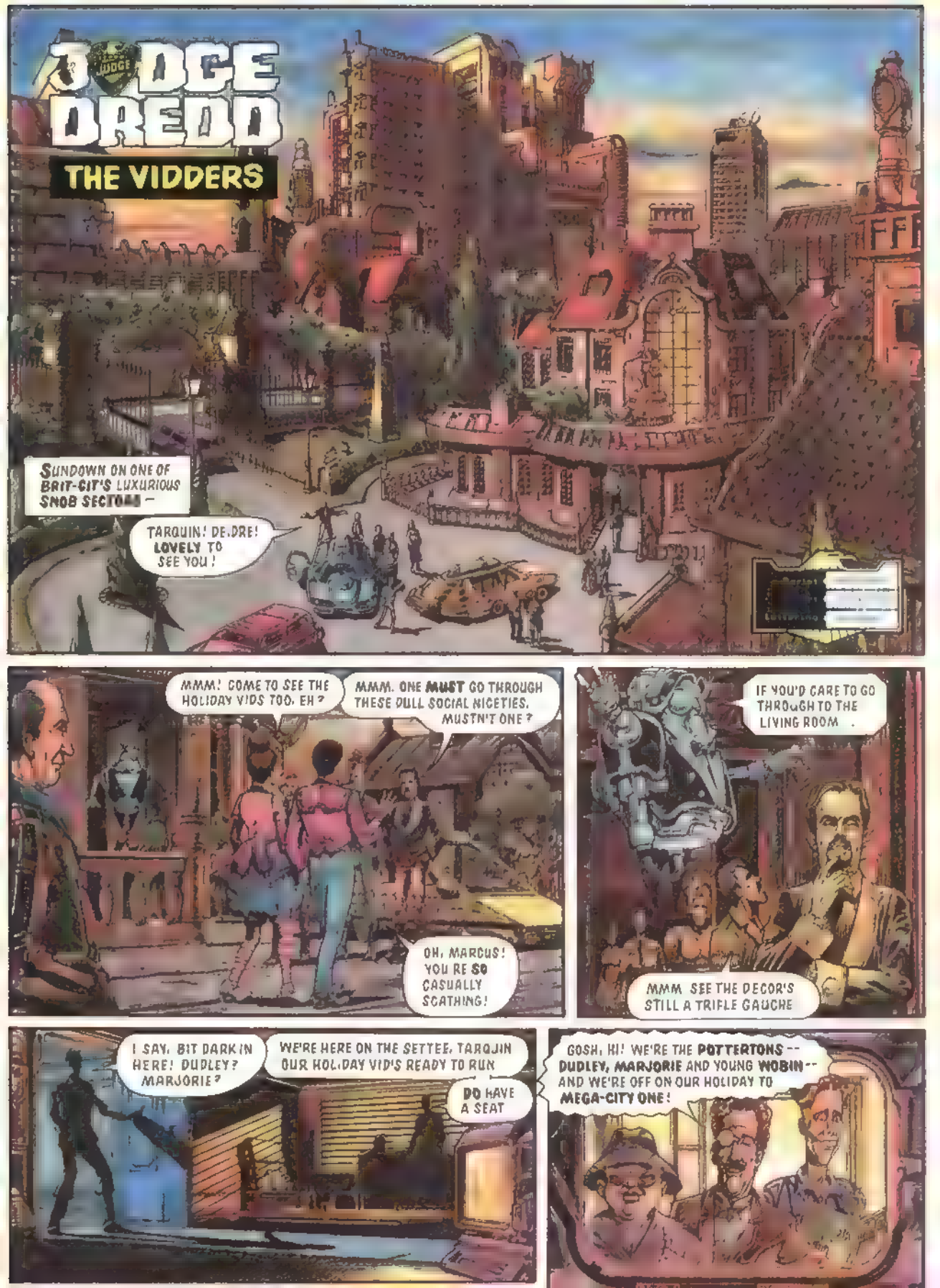
'You mean it,' she said. 'You really mean it, don't you.'

She laughed shakily. 'Didn't you know? Hadn't you even guessed how I was starting to *feel*? I'd have given this up for you…I'd have done almost anything…'

He didn't speak. What would he have said?

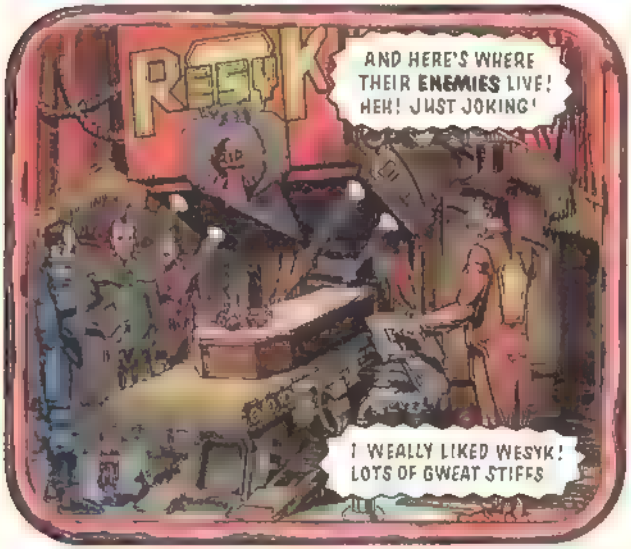
She held out her hands. 'Take me away, then. It's what you do. It's *all* you do.'

He had expected shock, anger, even hate…but there was nothing in her eyes except a wounded and terrible pity.


JUDGE DREDD
THE VIDDERS
SUNDOWN ON ONE OF BRIT-CIT'S LUXURIOUS SNOB SECTORS —
TARQUIN! DEIDRE! LOVELY TO SEE YOU!
MMM! COME TO SEE THE HOLIDAY VIDS TOO, EH?
MMM. ONE MUST GO THROUGH THESE DULL SOCIAL NICETIES. MUSTN'T ONE?
OH, MARCUS! YOU RE SO CASUALLY SCATHING!
IF YOU'D CARE TO GO THROUGH TO THE LIVING ROOM .
MMM. SEE THE DECOR'S STILL A TRIFLE GAUCHE
I SAY, BIT DARK IN HERE! DUDLEY? MARJORIE?
WE'RE HERE ON THE SETTEE, TARQUIN OUR HOLIDAY VID'S READY TO RUN
DO HAVE A SEAT
GOSH, HI! WE'RE THE POTTERTONS -- DUDLEY, MARJORIE AND YOUNG WOBIN -- AND WE'RE OFF ON OUR HOLIDAY TO MEGA-CITY ONE!

AND THERE IT IS -- THE BIG MEG ..
LET ME HOLD THE CAMEWA, DADDY!

NOW, LET'S GO SIGHTSEEING! HERE'S THE HALL OF JUSTICE. WHERE THE JUDGES LIVE!


AND HERE'S WHERE THEIR ENEMIES LIVE! HEH! JUST JOKING!
I WEALLY LIKED WESYK! LOTS OF GWEAT STIFFS

QUICK TRIP DOWN TO THE BAY, AND HERE WE ARE AT THE OLD STATUE OF LIBERTY -- SHE'S NOT IN SUCH FINE FORM TODAY IS SHE?
DADDY! LOOK

EH? WHAT?
IT'S JUST A MUTIEBULL, WOBIN. DON'T BOTHER YOUR DADDY, MMM?

HEY!
HAHAHAHAHAHA!

YES, WOBIN MOST AMUSING
SAY, BUDDY
NEED A HAND?
UM. NO THANKS VERY KIND OF YOU FELLOWS TO OFFER, BUT—
SURE YA DO! GET 'EM, SHUNT!
UUUUNCH!
AAARGH!
NO! NOT THE KNIFE— AAAAAGHH!
THEY'RE CARRYING, MORT! CREDS, CREDS AN' CREDS!
NOW LOOK HERE, YOU WASCALLY WUFFIANS—UNH!
DON'T BACKCHAT ME, BRITTO!
OH GRUD, HELP! SOMEBODY PLEASE HEEEELLLPP!
AAAIIIEEEEEE!

FREEZE, SCUM!
HUH? JEEZ ON TOAST!
PARK

RUN, MOR-
PARK
YOU'LL GET THE SAME, CREEP! HOLD IT!

ARRRRGGH!
GOOD GWIEF!
PARK

IT-IT'S A JUDGE!
BRIT, HUH? MED TEAM'S ON ITS WAY
HANG ON WOBIN! I'LL GET THE CAMERA!

JUST A WUDDY SECOND, MATEY! THOSE WOTTERS NEARLY WIPPED MY HEAD OFF AND YOU WERE A BIT SLOW TURNING UP! LOOK AT MY NOSE, YOU UNIFOWNED PWAT!
WATCH IT, YOU LITTLE PUNK!

AND WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, MEATHEAD?

ER . WE'RE SHOOTING OUR HOLIDAY V.D —
NOT HERE YOU AIN'T THIS IS THE SCENE OF A SERIOUS CRIME.
YOU OPWESSIVE THUG. TAKE THIS!
THAT'S IT. TURN THE CAMERA OFF, DOUGHBALL — NOW!
GLURK!
AS FOR YOU, CREEP
ER
GOSH, THAT CUT THE HOLIDAY A BIT SHORT, EH?
MMM. IT'S STILL RATHER DARK IN HERE. ISN'T IT? MIND IF I TURN A LIGHT ON?
WELL, WE'D RATHER YOU DIDN'T, ACTUALLY—

MY GRUD!
DUDLEY! MARJORIE! WHAT HAPPENED?
GOSH. THIS IS FRIGHTFULLY EMBARASSING WELL, AS YOU CAN SEE, THOSE MUGGERS DID RATHER A GOOD JOB ON US
SO THE JUDGES TOOK US IN AND PATCHED US UP, AND THEN WE SA D WE WANTED TO TALK TO THE BR T-CIT AMBASSADOR UNFORTUNATELY, JUDGE DREDD WAS IN CHARGE OF OUR CASE, AND —
EE TOM UNG WNG GOUN HNG NE ANGAMMANOR UNG UN ANG ..
THAT'S RIGHT, MARJORIE HE TOLD US WHAT WE COULD DO WITH THE AMBASSADOR
AND THEN HE HAD US DEPORTED
"WELL, HE HAD US DEPORTED HE GAVE WOBIN SIX YEARS FOR ASSAULT NG A JUDGE"
WOT IN HELL, YOU WATBAGS!
GOOD GRUD ABOVE, DUDLEY. HOW GHASTLY!
MMM. .IT COULD'VE BEEN BETTER, COULDN'T IT?
STILL, AT LEAST WE GOT IT ALL ON VID.
NOW WE'LL BE ABLE TO WATCH IT OVER AND OVER .

THE END

2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD
PROG 752
50p
12 OCT 91
JUDGEMENT ON DREDD!
FREE
DATABASE ALBUM FOR YOUR DATACHIP COLLECTION!
PLUS
5 ZARJAZ STORIES – INSIDE!
CLIFF ROBINSON '91

JUDGE DREDD

J WAGNER
J ANDERSON
T FRAME

THE DEVIL YOU KNOW

PART ONE

Brrringgg brrrinnngg!

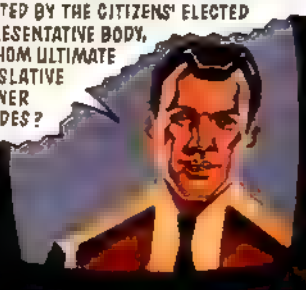
Bleep! HI THERE! YOU'RE THROUGH TO **FREECALL REFERENDUM HOTLINE!**

THE **REFERENDUM** IS NOW ONLY THREE WEEKS AWAY.

IF YOU ARE A **LEGAL CITIZEN** OVER **SIXTEEN** YEARS OF AGE AND CURRENTLY NEITHER A SERVING PRISONER NOR AN INMATE OF ANY PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTION, **YOU** WILL BE ELIGIBLE TO PARTICIPATE

THE **ISSUE** AT STAKE IS THIS: DO WE CONTINUE UNDER THE **PRESENT** SYSTEM WHEREBY THE CITIZENS' ELECTED REPRESENTATIVE BODY IS EMPOWERED TO MAKE REPRESENTATIONS, BUT WHERE ULTIMATE LEGISLATIVE POWER RESIDES WITH THE **JUDGES** – ?

OR DO WE RETURN TO THE **FORMER** SYSTEM WHEREBY THE JUDGES – OR SOME **ALTERNATIVE** AGENCY – RETURN TO A STRICT LAW ENFORCEMENT ROLE IN ACCORDANCE WITH STATUTES ENACTED BY THE CITIZENS' ELECTED REPRESENTATIVE BODY, IN WHOM ULTIMATE LEGISLATIVE POWER RESIDES?



HUH?

JUDICIAL CONTROL – OR DEMOCRACY.

OH

NOW, IF YOU LOOK ON YOUR REMOTE YOU'LL SEE A BUTTON MARKED "INTERFACE-CH MAINFRAME". GOT IT?

UH. . YEAH

THAT BUTTON WILL PUT YOU IN DIRECT TOUCH WITH **BARNEY**, THE CITY HALL COMPUTER...

HI THERE! BARNEY HERE! HOW CAN I HELP YOU, CITIZEN?
KIIK!
UH, I DUNNO. THE GUY TOLD ME TO PRESS THIS BUTTON
WHAT GUY, CITIZEN?
THE GUY ON REFERENDUM HOTLINE
PRESS THE SAME BUTTON AGAIN AND YOU'LL BE STRAIGHT BACK TO YOUR CALL. NICE SPEAKING TO YOU!
NOT YET, STUPID! THE REFERENDUM'S NOT FOR THREE WEEKS!
KIIK!
UH ..SORRY.
OKAY. WHEN THE REFERENDUM COMES YOU'LL BE ASKED FIRST TO INTERFACE WITH BARNEY AND THEN TO MAKE A SIMPLE CHOICE— PRESS BUTTON A ON YOUR REMOTE IF YOU WISH TO RETAIN JUDICIAL CONTROL—PRESS BUTTON B IF YOU WISH TO RETURN TO DEMOCRATIC CONTROL
IS THAT CLEAR?
I THINK SO..
KIIK!
KIIK!
NOTHIN'S HAPPENIN'
IT'S NOT MEANT TO! NOT FOR THREE WEEKS!
NOW, ARE THERE ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?
YEAH—
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A REFERENDUM ANYWAY? I THOUGHT WE WAS GONNA HAVE A VOTE.
I GIVE UP!

KERRASH!
ROBOT'S GONE CRAZY!

DEMOLITION DROIDS! GOING TO TAKE MORE THAN A BULLET TO STOP THEM –!
DREDD'S RUNNING!
CLEAR THE WAY!
CH.CKEN!
KEEP COMING!
FOLLOW ME!
CLOSE!
KKRUNK!
GET BACK! THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE!

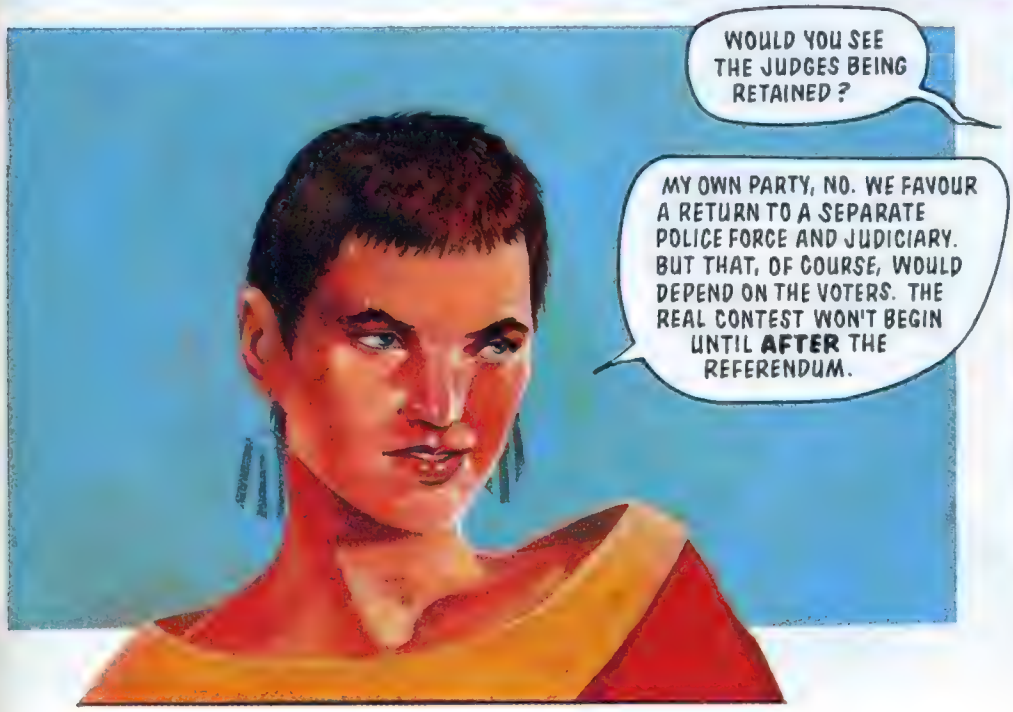
BWWAMMM!
HI-EX!
THEY JUST CAME UP AND STARTED SLUGGING.
I DREW THEM DOWN INTO THE UNDERPASS TO MINIMIZE CASUALTIES
DEFECTIVES?
NO. ONE I MIGHT BUY – NOT BOTH OF THEM
BESIDES, THE SERIAL NUMBERS HAVE BEEN BURNT OFF – PRETTY THOROUGH JOB. SOMEBODY DIDN'T WANT THEM TRACED.
THEY WERE SENT TO DO A SPOT OF DEMOLITION ON ME, ALL RIGHT
YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY SHORT OF ENEMIES. IF WE START COMPILING A LIST OF POSSIBLE SUSPECTS WE'LL STILL BE HERE THIS TIME NEXT YEAR.
WORK ON THE ROBOTS – THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME WAY OF TRACING THEM BACK. QUESTION THE WITNESSES – ONE OF THEM MIGHT HAVE SEEN WHICH DIRECTION THEY CAME FROM
KEEP ME INFORMED. MY DEATH WOULD BE RATHER INCONVENIENT AT THE MOMENT

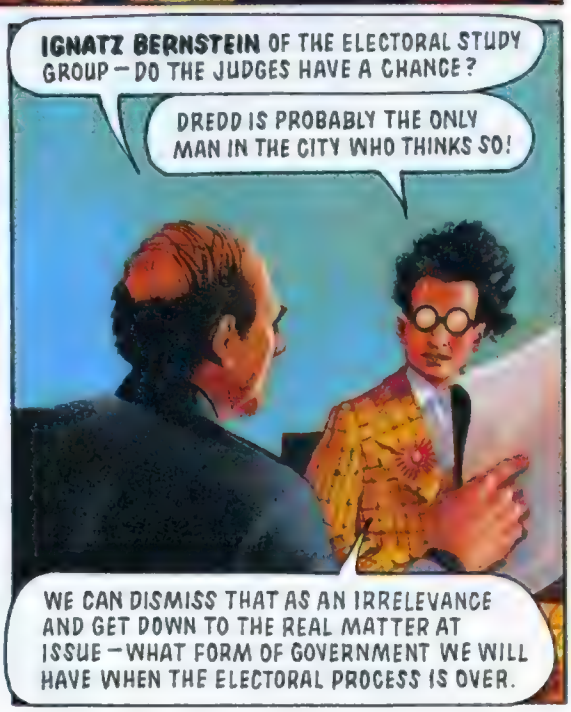
NEXT PROG PEER PRESSURE

MEGA-CITY ONE.
22.30 HOURS.
JUDGE DREDD
THE DEVIL YOU KNOW
PART TWO
SWIPE
THE ROBOTS FAILED.
I HEARD.
J WAGNER
J ANDERSON
T FRAME

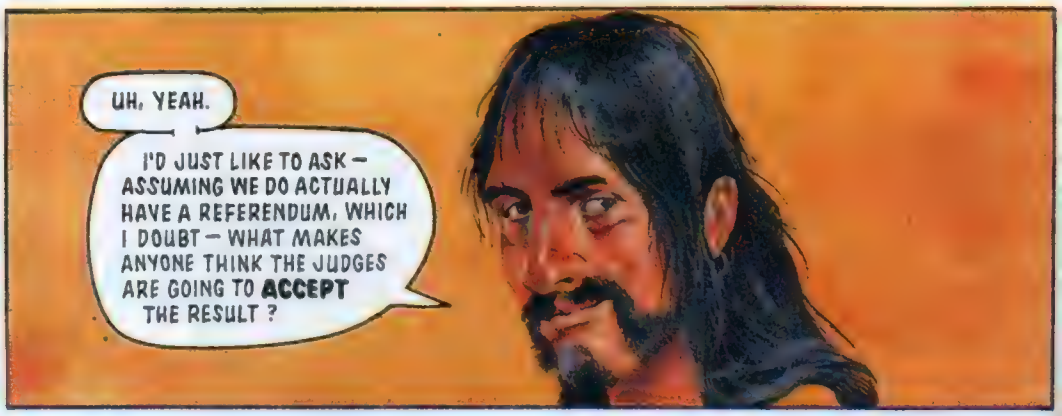
DAMN HIM! HE'S ALWAYS BEEN A LUCKY JUDGE!
IT'S A BAD SIGN. I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE STARTED THIS!
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH IT ALL BEFORE. WE HAVE TO DO IT.
WELL I DON'T LIKE IT!
I NEVER LIKED IT. TURNING ON ONE OF OUR OWN! IT'S A CRIME, FOR GRUD'S SAKE — WE'RE COMMITTING MURDER!
MURDER? WHAT KIND OF FOOL'S TALK IS THAT? IF THE REFERENDUM GOES AHEAD IT'S THE END OF US — YOU KNOW THAT, CROSBY.
GRUD! DID YOU HEAR HIM TONIGHT?
"OH, YES, THE CITIZENS WILL VOTE FOR US. WE'RE GOING TO KEEP ON KNOCKING SEVEN KINDS OF HELL OUT OF THEM BUT THEY'LL STILL VOTE FOR US, BECAUSE THAT'S THE WAY THEY LIKE IT!"
HAHAHAHA-HAHAAAAA-HAHAHAHA!
THE MAN'S MAD! HE'LL PLUNGE THIS CITY INTO CHAOS — ANARCHY!
FOR THE GOOD OF EVERYONE HE HAS TO BE REMOVED. THEN WE CAN STOP THIS REFERENDUM NONSENSE BEFORE IT GETS OUT OF HAND.
SWAZE — YOU SAID SOMEONE IN CENTRAL CONTROL IS WITH US? I WANT YOU TO GET ON TO HIM.
HER.
HER.
WE WON'T LEAVE IT TO ROBOTS THIS TIME.

DISCIPLINE, GOOD ORDER, THE RIGID APPLICATION OF THE LAW — THOSE ARE THE PRINCIPLES ON WHICH WE STAND.
I DO.
AND YOU THINK PEOPLE WILL VOTE FOR THAT?
BETTER THE DEVIL YOU KNOW?
WHAT'S THE ALTERNATIVE? A RETURN TO THE JURY SYSTEM?
AND WHILE WE'RE TIED UP IN RED TAPE, WHO'S WATCHING THE STREETS?
WHEN SOME CREEP'S HOLDING A KNIFE TO YOUR THROAT, WHO DO YOU WANT TO SEE RIDING UP... ME — OR YOUR ELECTED REPRESENTATIVE?
THINK ABOUT IT.
BLONDEL DUPRE, LEADER OF THE DEMOCRATIC COALITION — BETTER THE DEVIL YOU KNOW?
HE'S USING SCARE TACTICS TO FRIGHTEN PEOPLE INTO VOTING FOR HIM. HE MAKES IT SOUND AS IF THERE'LL BE NO FORM OF LAW ENFORCEMENT UNDER DEMOCRACY — AS IF CRIMINALS WOULD BE RUNNING WILD ON THE STREETS.
IT'S SO OBVIOUS IT'S LAUGHABLE!


WOULD YOU SEE THE JUDGES BEING RETAINED?
MY OWN PARTY, NO. WE FAVOUR A RETURN TO A SEPARATE POLICE FORCE AND JUDICIARY. BUT THAT, OF COURSE, WOULD DEPEND ON THE VOTERS. THE REAL CONTEST WON'T BEGIN UNTIL AFTER THE REFERENDUM.


IGNATZ BERNSTEIN OF THE ELECTORAL STUDY GROUP — DO THE JUDGES HAVE A CHANCE?
DREDD IS PROBABLY THE ONLY MAN IN THE CITY WHO THINKS SO!
WE CAN DISMISS THAT AS AN IRRELEVANCE AND GET DOWN TO THE REAL MATTER AT ISSUE — WHAT FORM OF GOVERNMENT WE WILL HAVE WHEN THE ELECTORAL PROCESS IS OVER.

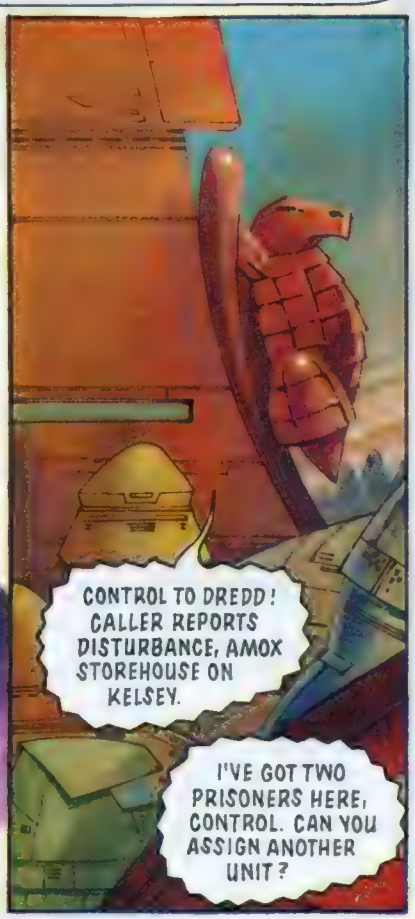
FOR INSTANCE, DO WE GO FOR SOME FORM OF PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION OR A SIMPLE FIRST PAST THE POST SYSTEM? DO WE ADOPT A PRESIDENTIAL OR A PARLIAMENTARY STYLE OF GOVERNMENT? WE MIGHT AS WELL START DISCUSSING THESE ISSUES NOW.
AUGUST WINDY OF THE SKEPTICS — YOU WANT TO COME IN THERE.


UH, YEAH.
I'D JUST LIKE TO ASK — ASSUMING WE DO ACTUALLY HAVE A REFERENDUM, WHICH I DOUBT — WHAT MAKES ANYONE THINK THE JUDGES ARE GOING TO **ACCEPT** THE RESULT?

WE HAVE JUDGE DREDD'S WORD. WHATEVER ELSE I MAY THINK OF HIM, I BELIEVE HE'LL BEHAVE HONOURABLY.
YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I REMAIN SCEPTICAL.
I'LL FORGIVE YOU, MY SON.

BISHOP DESMOND SNODGRASS — WHERE DOES THE CHURCH STAND?
OH, I THINK VERY MUCH WHERE IT ALWAYS HAS.

IT'S ON THE CORNER OF MILLET STREET, JUST ACROSS FROM THE DELI.
IT'S GOT A BIG STEEPLE AND STAINED GLASS WINDOWS AND STUFF. YOU CAN'T MISS IT.


CONTROL TO DREDD! CALLER REPORTS DISTURBANCE, AMOX STOREHOUSE ON KELSEY.
I'VE GOT TWO PRISONERS HERE, CONTROL. CAN YOU ASSIGN ANOTHER UNIT?

NEGATIVE. YOU'RE THE NEAREST.
OKAY, I'LL LEAVE 'EM ON HOLD.
LOITERING WITH INTENT, VID SHOP ON 199TH. SENTENCE DEFERRED PENDING INTERROGATION.
WILCO.
WE MUST REMEMBER JUDGE DREDD IS JUST ONE MAN. WITHOUT HIM, WHAT LITTLE SUPPORT THERE IS FOR THE REFERENDUM WITHIN JUSTICE DEPT WOULD CRUMBLE. WITHOUT DREDD, THERE WOULD BE NO REFERENDUM.
THINK ABOUT IT.
DREDD – RILEY! THOSE ROBOTS WHO TRIED TO DO A DEMOLITION JOB ON YOU – WE GOT A BREAK.
WITNESSES COME UP WITH SOMETHING?
NO, THE USUAL BUNCH OF DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND. THIS IS EVEN BETTER –
HE'S TURNING INTO KELSEY NOW.
112
–OR WORSE, DEPENDING HOW YOU LOOK AT IT.

NEXT PROG: **EXECUTIVE ACTION!**

JUDGE DREDD

I CHECKED WITH THE POOL — THE ROBOTS ARE GONE. ONLY A **JUDGE** WOULD HAVE HAD FREE ACCESS TO THEM.

THE DEVIL YOU KNOW

PART THREE

MORE BLOOD IN THE LIFT...

SOMEONE IN THE DEPARTMENT IS OUT TO GET YOU!

UP

DREDD! DO YOU HEAR ME? RESPOND!

COMING

GET READY.

HE'S HERE.

W WAGNER
J ANDERSON
T TRAMP

FADOOM
FADOOM
FADOOM
FADOOM
FADOOM
FADOOM

FTOOM
HOLD YOUR FIRE!
GRUD—!
DROP 'EM!
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT, SWAZE. RIGHT AT THIS MOMENT I DON'T PARTICULARLY CARE IF THEY TAKE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A BAG.
DROP IT!
JUST AS YOU LIKE—
TAKE HIM!
FTOOM
KBLAM!

BLAMM
AAAAAGGHH!
BDAM
CROSBY?
I...I NEVER WANTED ANY PART IN THIS ANYWAY.
BUT YOU'RE HERE.
DON'T YOU SEE, DREDD, WHAT YOU'RE DOING IS WRONG. THIS REFERENDUM...
A TERRIBLE MISTAKE...

I WANT NAMES – EVERYONE INVOLVED!
I-I CAN'T DO THAT
DON'T START DISCOVERING SCRUPLES, CROSBY – YOU WERE PREPARED TO BETRAY ME.
COME ON! YOU KNOW WE'LL GET THEM FROM YOU! NAMES!
I DON'T KNOW EVERYONE .. GRICE – HE KNOWS ASK GRICE.
I MIGHT HAVE FIGURED GRICE WAS BEHIND THIS.
CONTROL JUDGE WHO DIRECTED ME HERE TOLD ME I WAS THE NEAREST UNIT. BUT THERE WAS A JUDGE WATCHING FROM THE OVERPASS – POSSIBLY THEIR LOOKOUT.
PICK THEM BOTH UP, THEY'RE PROBABLY INVOLVED. KEEP SQUEEZING CROSBY. EVERYTHING HE KNOWS. NO TELLING HOW FAR THIS THING HAS SPREAD.
YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY FLAVOUR OF THE MONTH RIGHT NOW, BUT THIS – JUDGES PLOTTING YOUR MURDER... IT MAKES YOU DESPAIR...
YEAH...THE DEVIL YOU KNOW
NOT ALWAYS BETTER

"JUDGE DREDD IS ON HIS WAY"

NEXT PROG: ROUGH JUSTICE

JUDGE DREDD
THE DEVIL YOU KNOW
PART FOUR
JUDGES OUT!
JUDGES OUT!
WE'RE GONNA KICK YOUR BUTT, DREDD!
FIRST OF NOVEMBER, BABY!
17
THIS IS BETWEEN HIM AND ME.
Script WAGNER
Art J. ANDERSON
Lettering T. FRAME

HOW MANY MORE DID YOU CORRUPT, GRICE?
HOW MANY JUDGES HAVE YOU SUCKED INTO YOUR SORDID LITTLE CONSPIRACY, EH?
YOU'D BE SURPRISED.
RECRUITS WEREN'T HARD TO FIND. YOU'RE DANGEROUS, DREDD. YOU HAVE TO BE REMOVED.
I'M DANGEROUS?
I'M DANGEROUS?
DREDD

THWAK-K-K-K!
YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT I'M DANGEROUS!

WHAKKK!
UNGGGG!
THIS IS TECHNICALLY ILLEGAL...
YEAH.
CRASHHH!
WE SHOULDN'T BE STANDING HERE LETTING IT HAPPEN
NO...

SMAAACKK!
WHAMMM!
THEN AGAIN, WE CAN'T BE ABSOLUTELY SURE A CRIME IS BEING COMMITTED...
NO... NO, TRUE..
THEY COULD, FOR INSTANCE, BE PLAYING A BOISTEROUS GAME OF SOME SORT...
KRUNK!
WHHUMP!
OR REDECORATING THE OFFICE. THAT MAKES A LOT OF NOISE.
YES, I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT. THAT MUST BE IT
THOP!
WAKKKK!
SPOT OF REDECORATION
CRAAAASSH!
NICE

NEXT PROG: **WE, THE PEOPLE...**

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 754
50p
26 OCT 91
MAINFRAME
A
B
JUDGES IN
JUDGES OUT
"WE, THE PEOPLE..."
TWILIGHT OF THE JUDGES?
9 770262 284036

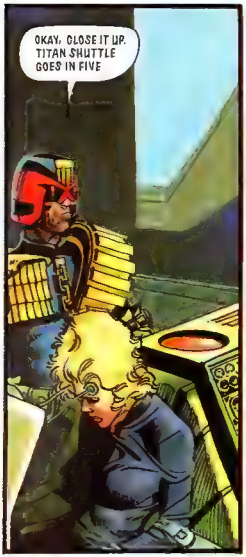
JUDGE DREDD

TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING

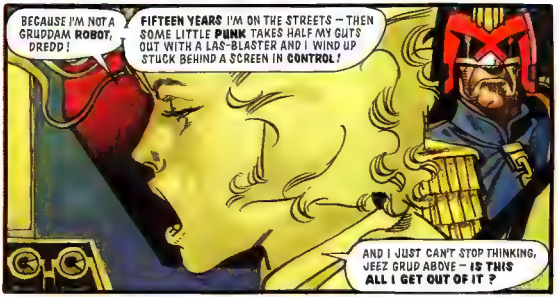
YOU'RE WASHED UP, DEGAULLE. YOUR CO-CONSPIRATORS ARE ALL DEAD OR ON THE TITAN TRIP – YOU'RE NEXT.
I WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT ANYONE ELSE INVOLVED IN THE PLOT AGAINST ME, OR DO WE USE THE PENTATHOL?
DAMN YOU, DREDD! YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS!

I'M IN NO MOOD FOR YOUR **BULL**, DEGAULLE! **WHO ELSE**?
N-N-NO-ONE!

THERE'S NO-ONE, DREDD. WE COULDN'T TRUST THEM – THEY'RE ALL READY TO HAND THIS CITY TO THE DEMOCRATS IN THE REFERENDUM, JUST LIKE YOU.
THE **FOOLS**!
LIE DETECTOR CONFIRMS, DREDD. SHE'S THE LAST

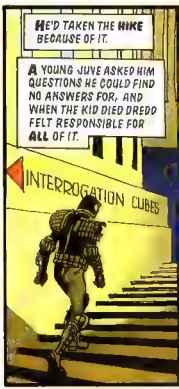

OKAY, CLOSE IT UP. TITAN SHUTTLE GOES IN FIVE

I DON'T GET IT, DEGAULLE. WE MAY HAVE HAD OUR DIFFERENCES, BUT I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE A DAMN GOOD JUDGE. WHY THROW IT DOWN THE TOILET?
WHY–? **HA**!

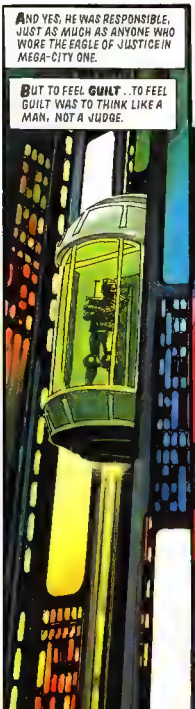

BECAUSE I'M NOT A GRUDDAM **ROBOT**, DREDD!
FIFTEEN YEARS I'M ON THE STREETS – THEN SOME LITTLE **PUNK** TAKES HALF MY GUTS OUT WITH A LAS-BLASTER AND I WIND UP STUCK BEHIND A SCREEN IN **CONTROL**!
AND I JUST CAN'T STOP THINKING, JEEZ GRUD ABOVE – **IS THIS ALL I GET OUT OF IT**?

'IS THIS ALL I GET OUT OF IT. . .'
THAT WASN'T THE POINT. IT HADN'T CROSSED HIS MIND ONCE, NOT IN HIS TIME OF DOUBT, NOR WHEN THE CURSED EARTH STRETCHED BEFORE HIM, OLD SILVER'S "FAREWELL, DREDD" ECHOING IN HIS EARS – NOR WHEN HE WALKED AS A DEAD MAN, COMING BACK TO SAVE HIS CITY FROM NECROPOLIS.

CONTROL, WE'RE FINISHED HERE. INFORM THE CHIEF JUDGE I'M ON MY WAY.
WILCO
NO. HIS PROBLEM HAD BEEN DIFFERENT.


HE'D TAKEN THE HIKE BECAUSE OF IT.
A YOUNG JUVE ASKED HIM QUESTIONS HE COULD FIND NO ANSWERS FOR, AND WHEN THE KID DIED DREDD FELT RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OF IT.
INTERROGATION CUBES

RESPONSIBLE FOR A CITY WHERE FREEDOM WAS BOUND IN CHAINS OF IRON, AND JUSTICE WAS BUT A TINY FLICKER IN THE COLD, HARD LIGHT OF THE LAW.
WHERE THE JUDGES STAMPED ON PEOPLE WHO ASKED – PEACEFULLY – FOR NOTHING MORE THAN THE RIGHT TO DETERMINE THEIR OWN DESTINY
EVATOR


AND YES, HE WAS RESPONSIBLE, JUST AS MUCH AS ANYONE WHO WORE THE EAGLE OF JUSTICE IN MEGA-CITY ONE.
BUT TO FEEL GUILT . . TO FEEL GUILT WAS TO THINK LIKE A MAN, NOT A JUDGE.

BECAUSE WHERE A MAN WOULD BE WEAK, A JUDGE WOULD BE STRONG. WHERE A MAN WOULD FOOL HIMSELF THAT MILLIONS OF PEOPLE COULD LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE, A JUDGE WOULD KNOW THAT THAT WAS JUST A PIPEDREAM, AND THAT IRON-FISTED LAW WAS NEEDED TO STOP MURDEROUS CHAOS.
AND MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, DREDD WAS A JUDGE.

HE DIDN'T NEED ANYTHING OUT OF IT. THE JOB WAS ITS OWN REWARD.
155
TOP FLOOR
THIRTEEN YEARS AGO HE'D BEEN RETURNING FROM HIS TOUR AS JUDGE MARSHAL OF LUNA-ONE, AND AS THEY WERE COMING IN ON THE SPACEPORT HE'D GLANCED OUT OF THE WINDOW
FROM THAT HIGH UP THE CITY LOOKED BEAUTIFUL, LIKE A HUGE JEWEL ON THE EAST COAST — SUN DANCING ON THE GLASSEEN TOWERS, THE MEGA-WAYS CRISS-CROSSING IN A BLUR OF MOVEMENT, AND A MUTED NEON GLOW WINKING FROM THE CONSTANT TWILIGHT OF THE LOWEST LEVELS.
HOWDY, JOE. GLAD YOU COULD JOIN US.
HALF AN HOUR TO GO.
YEAH.
HE COULDN'T SEE THE CANCER FROM THAT DISTANCE, THE BLOATED EVIL ROT THAT TOUCHED EVERYONE BELOW AND CUT A FLAW IN THE JEWEL LIKE A GANGRENOUS WOUND.
BUT DREDD LOOKED OUT OVER THE CITY — HIS CITY — AND HE KNEW.
"MEGA-CITY ONE... EIGHT HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE AND EVERYONE OF THEM A POTENTIAL CRIMINAL. THE MOST VIOLENT, EVIL CITY ON EARTH... BUT, GOD HELP ME, I LOVE IT."

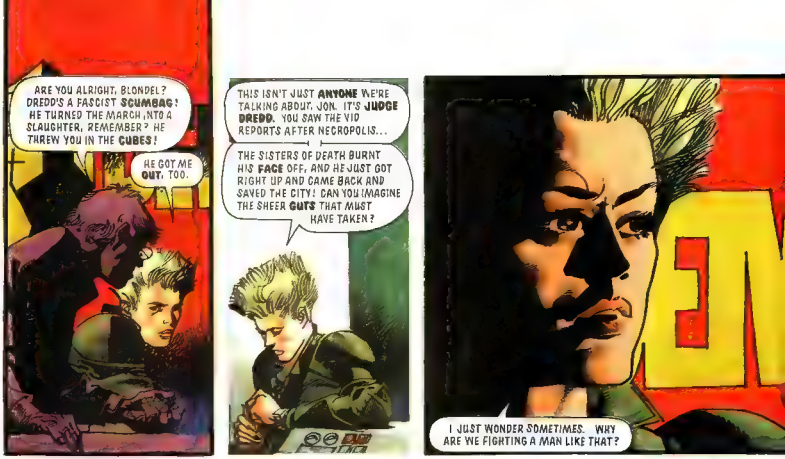
ONLY TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES TO GO UNTIL THE HIGH NOON SHOWDOWN, FOLKS— JUDGES VERSUS DEMOCRATS! NO GUNS, NO NUKES, NO FIGHTING AT ALL— JUST VOTES!
YESSIR, THE REFERENDUM, WHEN THE CITIZENS DECIDE ONCE AND FOR ALL WHO'S GONNA BE THE BIG CHEEZ IN THE BIG MEG.
THIS COULD BE THE MOST IMPORTANT POINT IN THE CITY'S HISTORY, KIDDIES. WE HAVEN'T HAD DEMOCRACY FOR OVER FORTY YEARS – WILL IT BE BETTER THE DEVIL YOU KNOW, OR IS THIS WHEN WE START CHOOSING OUR RULERS...? CHANNEL TREVOR'S BEEN GETTING SOME ON THE SPOT GUFF—
THIS IS THE DAY THAT WE HAVE STRIVEN AND FOUGHT FOR— AND THAT SOME OF US HAVE DIED FOR. TODAY WE FREE OURSELVES FROM THE TYRANNY OF THE JUDGES.
THIS IS OUR DAY!
BLONDEL DUPRE, DEMOCRATS LEADER
VOTE—? NAH, I DON'T DANCE
WILLIAM BRILLIAMS, UNEMPLOYED GEEK
YEAH, I'LL VOTE— THEN I'LL GO BACK TO WORK HERE AT NIK'S NICE NOSH, OVER ON MORTIMER STREET! WHY NOT POP IN?
NICK'S NICE NOSH
NIK TYNEFOG, EATERIE OWNER
THERE YOU HAVE IT! EXPERTS ARE PREDICTING A MASSIVE LANDSLIDE VICTORY FOR THE DEMS—
GODDAM REPEATS!
SWITCHA CHANNEL, JUNIOR! FIND SUMP'N ELSE!

NEXT PROG: SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY ?

REFERENDUM DAY. MEGA-CITY ONE.
JUDGE DREDD
Twilight's Last Gleaming Part 2
GARTH ENNIS
JOHN BURNS
TOM FRAME
PERHAPS EVEN THE CITY HOLDS ITS BREATH AS ITS CHILDREN VOTE ON THEIR FUTURE
A HUSH LIES OVER THE CONCRETE JUNGLE. A SILENCE SO KISSED WITH DESTINY THAT IT SCREAMS THROUGH THE WALKWAYS AND ZOOM TUBES, AROUND THE BLOCKS AND MEZZANINES TO ECHO ACROSS THIS VAST METROPOLIS ON THIS HISTORIC DAY
CAN YOU HEAR IT...?
DREDD CAN.

NOON.
THE CITIZENS VOTE
THE VOTES UPLOAD DIRECTLY INTO THE BALLOTEER MAINFRAME COMPUTER, BUILT IN 2067 FOR THE LAST PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION AND DUSTED OFF ESPECIALLY FOR THE FIRST REFERENDUM IN 16 YEARS.
THUS THE CITIZENS WILL HAVE TO WAIT QUITE A BIT LONGER THAN IF THE VOTES WERE BEING TABULATED BY CURRENT MEGA-CITY TECHNOLOGY. . ABOUT SIX MINUTES.
THE CHOICE IS CLEAR –
JUDICIAL CONTROL...
OR DEMOCRACY
THE IRON FIST OF THE LAW AND THE CERTAINTY OF RETRIBUTION. HARSH LAWS THAT MANY COULDN'T EVEN UNDERSTAND. THE GUN AND THE DAYSTICK.
OR–
We the People
Article I
RULE BY AN ELECTED GOVERNMENT. WITH LAWMAKERS AND LAWKEEPERS SEPARATE, EACH BALANCING THE OTHER'S POWER
SOMETHING MOST CITIZENS HAVE NEVER KNOWN.
NTERFACE CH
MAINFRAME
A
B

AT DEMOCRATIC HEADQUARTERS; CAMPAIGN LEADER BLONDEL DUPRE WAITS FOR HER FINEST HOUR—
NERVOUS, BLONDEL?
MMM?
YOU'RE NOT WATCHING THE RESULT, KIDDO. WHAT'S UP?
VOTE
DEM
I'M THINKING ABOUT WHAT WE'RE DOING HERE, JON. IT'S... I MEAN, WHAT IF IT ALL GOES WRONG?
WHAT? COME ON, SWEETHEART! LOOK AT EVERYTHING WE'VE DONE—WHAT WE'VE ACHIEVED!
THEY CAN'T STOP US NOW!
CAN'T THEY? WHAT HAVE WE ACHIEVED, JON? OH SURE, WE'VE GOT THE REFERENDUM -- BUT CAN WE TRUST THEM?
IT ISN'T THE JUDGES WHO GAVE US THIS -- IT'S JUST DREDD! WHAT IF THEY KILL HIM OR SOMETHING, TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY? WE'D BE BACK TO SQUARE ONE!
BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER, BLONDEL. THE REFERENDUM'S OVER. ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS WIN, AND THAT'LL BE EASY!
I DON'T KNOW..
WE'RE IN A STRANGE POSITION HERE, JON. DREDD'S SUPPOSED TO BE OUR ENEMY -- BUT LIKE I SAY, HE GAVE US THE REFERENDUM.
I'M JUST NOT AS SURE ABOUT THINGS AS I USED TO BE...


ARE YOU ALRIGHT, BLONDEL? DREDD'S A FASCIST SCUMBAG! HE TURNED THE MARCH INTO A SLAUGHTER, REMEMBER? HE THREW YOU IN THE CUBES!
HE GOT ME OUT, TOO.
THIS ISN'T JUST ANYONE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT, JON. IT'S JUDGE DREDD. YOU SAW THE VID REPORTS AFTER NECROPOLIS...
THE SISTERS OF DEATH BURNT HIS FACE OFF, AND HE JUST GOT RIGHT UP AND CAME BACK AND SAVED THE CITY! CAN YOU IMAGINE THE SHEER GUTS THAT MUST HAVE TAKEN?
I JUST WONDER SOMETIMES. WHY ARE WE FIGHTING A MAN LIKE THAT?

JEEZ, BLONDEL, YOU'RE NOT THINKING STRAIGHT. IT'S ALL THE STRESS OF THE VOTE... SO HE'S A TOUGH GUY. SO WHAT?
YOU SAID IT YOURSELF -- THE JUDGES'LL DO ANYTHING TO HANG ON TO THEIR PRECIOUS POWER! THEY LOVE IT!

WHY? THEY DON'T GET PAID. THEY DON'T HAVE LIVES OF THEIR OWN -- WHAT'S IN IT FOR THEM?
WHAT DO THEY GET OUT OF IT?
BLONDEL: JON. THIS IS IT!
RESULTS ARE IN, GUYS!
WELL, HERE WE GO, SWEETHEART...
IN A FEW SECONDS, THE JUDGES WON'T MATTER ANYWAY.

THIS IS THE MOMENT, PEOPLE THE VOTES ARE IN AND ARE BEING DOWNLOADED DIRECTLY TO YOU NOW WITH NO HUMAN INTERVENTION.
GREETINGS, CITIZENS I, THE RETURNING ¿clik¿ BALLOTEER MAINFRAME, CERTIFY THESE TO BE THE ACCURATE RESULTS OF THE ¿clik¿ REFERENDUM
ONLY THIRTY-FIVE PERCENT OF CITIZENS EXERCISED THEIR GRUD-GIVEN RIGHT TO VOTE... THE POOREST TURN-OUT IN ¿clik¿ SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS.
IF YOU DON'T VOTE FOR FOR YOUR CANDIDATES, HOW DO YOU EXPECT THEM TO WIN?
GRUD! TWO HUNDRED CHANNELS AND THEY'RE ALL SHOWING THE SAME THING!
OF THE FORTY-THREE MILLION VOTES CAST, TWENTY-THREE PERCENT VOTED BOTH OPTIONS ¿clik¿ AND THUS FORFEITED THEIR VOTES.
NINE PERCENT VOTED FOR THE ¿clik¿ DEMOCRATS
AND SIXTY-EIGHT PERCENT FOR THE JUDGES.
THE JUDGES ARE DULY RETURNED FOR ANOTHER TERM OF OFFICE
"BETTER THE DEVIL YOU KNOW."
UH-HUH

WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET, CHIEF JUDGE. THE DEMS AREN'T GOING TO BELIEVE A RESULT LIKE THAT FOR A SECOND, EVEN WHEN IT'S STARING THEM IN THE FACE.
I'VE HAD ALL RIOT SQUADS STANDING BY SINCE DAWN.
GOOD THINKIN'
YEAH .. LISTEN TO THIS
A SHOCK RESULT THERE! LET'S GO OVER LIVE TO DEMOCRATIC LEADER BLONDEL DUPRE –
THE JUDGES MUST BE CRAZY IF THEY THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH A STUNT LIKE THIS!
IT'S A FIX!
CONTROL TO CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER! PLEASE RESPOND!
YO
CHIEF JUDGE -- IF DREDD'S STILL THERE WITH YOU, YOU'D BETTER PUT HIM ON...
WE GOT TROUBLE
NEXT PROG: ONCE AND FOR ALL...

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 756
50p
4 NOV '89
THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE...
LET THE JUDGES RULE!

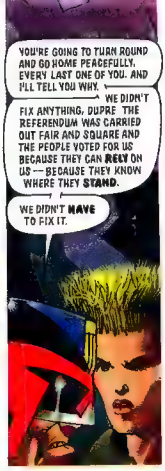
THIS JUST IN. THE DEMS HAVEN'T TAKEN THEIR SHOCK DEFEAT AT ALL WELL! REPORTS ARE COMING IN OF A MASS MARCH ON THE HALL OF JUSTICE —
AND WHAT MUST THEY BE FEELING NOW! YEARS OF EFFORT AND STRUGGLE, ALL FOR NOTHING! OF THE MINORITY OF CITIZENS WHO BOTHERED TO VOTE, ONLY NINE PERCENT DID SO FOR DEMOCRACY!
FIX! FIX! FIX!
FIX! FIX! FIX!
DEM
DEM
DEM
DEM
DEM
FROM MANY QUARTERS THERE HAVE BEEN ACCUSATIONS OF VOTE FIXING ON THE PART OF THE JUDGES -- AND THE MARCHERS CERTAINLY BELIEVE THAT TO BE THE CASE! OBSERVERS ESTIMATE THERE ARE NEARLY TWO MILLION PEOPLE IN THEIR NUMBER -- WHAT THEIR INTENTIONS ARE, BEYOND SOME KIND OF CONFRONTATION WITH THE JUDGES, REMAINS UNCLEAR...
ONE THING IS CERTAIN -- THE JUDGES WON'T BE TOLERATING THIS KIND OF BEHAVIOUR!
THERE'LL BE BLOOD ON THE STREETS TODAY!
JUDGE DREDD
Twilight's Last Gleaming Part 3

ALL UNITS TO CONDITION **RED**! THIS IS **NOT** AN EXERCISE! **CONDITION RED**!
ASSAULT UNITS ON THE READY LINE! STUMM GAS AVAILABLE, FIVE HUNDRED ROUNDS!
MANTAS AND PAT-WAGONS ON READINESS! MED AN' MEAT BACK UP, READY TO GO!
THIS IS ONE BIG CAN O' WORMS WE'VE OPENED UP HERE...
IT'S THE ONLY OPTION. THIS WAY THERE'S ONLY **TWO** MILLION -- IF WE HADN'T GIVEN THEM THEIR SAY, WE'D BE GETTING READY TO TAKE ON HALF THE **CITY**.
MARCHERS ARE ALMOST ON US, CHIEF JUDGE! E.T.A. IN LESS THAN A MINUTE!
AS IT IS, THIS IS WHERE WE **BURY** DEMOCRACY.
ONCE AND FOR ALL.
JUST HOPE WE AIN'T BURYIN' A **LIVE CORPSE**, JOE DREDD! THINGS COULD GET KINDA **BLOODY**!
HERE THEY COME!
YOU PEOPLE! DISPERSE AT ONCE AND RETURN TO YOUR HOMES! YOU WILL NOT RECEIVE A SECOND WARNING!

FIX! FIX!
GO TO HELL, YOU CHEATING SCUMBAGS!
YOU WON'T GIVE US DEMOCRACY, WE'LL COME AND TAKE IT!
THIS IS NO GOOD, JON! THEY'LL MASSACRE EVERYONE!
HUH? WE CAN'T GIVE UP NOW, BLONDEL! THEY'LL HAVE WON!
AT LEAST WE'LL BE ALIVE!
JUDGES OUT! JUDGES OUT!
GUESS WE GOT OUR ANSWER. MAY AS WELL—
NO.
FIX! FIX! FIX!
THERE'S A BETTER WAY, CHIEF JUDGE. IT'LL SAVE LIVES — AND IT'LL KILL ANY LAST THOUGHTS OF DEMOCRACY TEN TIMES AS DEAD AS AN ASSAULT UNIT COULD.
HUH?
HOLD ON TO THIS FOR ME, HERSHEY. I'LL BE BACK FOR IT.
I STARTED ALL THIS...
I'M GOING TO FINISH IT.
WHAT THE HELL—?
IS HE CRAZY?
IT'S A TRICK! BOUND TO BE!
I DON'T THINK SO

DUPRE
DREDD

TAKING A BIT OF A RISK COMING OUT HERE ALONE, AREN'T YOU? THERE'S TWO MILLION PEOPLE HERE.
THERE'S ENOUGH FIREPOWER BACK THERE TO WIPE OUT TEN TIMES THAT NUMBER -- BUT I DON'T NEED THAT TODAY.


YOU'RE GOING TO TURN ROUND AND GO HOME PEACEFULLY, EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU. AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY.
WE DIDN'T FIX ANYTHING, DUPRE. THE REFERENDUM WAS CARRIED OUT FAIR AND SQUARE AND THE PEOPLE VOTED FOR US BECAUSE THEY CAN **RELY** ON US -- BECAUSE THEY KNOW WHERE THEY **STAND**.
WE DIDN'T **HAVE** TO FIX IT.

DEMOCRACY'S NOT FOR THE PEOPLE -- NOT BECAUSE WE SAY SO, BUT BECAUSE **THEY DON'T WANT IT.**

YOU PEOPLE ARE **DREAMERS**. THAT'S OKAY IN ITS PLACE, BUT NOT WHEN YOU WANT TO RULE -- TO MAKE THE **LAW** IN THIS CITY
BECAUSE HERE, I AM THE LAW.

BUT-
LET'S HEAR IT, DUPRE.

I...

YOU ARE THE LAW, JUDGE DREDD.

BLONDEL, ARE YOU CRAZY? WE—
OH FOR GRUD'S SAKE, JON! LEAVE IT!
BLONDEL DUPRE DIDN'T GO HOME THAT DAY SHE WENT BACK TO THE DESERTED DEMOCRAT H.Q AND SAT THERE UNTIL NIGHTFALL. THINKING ABOUT HER BROKEN HEART...
AND HER SHATTERED DREAMS.
BLONDEL?
JON.
YOU WEREN'T AT THE APARTMENT, HON. I WAS WORRIED.
I'M ALRIGHT. WHERE ARE ALL THE OTHERS?
THEY JUST WENT HOME, ALL OF THEM. I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
OH, JON, IT'S SIMPLE... DREDD'S RIGHT. WE'RE JUST USELESS DREAMERS. IT TAKES SOMEONE SPECIAL TO RULE THIS CITY. NOT US... WE'RE JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE; ALL THE PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T BOTHER TO VOTE, WHO DON'T WANT THE TROUBLE. WE JUST TOOK LONGER TO REALISE IT, THAT'S ALL.
ALL WE CAN DO IS MAKE THE BEST OF WHAT WE'VE GOT.
WE'VE GOT EACH OTHER, SWEETHEART. I GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.
HERE OR ANYWHERE ELSE.

"I KNOW"
"MEGA-CITY ONE... EIGHT HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE AND EVERYONE OF THEM A POTENTIAL CRIMINAL. THE MOST EVIL, VIOLENT CITY ON EARTH... BUT, GOD HELP ME, I LOVE IT." JUDGE DREDD, 2100
THE END
NEXT PROG: BEAT THAT!

£1.75 No. 19 November 1991
MONTHLY A 2000 AD PRODUCTION

JUDGE DREDD

THE MEGAZINE

Collector's Item Issue!

FREE POSTER!

Mega Dredd Poster By Dean Ormston Inside!

Your Star Scan

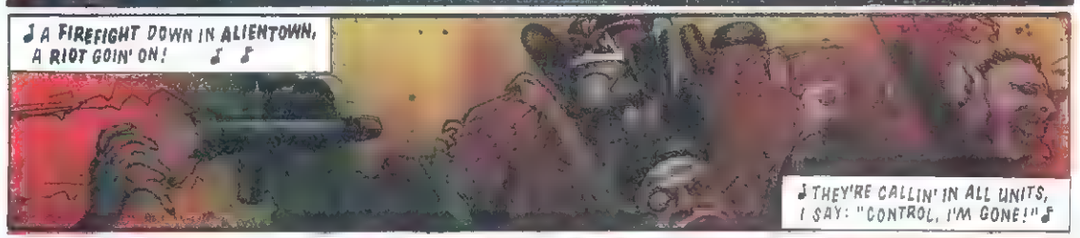
JUDGE DREDD
DREDD
♪WOKE UP THIS MORNING FEELIN' THIRTY KINDS OF MEAN!♪
♪HELMET ON MY HEAD— BELLY FULL OF SPLEEN!♪
♪JUDGES DONT GET NO SOFT BEDS AND PILLOWS—♪♫
♪JUST TEN MINS IN THE SLEEP MACHINE!♪
♪SIT ASTRIDE MY LAWBIKE— ♪ FELT IT THROB BETWEEN MY LEGS!
♪COMPUTER CHECKED MY LASERS AS LAID DOWN IN JUSTICE REGS!♪♪
LASER A-OK
GO GET 'EM, JOE
♪THEN I WAXED AND OILED MY DAYSTICK AND WENT OUT TO BUST SOME HEADS♪!

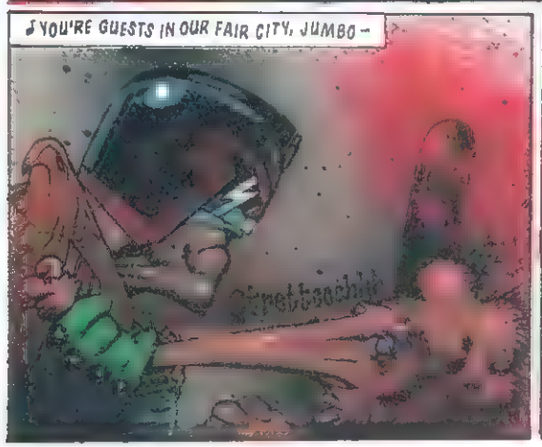
♪MEGA-CITY MADNESS!♪
♪MURDER! MAYHEM! GORE!
JOE
♪FOUR HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE!♪
♪UP AGAINST THE LAW!♪
♪WE NEED A HEAVY METAL HERO
♪TO FIGHT THIS FREAKIN' WAR!

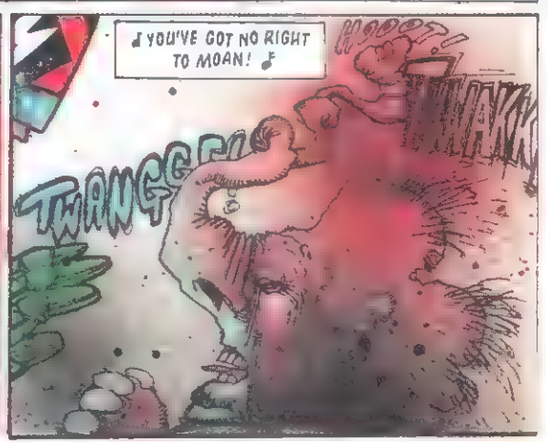
♪ SAW A CREEP ZIP UP A PEDWAY ♪ SHOULDA WALKED — BUT CHOSE TO RUN.
♪ CREEP IGNORED MY WARNING SO I PULLED OUT MY GUN! ♫
♪ FIRES SIX KINDS OF BULLET —
AAARGH!
♪ I GAVE HIM NUMBER ONE!
TRY RUNNIN' NOW, FLASH
SENTENCE - ONE YEAR.
WALK DON'T RUN
♪ JUST TWO MINS ON THOSE MEAN STREETS — AND ALREADY HAVIN' FUN! ♫
♪ GOT A MESSAGE FROM CONTROL — PROCEED TO SECTOR SIX! ♪ ♪
♪ THERE'S A WIERDO WITH A CHAINSAW —
—ACTING FREAKIN' SICK! ♪

♪ SO I DISHED OUT SOME CONCUSSION –
WAPP!
STOMP!
BARP!
♪ AND THE WIERDO HIT THE BRICKS! ♪
JUDGE DREDD! I PROTEST! THAT MAN'S INSANE! HE NEEDS TLC – NOT GBH!
ARE YOU CRITICISIN' ME?
WELL, FRANKLY, YES
♪ NOW LISTEN HERE, DO-GOODER, I'M A MAN WITHOUT A FLAW! I TRAINED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS BEFORE THEY LET ME KEEP THE LAW–
♪ I GOT A LICENCE TO CLUB CRAZIES – AND THAT'S WHAT YOU JUST SAW! ♪
♪ SO WISEMOUTH ONE MORE TIME AN' I'LL BREAK YOUR DROKKIN JAW!

♪ HE'S JUDGE AND HE IS JURY!
♪ BEWARE! DON'T CATCH HIS EYE!
♪ HE'S GOT THE RIGHT TO LOCK YOU UP—
♪ OR SENTENCE YOU TO DIE!
♪ HE'S A HEA-VVY ME-TAL HERO! KISS YOUR ASS GOODBYE! ♪

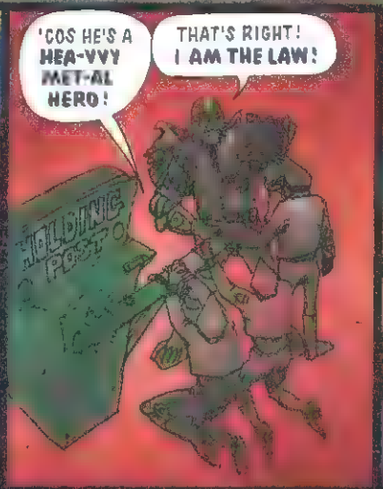

♪ A FIREFIGHT DOWN IN ALIENTOWN, A RIOT GOIN' ON! ♪ ♪
♪ THEY'RE CALLIN' IN ALL UNITS, I SAY: "CONTROL, I'M GONE!" ♪

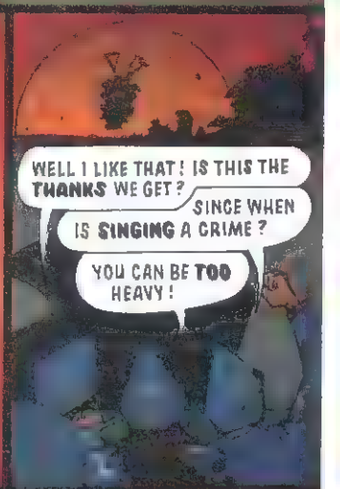

♪ YOU'RE GUESTS IN OUR FAIR CITY, JUMBO—

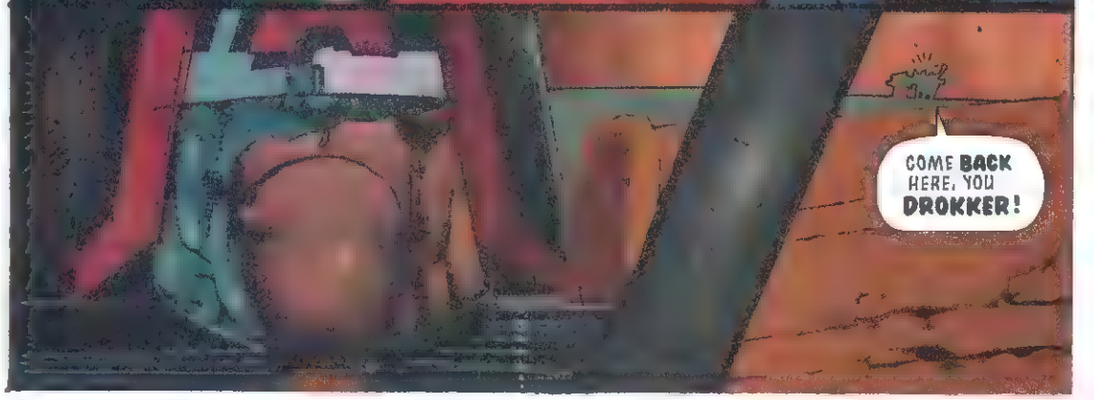

♪ YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO MOAN! ♪
WHAM!
TWANGG!

♪ ALL THROUGH THE DAY HE'S JUDGING, THEN ON INTO THE NIGHT! 'COS THE CITIZEN'S GOTTA LEARN WHAT'S WRONG AND WHAT IS RIGHT! ♪
♪ GUESS HE WON'T BE HAPPY TILL THAT WHOLE CITY'S LOCKED UP TIGHT!

YOU GOT A LICENCE TO SING IN THIS STRIP?
WHY, NO, SIR!
THOUGHT AS MUCH.
YOU'RE DOIN' TIME!


'COS HE'S A HEA-VVY MET-AL HERO!
THAT'S RIGHT! I AM THE LAW!


WELL I LIKE THAT! IS THIS THE THANKS WE GET?
SINCE WHEN IS SINGING A CRIME?
YOU CAN BE TOO HEAVY!

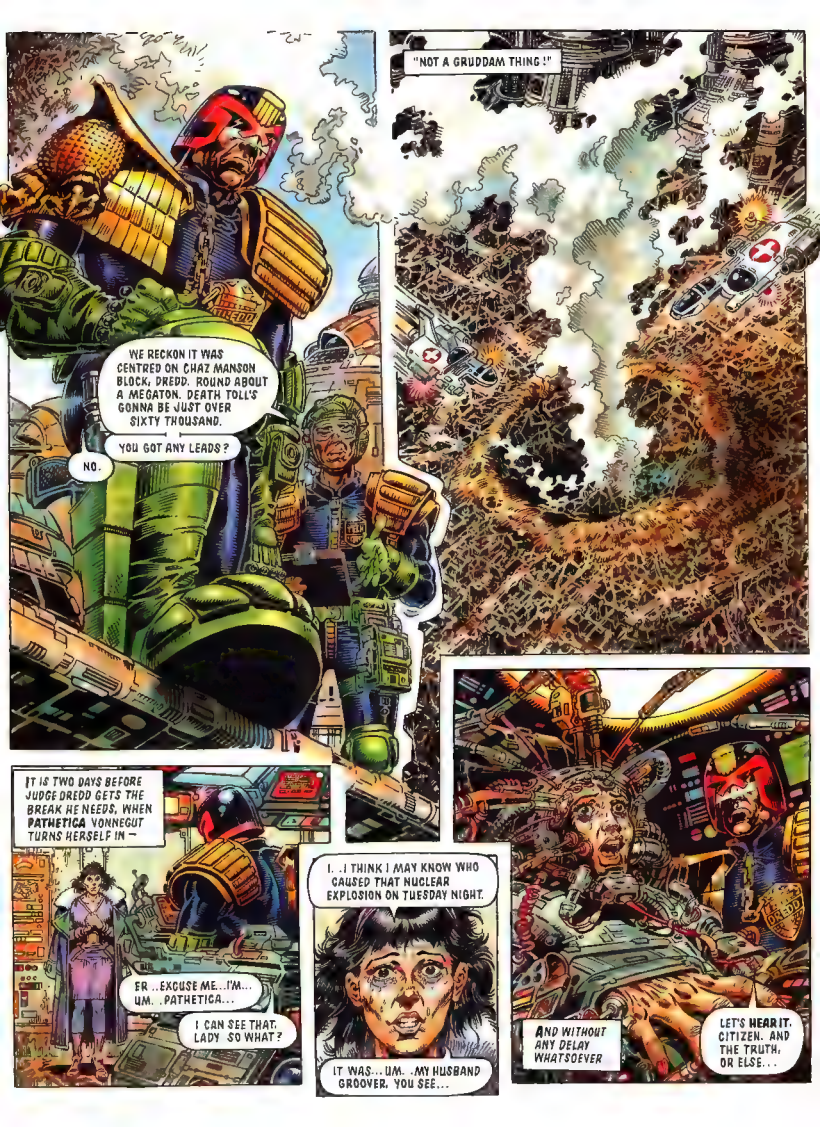

COME BACK HERE, YOU DROKKER!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

ONE BETTER

WELL, HE DID.
AND THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW HE DID IT...


"NOT A GRUDDAM THING!"
WE RECKON IT WAS CENTRED ON CHAZ MANSON BLOCK, DREDD. ROUND ABOUT A MEGATON. DEATH TOLL'S GONNA BE JUST OVER SIXTY THOUSAND.
YOU GOT ANY LEADS?
NO.
IT IS TWO DAYS BEFORE JUDGE DREDD GETS THE BREAK HE NEEDS, WHEN PATHETICA VONNEGUT TURNS HERSELF IN —
ER...EXCUSE ME...I'M... UM...PATHETICA...
I CAN SEE THAT, LADY. SO WHAT?
I...I THINK I MAY KNOW WHO CAUSED THAT NUCLEAR EXPLOSION ON TUESDAY NIGHT.
IT WAS...UM...MY HUSBAND GROOVER. YOU SEE...
AND WITHOUT ANY DELAY WHATSOEVER
LET'S HEAR IT, CITIZEN. AND THE TRUTH, OR ELSE...

I SUPPOSE IT ALL BEGAN WHEN SQUIB EXPLODED. GROOVER WAS REALLY ANNOYED BECAUSE ALL THE LIMELIGHT WAS ON SQUIB, NOT ON HIM, YOU KNOW?
"I TRIED TO CHEER HIM UP..."
IT'S NOT FAIR, PATHETICA! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO BEAT SQUIB, EH? HOW DO YOU GO ONE BETTER THAN THAT?
UM...THERE THERE, DEAR..
MAYBE I COULD GET A BOMB OR SOMETHING... A BIG ONE OR I COULD DRINK GASOLINE, AND —
BUT THAT'S CHEATING, DEAR. SQUIB DIDN'T NEED ANY HELP, HE JUST BLEW UP OF HIS OWN ACCORD...
HE-HE WAS A MAN OBSESSED, JUDGE DREDD. ALL HE WANTED TO DO WAS EXPLODE. HE WENT RIGHT OFF HIS FOOD, COULDN'T SLEEP... WOULDN'T GO OUT TO SEE HIS FRIENDS, EVEN...
"I REMEMBER ONCE FINDING HIM, SITTING THERE, JUST WILLING HIMSELF TO GO UP IN FLAMES —
NNCGGGGGG!
"HE LOOKED LIKE HE WAS CONSTIPATED, JUDGE! I JUST KNEW IT WOULD ALL END IN TEARS!"

THEN, ONE NIGHT LAST WEEK, HE WENT FOR A WALK ON THE WASTEGROUND NEAR THE NORTHSPOON 'DUST ZONE.
"IT WAS AN AWFUL NIGHT. BUT HE WENT OUT ANYWAY. HE WAS JUST SO CAUGHT UP IN THIS COMBUSTION IDEA..
"I THINK THAT'S WHEN IT STARTED."
PATHETICA! IT'S GONNA HAPPEN — YOU'VE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
GROOVER! WHAT IS IT? YOU-YOU'RE ALL—
OH GRUD, PATHETICA— YOU GOTTA RUN FOR IT! I GOT HIT BY LIGHTNING OUT IN THE RAD STORM, AND IT'S DONE SOMETHING TO ME! I CAN FEEL IT INSIDE ME, BUILDING UP AND UP —!
GROOVER, YOU'RE SCARING ME! WHAT'S INSIDE YOU?
I-I THINK I'M GOIN' ONE BETTER THAN SQUIB AFTER ALL, HONEY!
RUN!

NEXT PROG: FLABFIGHTERS!

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 758
50p
23 NOV 91
HELL'S TEETH!
MEGA-BITE MADNESS – THIS PROG!
DREDD

LADIESSSS AN' GENNELMEN, WEIRDOS AN' WEIRDETTES, WELCOME TO AN AFTERNOON OF BLOOD, SLAUGHTER AND VERY BAD TABLE MANNERS!
WELCOME TO THE FLABFIGHT!
IN THE BLUE CORNER, ALL THE WAY DOWN FROM THE NORTH WEST HAB ZONE—
SPHINCTER SLICE MCPIE!
LIGHT TRIM SIR?!
Script GARTH ENNIS
Art SIMON COLEBY
Lettering TOM FRAME
AND IN THE RED CORNER, SECTOR ONE-NINETY'S VERY OWN OFFALGUT JONSON!
AND IN THE MIDDLE...
JUDGE DREDD
THE FLABFIGHTERS

THE RIDICULOUS OBESITY OF THE MEGA-CITY FATTIES HAD GIVEN RISE TO MANY FORMS OF ENTERTAINMENT – BUT ONLY ONE OF THEM WAS ILLEGAL.
FLABFIGHTING WAS SO CRUEL, SADISTIC AND SICKENING THAT IT QUICKLY BECAME THE MOST POPULAR BANNED SPORT SINCE PRO-CELEBRITY BRAIN SURGERY...
OFFAL-GUT! OFFAL-GUT! OFFAL-GUT!
SLICE HIS SPHINCTER, MCPIE!
ONLY SECONDS TO GO, FOLKS! JUST GOT TIME TO TELL YOU ABOUT TODAY'S PRIZES!
IF A COMPETITOR BEATS HIS OPPONENT – TEN THOU! IF HE THEN GOES FOR THE BONUS AND EATS HIS OPPONENT – TWENTY THOU!
AND TODAY'S STAR PRIZE – FOR ANY FATTIE WHO'S GOT THE SKILL AND DARING TO ATTEMPT IT – FOR THE FLABFIGHTER WHO CAN EAT HIS OPPONENT ALIVE –
FIFTY THOUSAND CREDITS!
THE COMPETITORS IGNORE THE M.C. – THE CROWD – EVERYTHING BUT THE FIGHT. THEIR CONCENTRATION MUST BE TOTAL.
SPHINCTERSLICE MCPIE – YOUNG, FIT, FAST – THE FAVOURITE.
AND OFFALGUT JONSON, PAST HIS BEST AND HE KNOWS IT – BUT NOT YESTERDAY'S FATTIE JUST YET...
OKEYBOKEYDOKEY! THE BETS ARE PLACED! THE FATTIES ARE HUNGRY! MUMS AND DADS, KIDS AND DROIDS – IT'S CHOWTIME!
FIRST BLOOD TO MCPIE!
KILL KILL KIIIIIIILL!

HEY, BOSS — AINTCHA WATCHIN' THE FIGHT?
NOPE, SMITTY — DEUCE PAGINO NEVER WASTED HIS TIME BEFORE — WHY WOULD I START NOW?
OL' OFFALGUT'S GETTIN' CUT UP LIKE SKIN IN A ZIPPER.
RECKON IT'S TIME WE GOT OURSELVES A NEW FLABFIGHTER, HUH?
WAY AHEAD'VE YOU THERE, SMITTY. SIGNED A NEW BOY UP YESTERDAY... NAME'S ALAN — HE'S WAITIN' IN THE TRUCK RIGHT NOW.
THE TRUCK...?
THIS...THIS ALAN, BOSS. BIG GUY, IS HE?
MEANWHILE...
I DON'T CARE IF YOU HAD BAD POTTY TRAINING, CREEP! YOU DO THAT ON THE PEDWAYS IN THIS CITY, YOU DO TIME!
CONTROL TO DREDD — REPORT STATUS!
ONE ON HOLD OUTSIDE CARVER'S — HE'S DOING SIX MONTHS. RESUMING PATROL.
INCIDENT AT THOMPSON CON-APTS. YOU'RE NEAREST UNIT.

BETTER ASSIGN SOMEONE ELSE, CONTROL. GOT A LEAD HERE I WANT TO FOLLOW UP...
YOU! HALT!
WHA-?
SLUG BUGGINS... THOUGHT I RECOGNISED YOU. WHAT'RE YOU UP TO, SLUG?
T-TAKE IT EASY, JUDGE DREDD! I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'! I BIN GOING STRAIGHT SINCE I GOT OUTTA THE CUBES!
YEAH?
SHRIPPP!
OH GRUD! YOU GOTTA LET ME GO, JUDGE! IT'S MY TENTH OFFENCE — I'LL BE LOBOTOMISED!
SAME OLD PROBLEM, HUH, SLUG?
LISSEN — DOWNTOWN 'DUST ZONE, THE JUNGBERK FACTORY — THERE'S A FLABFIGHT GOIN' DOWN! GET THERE NOW AN' YOU'LL NET 'EM ALL!
YOU'RE PRETTY DUMB IF YOU THINK THAT, SLUG — AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET A LOT DUMBER.
CONTROL, I GOT SLUG BUGGINS ON A LEWD RAP. WARN THE PSYCHO CUBES THEY GOT A BRAIN JOB COMIN' IN.
THAT'S GOTTA BE WORTH LETTIN' ME OFF!
MEANTIME, AM INVESTIGATING A POSSIBLE ILLEGAL GATHERING. DREDD OUT.

AT THE FLABFIGHT, THINGS ARE NOT GOING WELL FOR OFFALGUT JONSON —
AAAOW!
BITE 'IM, SPHINC! GO FOR THE BONUS!
GO ON, OFFALGUT! DON'T GIVE UP!
NUTS TA THAT! SWALLOW HIM, MCPIE!
SKYLURITY
TAP TAP
WHA—
UMMMF!
KUH? JEEZ!
WHOKK!
KRAK!
NNNGG!
CONTROL—DREDD. WE GOT A FLABFIGHT IN PROGRESS, JUNGBERK FACTORY RUINS. APPROX TWO HUNDRED IN CROWD.
LOOKOUTS ARE DOWN—I'LL NEED ASSIST FOR THE BUST.
BACK UP UNAVAILABLE, DREDD.
WE'LL KEEP YOU INFORMED.
SWELL.

NEXT PROG: **AAAAARGHHH!**

IN AN ABANDONED FACTORY, DREDD HAS DISCOVERED THAT MOST HEINOUS OF CRIMINAL SPORTS – A FLABFIGHT...
ANY NEWS ON THAT BACK-UP, CONTROL? IT'S ABOUT TO GET FATAL.
STILL UNAVAILABLE, DREDD. AS AND WHEN.
2000 AD Credit Card
Script GARTH ENNIS
Art COLIN MACNEIL
Lettering TOM FRAME
CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT – IT'LL BE OVER ANY SECOND.
BACK-UP OR NOT, THE BUST STARTS NOW.
AND IN THE RING, SPHINCTER McPIE GOES FOR THE EAT-'EM-ALIVE BONUS ON OFFALGUT JONSON...
PLEEEEASE-!
CHOMP!
JUDGE DREDD
PART 2
THE FLABFIGHTERS

THERE YOU HAVE IT, FLABFANS! A PERFECT DECAP BY SPHINCTERSPLICE MCPIE, WINNING HIM THE COVETED FIFTY THOUSAND CREDITS PRIZE!
'RAAAAY!
THE MCPIE TEAM WASTE NO TIME RUBBING IT IN WITH THE DECEASED'S MANAGER, DEUCE PACINO —
HOW'D YA LIKE THEM APPLES, PACINO?
GOT ANY OTHER SMALL FRY FOR ME, YA STUPE?
WELL...IF YOU GENTLEMEN WOULD BE INTERESTED IN A BOUT WITH MY NEW FLABFIGHTER.. DOUBLE OR QUITS, OF COURSE...
WHEEL HIM ON, PACINO! I'LL HAVE HIM FOR BREAKFAST!
OKAY, SMITTY! BRING ALAN UP!
YOU GOT IT, BOSS!
LOOKS LIKE DEUCE PACINO'S BEEN TRAINING UP A THOROUGHBRED!
IT IS MY GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE TO YOU, ALL THE WAY FROM SAURON VALLEY IN THE CURSED EARTH...

RRRAAAAAARRRR!
ALAN THE ALLOSAURUS!
AND DON'T YOU SCUZZBALLS GO GIVIN' ME ANY RULES BULL! AIN'T NOWHERE IT SAYS HE'S GOTTA BE HUMAN!
RRRRR?
CRRRUNCH!

UH...BOSS? DON'T YOU NEED THE ELECTRO WHIP? BOSS...?
I GOT A ROGUE DINOSAUR AND MASS PANIC HERE, CONTROL! GET THAT BACK-UP HERE NOW!
WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!
RUN LIKE HELL!
RRRAGHH
HELL, SPHINC— LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! DAMN THING HAS GONE CRAZY!
BOSS!
SPHINCTERSLICE MCPIE'S FIRST INSTINCT IS TO RUN—BUT THIS MONSTER STIRS SOMETHING DEEP INSIDE HIM. IT IS STEALING HIS GLORY—HIS LIMELIGHT—ON THE DAY HE HAS BECOME CHAMP!
THE CHALLENGE HAS BEEN MADE...
AND SPHINCTERSLICE MCPIE IS HONOUR-BOUND TO ACCEPT!
AAARRR!

OUTTA MY WAY, MEATHEAD —!
YOU IN THE RING! FREEZE, FATSO!
RRAARRR!
GRRR!
DROKK! HE'S TOO FAR GONE TO CARE!
THEY WATCH EACH OTHER, EYEING UP THEIR ENEMY'S WEAK SPOTS, CHOOSING THE MOMENT — AND THEN —
RAGGHHH!
YAARGHH!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
BREAK IT UP, MORONS!
HI-EX!

OUTSIDE –
HOLD IT, CREEPS! YOU'RE BUSTED!
AW, NO! THE LAW!
TAKE IT EASY, FELLAS WE GIVE UP...
ROGERS, TAKE YOUR TEAM INSIDE, CHECK WITH DREDD. WE'LL HANDLE THE PRISONERS.
WILCO
DREDD? DREDD, THIS IS ROGERS. YOU IN HERE?
UH-HUH.
GRUD!
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU, DREDD?
DREDD
DON'T ASK.

THE END

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 760
50p
7 DEC 91
Through Her Past Darkly
GOTHIC MIND GAMES WITH ANDERSON

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

PREVIOUSLY IN

ENGRAM

'PSYCHFILE: CHIEF PSI-JUDGE SHENKER RECORDING. SUBJECT: PSI-JUDGE **CASSANDRA ANDERSON.**

'IT BEGAN IN THE **CURSED EARTH.** YOU'LL FIND NO RECORD OF THAT DAY'S ASTONISHING EVENTS IN ANDERSON'S REPORT.

'WE NOW KNOW THAT SHE WAS WITNESS TO A BIZARRE RITUALISTIC CEREMONY, INVOLVING A MYSTERIOUS CHILD...

'IT WAS WHEN SHE RETURNED TO MEGA-CITY THAT THE **TROUBLE** BEGAN.

'ANDERSON BEGAN TO EXPERIENCE VIVID **HALLUCINATIONS.**

'AN INTENSIVE PSI-PROBE FAILED TO LOCATE THE ROOT OF THE TRAUMA—HOWEVER, IT **DID** REVEAL DEEP-SEATED PSYCHOLOGICAL BLOCKS.

'THE PSYCHOSIS **DEEPENED.** INDEED, SHE PUT TWO TUTORS IN **MED-BAY** BEFORE WE WERE ABLE TO SUBDUE HER.

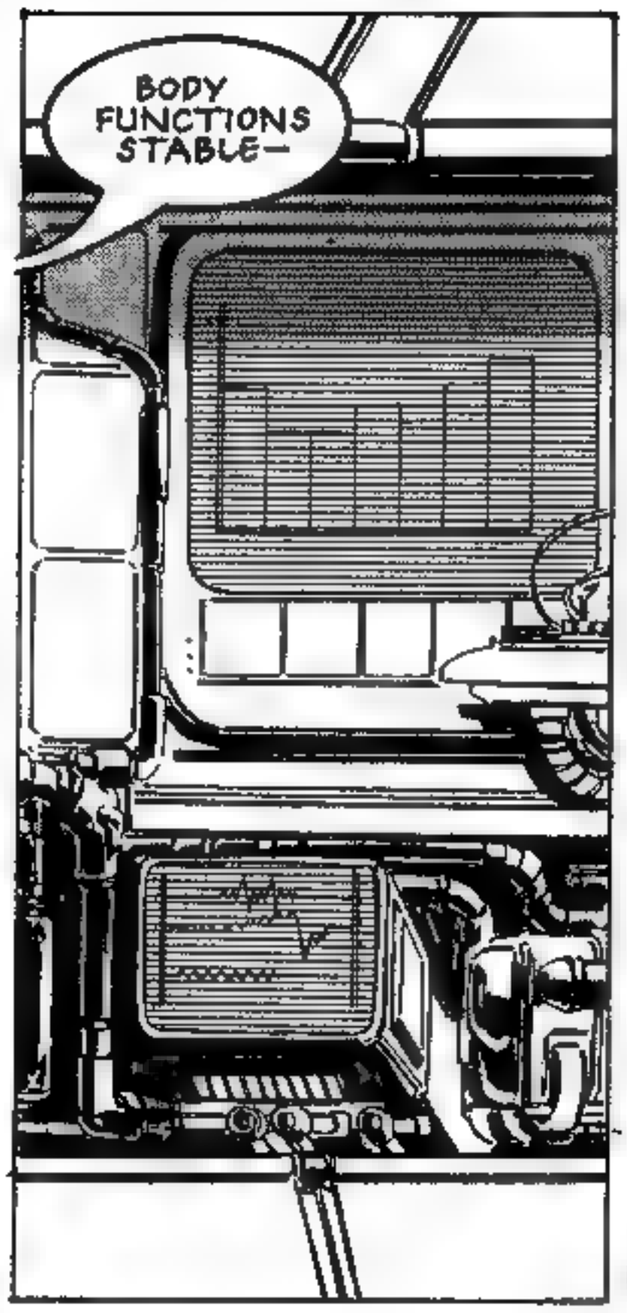
'THE NEXT STEP WAS AS TRAGIC AS IT WAS INEVITABLE...

'...WE **CUBED** HER.'

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

ENGRAM 7

Script: ALAN GRANT
Art: DAVID ROACH
Lettering: STEVE POTTER



DEATH

IT'S ALL OUT OF CONTROL...

EVERYTHING I WAS—EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN THROUGH—ERUPTING IN MY MIND LIKE GENIES OUT A BOTTLE.

IT HURTS. I WANT TO RUN, BUT MY LEGS WON'T MOVE. I TRY TO FIGHT, BUT MY ARMS ARE HELD TIGHT.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT—

AND THAT'S TO GO IN.

MY MIND IS A GRAVEYARD—

A STORE FOR ALL MY DEAD HOPES...

MY DEAD DREAMS...

MY DEAD FRIENDS.

WAS COREY RIGHT? SHOULD WE HAVE REFUSED ALL ALONG TO PERVERT OUR BEAUTIFUL GIFTS?

IS IT BETTER TO DIE THAN TO BETRAY YOURSELF?

EVERYTHING DIES IN THE END. BURIED IN MEMORY, FORGOTTEN TILL IT FADES, LIKE IT NEVER HAD EXISTED—

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. I'M ALIVE!

CRAZY—SEDATED—STRAPPED... BUT ALIVE!

EVEN THE LITTLE THINGS—

MAYBE...

WHAT IN THE NAME OF GRUD..?

NEXT PROG: **PSICHOANALYSIS!**

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

ENGRAM 8

Script: ALAN GRANT
Art: DAVID ROACH
Lettering: STEVE POTTER

JUDGE DEATH..?

AT YOUUR SSERVICCE, MVY DEAR!

OH YEAH? I BELIEVE *THAT* WHEN *HELL* FREEZES OVER, CREEP!

NOW— WHAT THE DROKK ARE *YOU* DOIN' IN *MY* MIND?

ASS YOU SSAY— THISS ISS YOUUR MIND. I AM MERELY A FIGMENT OF YOUUR IMAGGINATIONN!

YOUU ARE IN CHARGGE. YOUU SSSENT FOR ME!

I DID..?

PLEASSE—NO VIOLENCCCE!

ALL RIGHT—LET'S SAY I DID. WHY?

SSOMETHINGS ABOUT A LITTLE GIRLLL, I SSUSSPECT..?

A LITTLE GIRL... ME. CASSANDRA ANDERSON, DIED AGE 3. WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I AM TO TAKE YOUU WHERE YOUU MAYY FIND THE ANSSWERSS YOUU SSEEK.

CASSANDRA ANDERSON DIED AGE 3.

OF COURSSE, YOUU MAYY NOT LIKE WHAT YOU FIND THERE. BUT YOUU DON'T HAVE TO GO. IT ISS YOUR MIND, AFTER ALL!

PERSSONALLY, I'D SSTAY HERE. GRAVEYARDSS ARE SSO... SSSOOTHING!

DEATH

SSTILL—YOUU'RE THE CRAZY ONE. YOUR ORDERSS..?

JUST TAKE ME WHEREVER YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO.

AND SHUT UP!

YOUR EVERY WISSSH ISS MY COMMAND!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

DEATH

IT COULD BE A TRICK—

I HAD DEATH TRAPPED IN MY MIND FOR **MONTHS**. MORE THAN POSSIBLE HE USED THE TIME TO LAY **TRAPS** FOR ME— SOME KIND OF **PSI-BOMB**, MAYBE.

BUT I KNOW IT'S **NOT** HIM. WHATEVER'S DRIVING ME **INSANE** IS BURIED **DEEPER** THAN HE'S EVER BEEN!

LIKE HE SAID—IT'S **MY** MIND. I'M IN CHARGE. ONLY WAY I'LL EVER GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS IS BY GOING ALONG WITH WHAT HAPPENS...

I HOPE!

JOURNEYY'S END, CASSSANDRA—
BEHOLD—THE HALL OF THE JUDGESSS!

WHAT IN THE NAME OF GRUD..?

DON'T ASSK ME. I TOLD YOUU— THISS ISS YOUUR SSHOW!

DEATH

WE GO IN?

YOUU DO. I HAVE PLAYYED MYY PART.

FAREWELL, CASSSANDRA.

SEE YOUU IN HELL, PERHAPSS!

THE SYMBOLISM'S OBVIOUS. HAVING THE **DARK JUDGE** BRING ME REPRESENTS MY **OWN** DEATH—

THESE GIANT STATUES—THE JUDGES OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

WHATEVER'S LURKING IN MY PAST— WHATEVER'S DOING **THIS** TO ME NOW— THIS IS WHERE WE **MEET!**

NEXT PROG: **THE BRIDGE OF PSIS**

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

ENGRAM 9

2000 AD Credit Card

Script ALAN GRANT

Art DAVID ROACH

Lettering STEVE POTTER

SO WHO DID? THE JUDGES?
AND WHY?
YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW THAT, ANDERSON.
NO. I'VE COME TOO FAR.
YOU WERE A GOOD JUDGE. GO BACK!
THAT WAS AN ORDER, ANDERSON! GO BACK, DAMN YOU! NOW!
CASS... YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE. YOU'LL BE HURT. PLEASE GO BACK... FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
AND DAMN YOU, JOE DREDD! THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'RE HIDING — SOMETHING JUSTICE DEPT DON'T WANT ME TO KNOW —
EMPATH COREY. MY FRIEND. IRONIC, THAT JUSTICE DEPT'S LAST LINE OF DEFENCE SHOULD BE LOVE.

SO WHAT NOW, CASS?
SORRY, COREY. BUT I HAVE TO DECIDE FOR MYSELF WHAT'S FOR MY OWN GOOD.
WHATEVER'S OVER THERE, THEY'VE TAKEN A LOT OF TROUBLE TO HIDE IT FROM ME. THEY DIDN'T DO THAT WITHOUT GOOD REASON.
MAYBE I SHOULD GO BACK...

BUT TO WHAT? INSANITY? THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH MY ARMS STRAPPED ROUND MY BODY— SPOON FED—
TILL THE CITY'S TOP TELEPATH DECAYS INTO A DROOLING, BABBLING CRONE?
NO! NOT CASS ANDERSON!
UH-OH. LOOKS LIKE I MISJUDGED THEM. LOVE WAS ONLY THE SECOND-LAST RESORT!

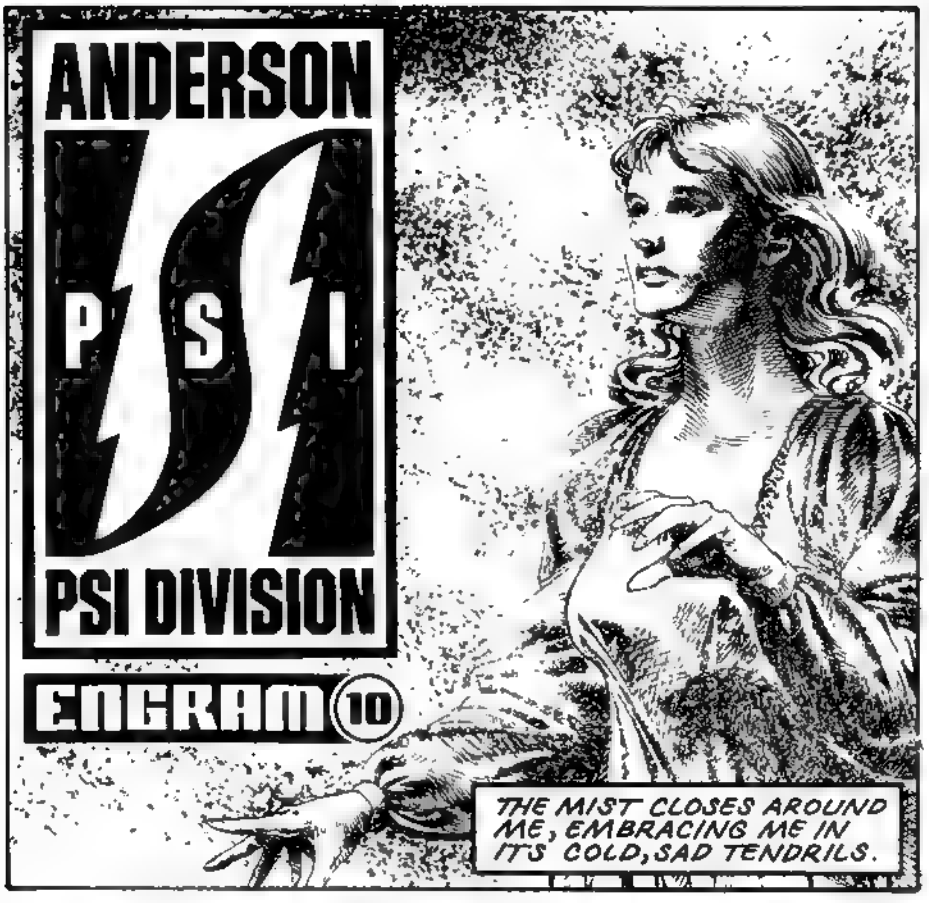
NO MORE WARNINGS! YOU GO NO FURTHER!
I AM THE GUARDIAN OF WHAT IS FORBIDDEN! THE KEEPER OF SECRETS! THE KEY TO THE MYSTERIES!
NONE MAY PASS ME BY!
JUDGE HINE! STRESS HORMONE LEVELS UP 200%—AND RISING!
SWEET GRUD!
NONE!

SHE'S IN TROUBLE!
YOU CANNOT HURT ME I CANNOT BE DESTROYED!
TOO STRONG FOR ME—
TOO FAST FOR ME—
ONE LAST CHANCE! GO BACK—OR DIE!
THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! NOTHING CAN BE SO IMPORTANT IT'S WORTH JUSTICE DEPT KILLING ME!
THIS THING HAS TO BE BLUFFING!

NEXT PROG: PSILENT SUFFERING

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

ENGRAM 10

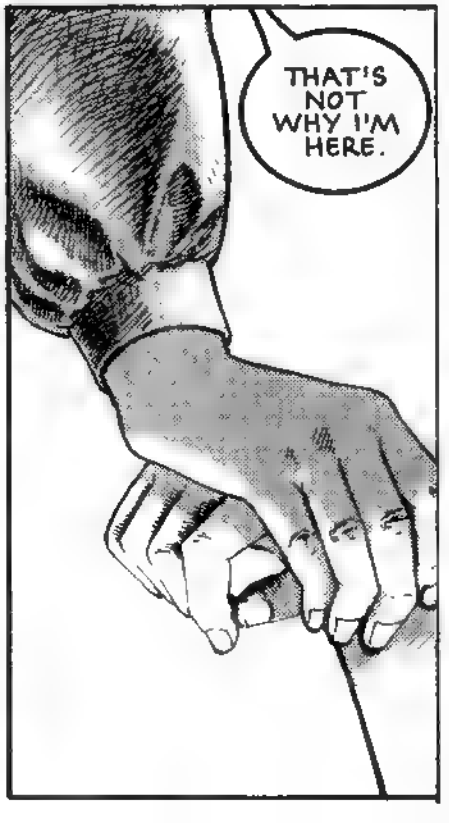


2000 AD Credit Card

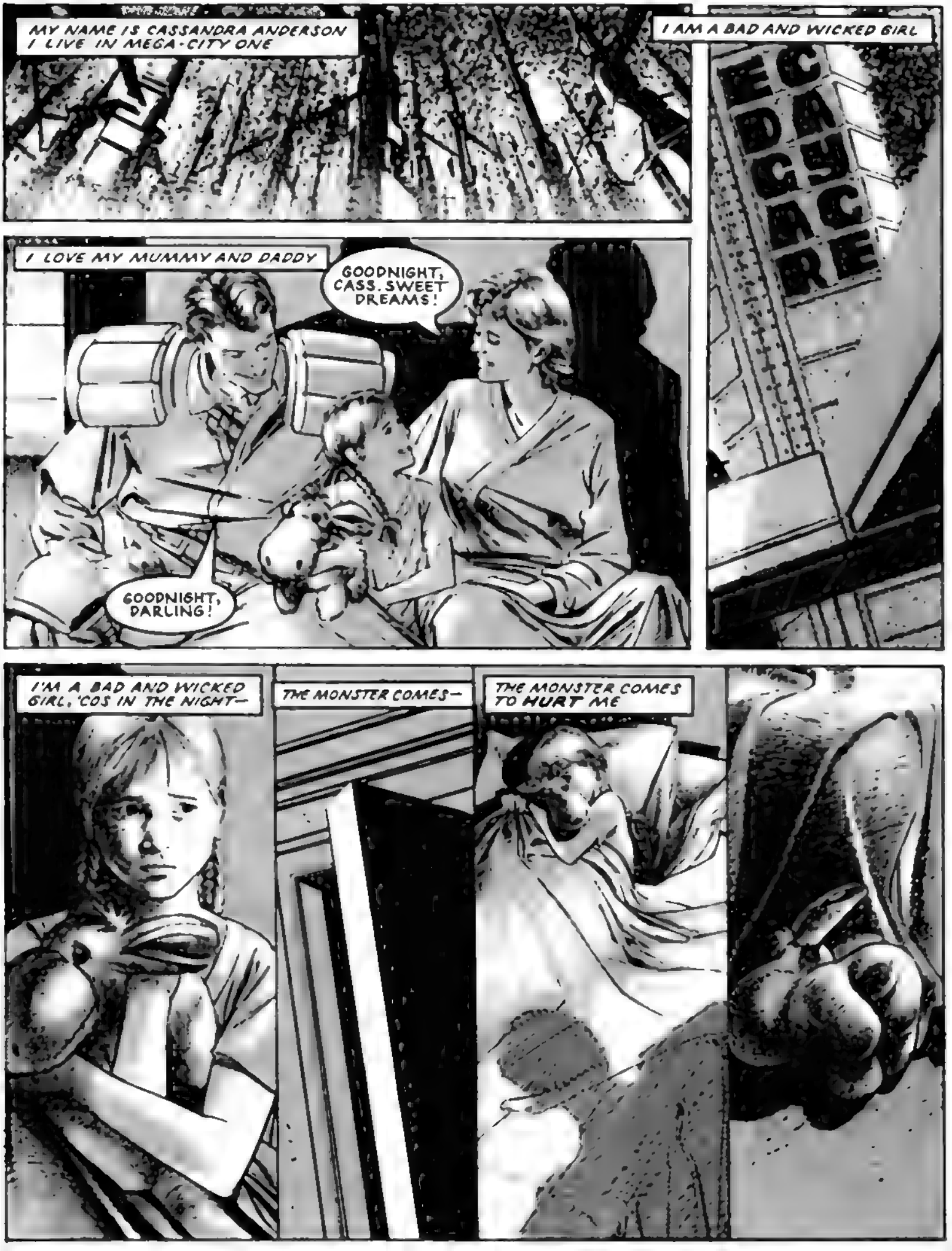
Script ALAN GRANT

Art DAVID ROACH

Lettering STEVE POTTER



MY FEET ARE LIKE LEAD.
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE MY LAST HEARTBEAT, I WONDER NUMBLY IF IT'S STOPPED.
I KNOW I'M GOING TO HELL.
JUDGE HINE—!
GRUD! WHAT NOW, MAN?
ALL PHYSICAL FUNCTIONS ARE SLOWING, SIR.
MENTAL OUTPUT, TOO. IT'S ALL FLATTENING OUT!
SIR... DO YOU THINK SHE'S ...DYING?


MY NAME IS CASSANDRA ANDERSON
I LIVE IN MEGA-CITY ONE
I AM A BAD AND WICKED GIRL
I LOVE MY MUMMY AND DADDY
GOODNIGHT, CASS. SWEET DREAMS!
GOODNIGHT, DARLING!
I'M A BAD AND WICKED GIRL, 'COS IN THE NIGHT—
THE MONSTER COMES—
THE MONSTER COMES TO HURT ME

I SAID I'D TELL MY MUMMY—
AND THE MONSTER'S SCRATCHY VOICE WHISPERED THAT HE'D KILL ME.
I SAID I'D TELL MY DADDY—
BUT THE MONSTER HISSED MY DADDY KNEW AND SAID IT WAS ALL RIGHT.
I'M A BAD AND WICKED GIRL.
I MADE A DOLL.
THEN I HURT THE DOLL AND THOUGHT AND THOUGHT TILL MY HEAD WENT RED.
I HURT THE DOLL TO HURT THE MONSTER.
BUT IT WAS MY DADDY WHO DIED.

NEXT PROG: THE DARK PSIDE!

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

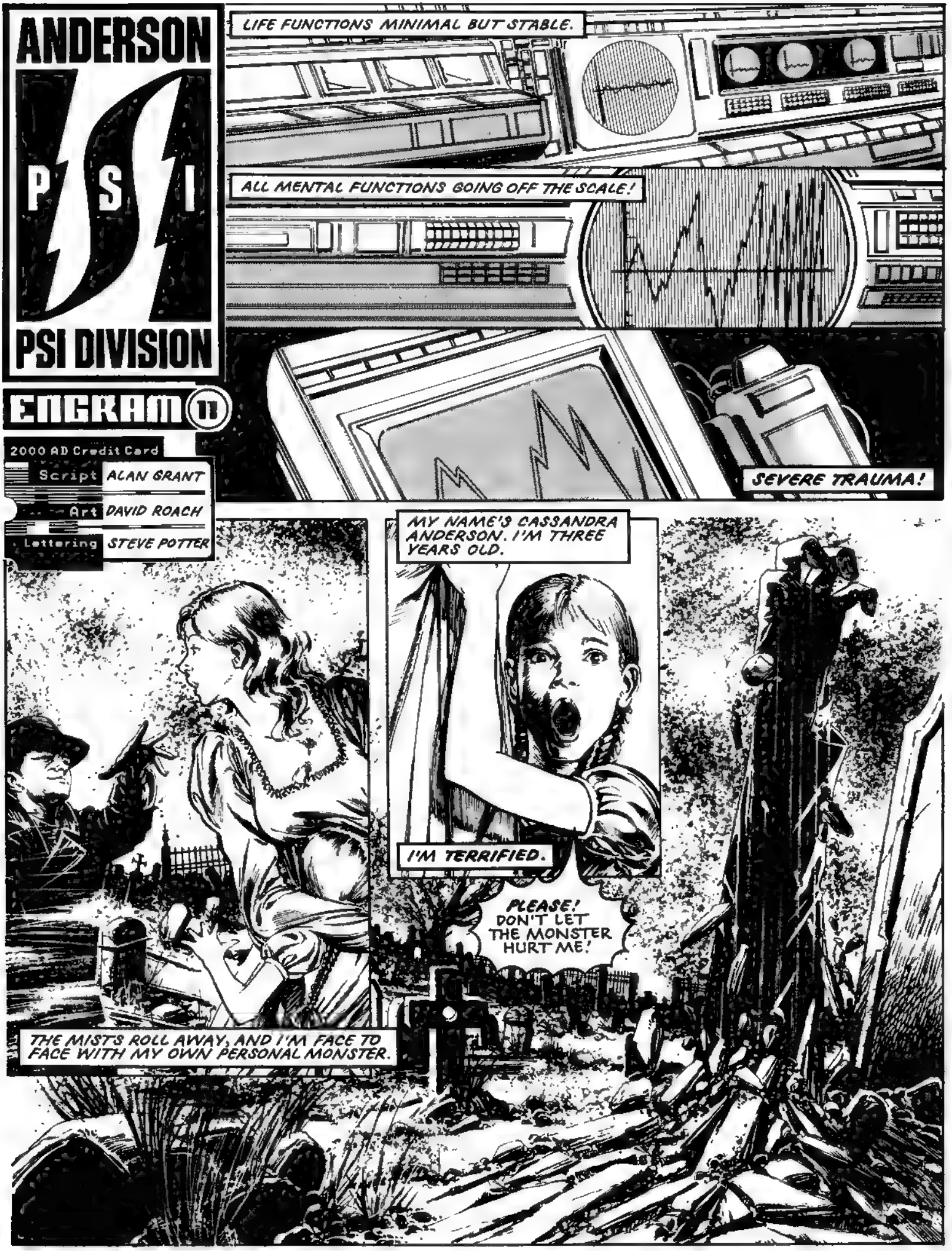
ENGRAM 11

2000 AD Credit Card

Script: ALAN GRANT

Art: DAVID ROACH

Lettering: STEVE POTTER



I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU!
I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU TELL!
HAHA HAHAHAHA HAHA!
MY NAME'S CASSANDRA ANDERSON. I'M ALMOST THIRTY YEARS OLD.
I'M TERRIFIED.
AND THEN THE TRUTH HITS ME IN THE GUT LIKE A STEEL BOOT—
I'M A BAD AND WICKED GIRL. PLEASE DON'T LET THE MONSTER HURT ME!
CASSANDRA—YOU'RE NOT A BAD GIRL! IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT!
THE MONSTER'S DEAD! YOU KILLED IT!
IT'S ONLY YOUR FEAR THAT'S KEEPING IT ALIVE NOW! THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, CASSANDRA—
DON'T BE AFRAID!

I... I AM AFRAID! IT SCARES ME..!
PLEASE, CASS. TRY. FOR ME. FOR YOURSELF.
PLEASE TRY.
ALL-ALL RIGHT.
I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU ANY MORE! I'M NOT!
NOW GO AWAY! GO AWAY!
I SAID GO AWAAAAY!

I KILLED THE MONSTERS! I'M NOT A BAD GIRL!
AND I'M NOT AFRAID!
NO, CASS—
YOU'RE NOT AFRAID—
AND NEITHER AM I. NOT ANY MORE.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THE READ-OUTS—EVERYTHING—ARE BACK TO NORMAL!
SAME WITH BODY FUNCTIONS, SIR!
SHE'S COMING OUT OF IT!
ALERT SECURITY! SHE MIGHT TURN VIOLENT AGAIN—
DON'T WORRY.
I'VE BEEN AWAY, BUT I'M BACK NOW.
SO... IF ONE OF YOU WOULD LIKE TO GIVE A LADY A HAND WITH HER STRAPS..?

'YOU KNOW, THEN?'

'YES. I KNOW.'

I KNOW I USED MY PSI-POWER TO *KILL* MY OWN *FATHER*. I KNOW *WHY*.

I KNOW PSI DIV TOOK ME INTO CUSTODY, DID THEIR BEST TO *BURY* THOSE MEMORIES WHERE I'D *NEVER* FIND THEM.

IT WAS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. THE KNOWLEDGE WAS THREATENING TO *DESTROY* YOU.

YEAH. AND *THEN* WHAT USE WOULD I HAVE BEEN TO JUSTICE DEPT, EH?

DON'T BE BITTER. YOU *HAVE* FOUND OUT— AND YOU'VE DEALT WITH IT FAR BETTER THAN WE EXPECTED.

TAKEN A LONG TIME, THAT'S ALL.

WELL NEVER MIND. IT'S *OVER* NOW.

'NO, SIR. NOT QUITE OVER. BUT WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, I'LL FINISH IT MYSELF!'

NEXT PROG: HAIL THE MEPSIAH?

ANDERSON
PSI
PSI DIVISION
ENGRAM 12
FIFTY MILES OUTSIDE THE CITY, AND I CAN FEEL THAT BABY'S POWER LIKE A BEACON.
THEN IT SHUTS OUT. THEY KNOW I'M COMING.
YOU MUTANTS! I KNOW YOU'RE HERE SOMEWHERE.
I MEAN YOU NO HARM!
BELIEVE ME NOW?
SHY, HUH?
I WANT TO SEE THE CHILD.
2000 AD Credit Card
Script ALAN GRANT
Art DAVID ROACH
Lettering STEVE POTTER

'COURSE, I COULD HAVE HOMED IN ON THEM MYSELF. BUT THEY'D HAVE MET ME WITH GUNS —
AND THERE'S BEEN MORE THAN ENOUGH HURT ALREADY.
THE SHE-JUDGE!
YOU REMEMBERED?
BUT HOW?
YOU MEAN — HOW'D I CRACK THE MEMORY BLOCK YOU HAD THE KID PUT ON ME? WHEN YOU'RE TRYIN' TO HIDE SOMETHING, YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T LET SOMETHING WORSE OUT OF THE BOX!
CAN I SEE HER?
FOR A MOMENT I FEEL SUDDENLY STUPID. I'M A GROWN WOMAN — SHE'S A WEEK-OLD KID...

YET I'M AN INSECT IN HER PRESENCE.
TOUCH HER.
MY HAND HOVERS, UNSURE. WHAT IF IT'S ANOTHER TRICK? WHAT IF THIS TIME SHE DESTROYS MY MIND?
NO. SHE PROMISES.
CLEAR SKIES. FRESH AIR.
CRYSTAL WATER. GREEN LIFE.
LOVE. RESPECT. A LITTLE DIGNITY.

MAYBE THE WORLD NEVER WAS THAT WAY.
BUT THE KID SAYS — MAYBE IT COULD BE.
MAYBE.
SHE IS THE PURE CHILD, BORN TO THE UNCLEAN.
SHE SHOWS US WHAT MIGHT BE.
WE CALL HER HOPE.
IF YOU STAY HERE, THEY'LL FIND YOU. HER POWER'S JUST TOO STRONG.
ONE DAY THEY'LL COME AND TAKE HER ... OR KILL HER.
YOU ARE A JUDGE, OF THE CITY. YOU ARE ONE OF THEM! WHY WOULD YOU CARE?
I'M A JUDGE, YEAH. BUT LATELY I'VE REALISED— THAT'S NOT ENOUGH. I'M A HUMAN BEING FIRST.
LET'S JUST SAY I LIKE KIDS.
"GO DEEPER INTO THE CURSED EARTH.

"CARE FOR HER. BRING HER UP RIGHT. TEACH HER HOW TO CONTROL HER POWER.
"ABOVE ALL, NEVER LET HER FORGET HOW IMPORTANT HER GIFT IS. AN' LIKE A FRIEND OF MINE ONCE SAID—
"PEOPLE WITH BEAUTIFUL GIFTS SHOULD NEVER DO UGLY THINGS."
THE WORLD'S A CESSPIT. I DUNNO WHAT ONE KID CAN DO TO CLEAN IT UP.. EVEN ONE WITH POWER LIKE THAT.
BUT MAYBE—JUST MAYBE—
A LITTLE HOPE IS ALL WE NEED.
The End

FOR THE PAST MONTH, YOUNG WINNIE FLAPWAPPER HAS BEEN HEARING WEIRD SOUNDS FROM THE BASEMENT OF THE RUINED BLOCK NEAR HER HOME. THERE'S SOMETHING ALIVE IN THERE. SHE'S SURE OF IT -- SOMETHING THAT MOANS AND WEEPS... AND BUZZES.
TODAY, WINNIE'S FINALLY PLUCKED UP THE COURAGE TO CHECK IT OUT
ER.. HELLO?
SHE MUST BE CRAZY. COMING DOWN HERE. WHAT IF IT'S A TROGGIE UP FROM THE UNDERCITY?
OR WORSE?
HOLY GRUD.
JUDGE DREDD
TEDDY CHOPPERMITT
~ a love story ~
PLEASE... WHOEVER YOU ARE...
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME.
GARTH ENNIS
TOM FRAME

I...I WON'T HURT YOU
WHO ARE YOU?
MY NAME'S TEDDY CHOPPERMITZ.
USED TO BE PLAIN OLD TEDDY KRUNK -- THEN LAST YEAR I WAS WALKING HOME AND THESE UNEMPLOYED SURGEONS JUMPED ME THEY WERE DRUNK, YOU SEE.
I THINK IT WAS ALL MEANT TO BE A JOKE...
THEY SORT OF, UM, CUT MY FINGERS OFF
AND REPLACED THEM
THEY'RE SO SHARP...DO THEY WORK?
YEAH. AIN'T MUCH FUN TRYIN' TO SCRATCH MY BACK, THOUGH AN' GOING TO THE TOILET IS HELL.
MY MUM THREW ME OUT. HAD TO LIVE DOWN HERE, SCAVENGE FOR RATS AN' STUFF
WINNIE'S KIND YOUNG HEART GOES OUT TO TEDDY CHOPPERMITZ. HIS HANDS SO CRUELLY MUTILATED, A HUMAN TRAVESTY.
NOBODY SHOULD HAVE TO SUFFER THAT.
WE CAN'T HAVE YOU LIVING LIKE THIS, TEDDY.
I'M WINNIE
YOU COME ON HOME WITH ME.

WINNIE'S PARENTS, HOWEVER, ARE MADE OF STERNER STUFF --
GET THAT DROKKIN' FREAK OUTTA HERE, DAMMIT!
HE'S NOT A FREAK, DAD! HE'S A HUMAN BEING!
YEAH? LET'S SEE HIM SNAP HIS FINGERS, THEN! HE AIN'T STAYING HERE!
DAMN RIGHT!
IT-- IT'S OKAY, WINNIE I'LL GO
NO, TEDDY! THERE'S NEVER ANY K NDNESS IN THIS ROTTEN CITY -- NOBODY EVER HELPS ANYONE!
WELL, I'M NOT GONNA BE LIKE THAT! YOU CAN STAY!
OVER MY DEAD BODY--!
AAAOW!
NO! WATCH OUT FOR--
EEEAAAGHH!
--MY HANDS!

CONTROL TO DREDD --
ONE SECOND, CONTROL.
GO AHEAD
GO TO APT 629, TIM BURTON BLOCK NEIGHBOURS REPORT SCREAMING AND SOUNDS OF A POWER TOOL.
WILCO
MEANTIME, YOU GOT A STIFF ON CONEY MEZZANINE. SPONSORED SNIPER. DREDD OUT
I DIDN'T MEAN TO -- THEY'RE TOO HARD TO CONTROL!
MY GRUD! HOWIE!
YOU DIRTY MURDERING PIG!
I'LL RIP YOUR DROKKIN' FACE OFF!
NO!
RRRNNNN!
NOT AGAIN!

I'M A KILLER! DAMN THESE HANDS -- I'D BE BETTER OFF DEAD!
NO, TEDDY!
IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT! YOU'RE INNOCENT!
OH, TEDDY! IT'LL BE ALRIGHT -- THEY WERE JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, CRUEL AND HEARTLESS STAY WITH ME AND I'LL LOOK AFTER YOU!
OH, WINNIE!
NO! WAIT!
RRRNNNNNN!
AAAAIIIIEEEEE!
WINNIE!
LET'S COOL IT DOWN, CITIZENS -- DROKK!

DUNNO WHERE I'M GONNA PUT THE CUFFS, PUNK--BUT YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME
Y-YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER CARED FOR ME! I LOVED HER--AND SHE'S GONE! MY WHOLE ROTTEN LIFE'S GONE STRAIGHT TO HELL!
STRAIGHT TO HELL!
RRRNNNNNN!
CAN'T SAY FOR SURE ABOUT HELL, CREEP--
KRRRUNCH!
NNNNNG-!
BUT I CAN TAKE YOU AS FAR AS RESYK!

DOH! DE BLADETH!
SPRANG
KRASH!
WHEEEEEE!
CLOSE SHAVE.
AND, ONCE THE MEAT WAGON ARRIVES —
SO THIS BOZO SAID HE LOVED HER?
UH-HUH
PROBABLY BEST IT ENDED HERE, KOMINSKI. .
RESYK
I WOULDN'T WANT TO CLEAR UP THE MESS ON THE HONEYMOON.

THE END

FIREPOWER OR THRILL-POWER - 2000AD DELIVERS!

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

PROG 761

50p

14 DEC 91

NEW BIX

NEW TRASH

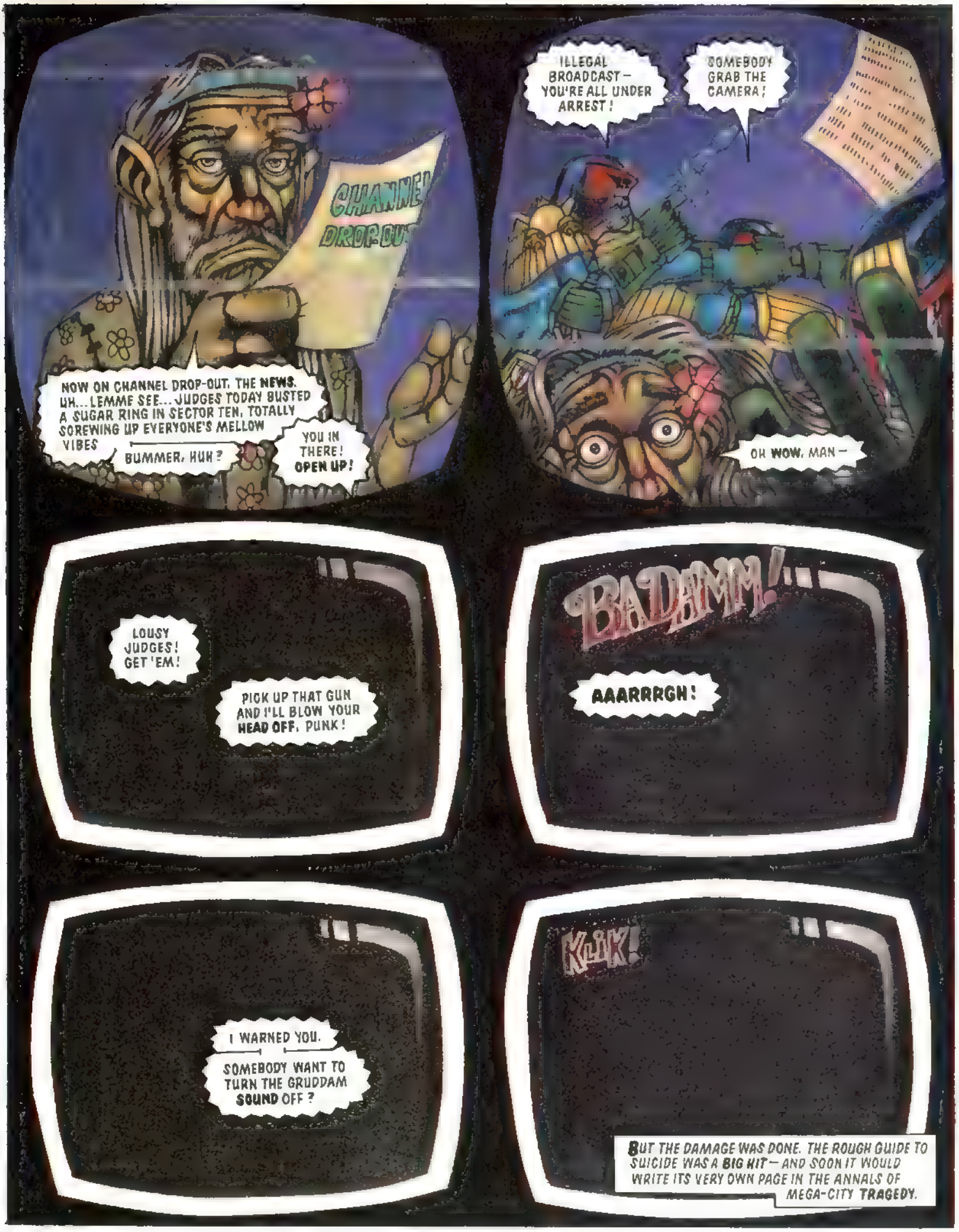
DREDD

STRONTS

ANDERSON

9 770262 284036 50

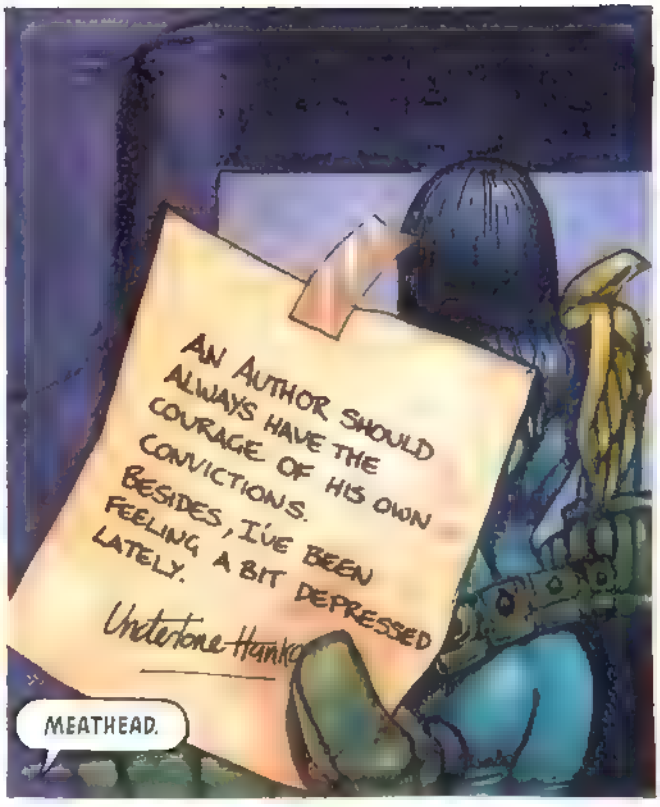
A NEW ILLEGAL VID-SLUG WAS BEING ADVERTISED ON THE CITY'S PIRATE CHANNELS —
JUDGE DREDD
ROUGH GUIDE TO SUICIDE
UNDERTONE PUBLISHING
HEY, VIDDERS! EVER WANTED TO END THE MISERY OF YOUR BIG-MEG LIVES? THE DRUDGERY, THE OPPRESSION, THE BOREDOM?
Script
Art
Lettering
I'M TALKING SUICIDE, KIDS! AND THIS HOT LITTLE VID-SLUG CAN TELL YOU HOW!
THE ROUGH GUIDE TO SUICIDE TELLS YOU ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT POPPING YOUR OWN RIVETS! USEFUL HINTS ON EFFECTIVENESS, PRIVACY, GOOD TASTE — AND SAFETY!
GOING SKYDIVING WITHOUT A JET-CHUTE? THE GUIDE WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO AIM — SO NOBODY ELSE GETS HURT WHEN YOU GO SPLAT!
OR, IF YOU'RE THE VINDICTIVE TYPE, THERE'S A WHOLE SUB-SECTION ON 'TAKING THE SPUGGERS WITH YOU'!
GET YOUR COPY NOW! THE ROUGH GUIDE TO SUICIDE — YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO DIE WITHOUT IT!
BE SEEIN' YOU — SOON!

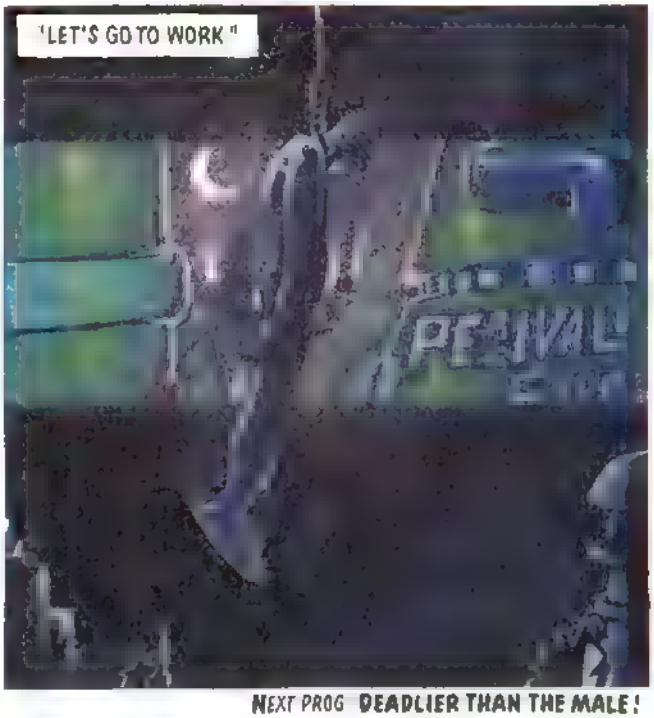

NOW ON CHANNEL DROP-OUT, THE NEWS. UH... LEMME SEE... JUDGES TODAY BUSTED A SUGAR RING IN SECTOR TEN, TOTALLY SCREWING UP EVERYONE'S MELLOW VIBES
BUMMER, HUH?
YOU IN THERE! OPEN UP!
ILLEGAL BROADCAST — YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
SOMEBODY GRAB THE CAMERA!
OH WOW, MAN —
LOUSY JUDGES! GET 'EM!
PICK UP THAT GUN AND I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF, PUNK!
BA-DAMM!...
AAARRRGH!
I WARNED YOU.
SOMEBODY WANT TO TURN THE GRUDDAM SOUND OFF?
KLIK!
BUT THE DAMAGE WAS DONE. THE ROUGH GUIDE TO SUICIDE WAS A BIG HIT — AND SOON IT WOULD WRITE ITS VERY OWN PAGE IN THE ANNALS OF MEGA-CITY TRAGEDY.

THE HORROR BEGAN THE NEXT DAY —
250 MPH MIN.
LET'S DO IT, MAN!
HOLY DRONK!
CRUNCH!!
HE JUST JUMPED OUT, JUDGE DREDD! I COULDN'T STOP!
CALM DOWN, CITIZEN. WE'VE BEEN GETTING THIS ALL MORNING
LOOKS LIKE SUICIDE IS THE LATEST CRAZE
GOT ANOTHER ONE ON THE SKED, CONTROL — JUST SHORT OF THE MORWOOD EXIT MEAT WAGON REQUIRED.
MEAT WAGONS ARE ALL BUSY — FIGURES.
IT'S TOTAL SLAUGHTER, DREDD! LEAPINGS, ELECTROCUTIONS, POISONINGS — DEKKER FOUND SOME JERK WHO'D STUCK HIS HEAD IN A REACTOR!
DEATH TOLL'S JUST REACHED SEVEN THOUSAND AND FOUR, ALL RELATED TO THAT LOUSY VID-SLUG!
20
SEVEN THOUSAND AND FIVE.
SPLAT!

CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER HURRIEDLY CALLS A CONFAB OF HER MOST TRUSTED SENIOR JUDGES —
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT US A CRISIS!
WE'VE SEEN SOME GARBOLA IN OUR TIME — WALLY SQUAD EXPENSES CLAIMS FOR ONE — BUT THIS TOPS THE LOT.
WHAT'S THE LATEST, HERSHEY?
JUST SHORT OF SIXTEEN THOUSAND TEKS PROJECT TRIPLE THAT BY MORNING, THEN THEY SHOULD START DECREASING AS PEOPLE LOSE INTEREST.
TRIPLE —? THAT'S DAMN NEAR FIFTY THOUSAND STIFFS!
DON'T SEEM TO US THERE'S A WHOLE LOT WE CAN DO ABOUT IT, NEITHER...
NOT MUCH.
WE DON'T KNOW WHO'LL JUMP, OR WHEN ALL WE CAN DO IS HAVE THE MEAT WAGONS READY 'TIL THE CITIZENS FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO DO.
THAT VID-SLUG'S TELLING THEM DEATH IS A GOOD IDEA, AND EXACTLY HOW TO DO IT — AND THERE'S A LOT OF BOZOS OUT THERE JUST DUMB ENOUGH TO SWALLOW IT.
MAYBE THAT'S THE ANSWER.
THEY CONSIDER THIS THING AS BIBLE. IF WE COULD PULL IN THE WRITER — UNDERTONE HANKOK — AND GET HIM TO GO ON VID, PUBLICLY DENOUNCE THE ROUGH GUIDE. .
ROUGH GUIDE
WOULDN'T STOP 'EM ALL, BUT A LOT WOULD THINK TWICE
DO IT
YOU SURE THIS HANKOK CREEP'S GONNA PLAY BALL?
DON'T WORRY, CHIEF JUDGE —
I'LL MAKE IT NICE AND CLEAR FOR HIM.

UNDERTONE HANKOK, OF COURSE, HAS GONE UNDERGROUND — BUT JUDGE DREDD IS NOT A MAN TO BE STOPPED BY TRIFLES...
YOU'RE HIS BROTHER, DOUGHBALL — HE MUST'VE TOLD YOU WHERE HE'S HIDING! LET'S HEAR IT!
I-I DON'T KNOW! YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME —!
IT BECOMES A RACE AGAINST TIME. EVERY SECOND THAT PASSES, ANOTHER CITIZEN DIES —
YOU MUST'VE GOT THAT CASE OF VID-SLUGS FROM SOMEWHERE, SCUMBAGS! WHERE'S UNDERTONE HANKOK?
PSI-DIVISION ARE CALLED IN —
YOU... YOU WANT ME TO RUN A SCAN ON HANKOK'S DOG?
YOU GOT IT.
THE BREAKTHROUGH COMES AT MIDNIGHT ON THE DOT
NO! NOT NEEDLES! I HATE NEEDLES!
HE'S IN ERNIE HEMINGWAY BLOCK, APT 602! NOT THE NEEDLE, PLEASE!
AND —
UNDERTONE HANKOK! I WANT YOU!





NEXT PROG DEADLIER THAN THE MALE !

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 763
50p
28 DEC 91
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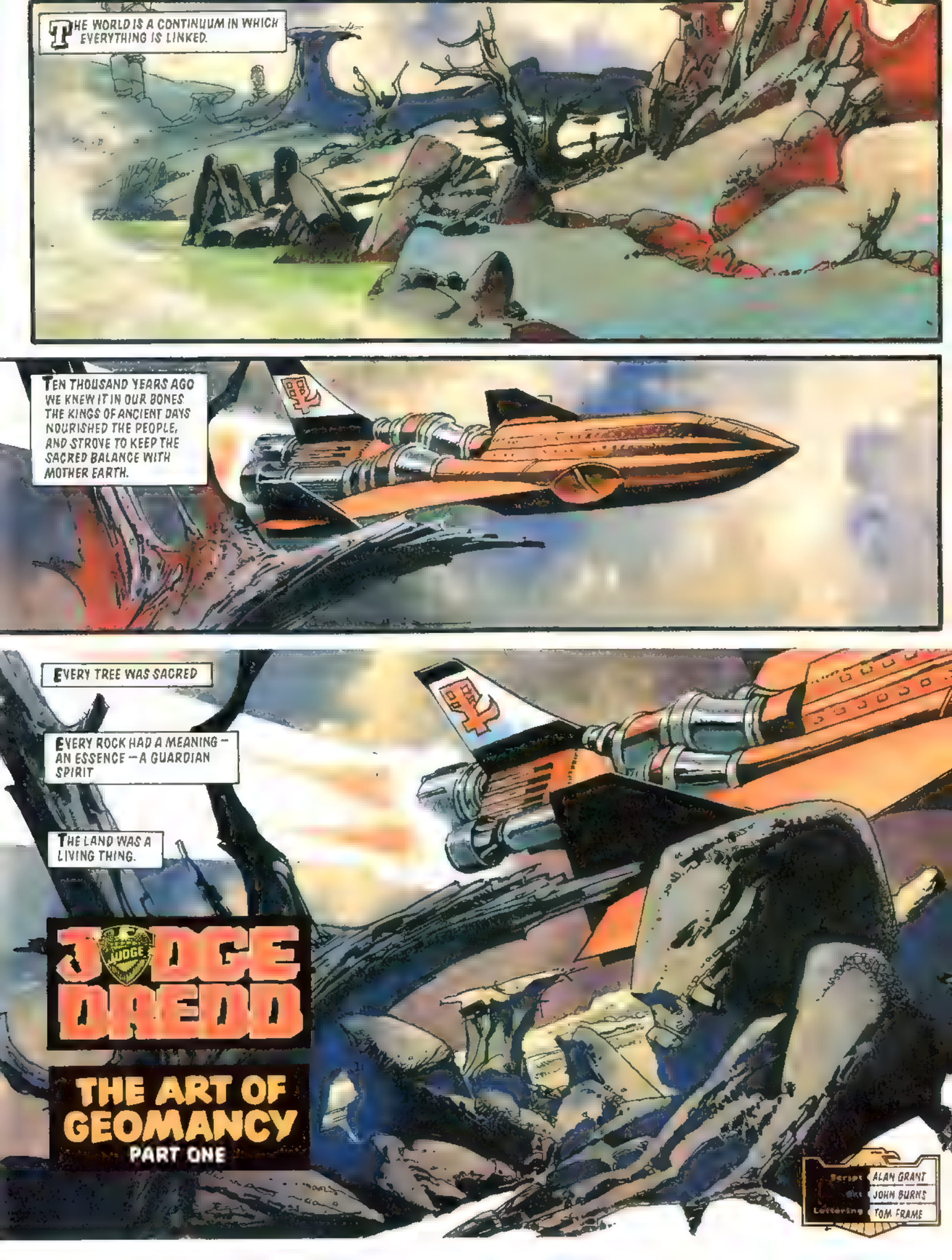

THE WORLD IS A CONTINUUM IN WHICH EVERYTHING IS LINKED.
TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO WE KNEW IT IN OUR BONES. THE KINGS OF ANCIENT DAYS NOURISHED THE PEOPLE, AND STROVE TO KEEP THE SACRED BALANCE WITH MOTHER EARTH.
EVERY TREE WAS SACRED
EVERY ROCK HAD A MEANING – AN ESSENCE – A GUARDIAN SPIRIT
THE LAND WAS A LIVING THING.
JUDGE DREDD
THE ART OF GEOMANCY
PART ONE
Script ALAN GRANT
Art JOHN BURNS
Lettering TOM FRAME

THEN MEN FORGOT WHO THEY WERE. THE KINGS FORGOT HOW TO SERVE, AND LEARNED HOW TO RULE. THE PEOPLE TURNED THEIR BACKS ON THEIR MOTHER, AND GREED BECAME GOD
THEY RAPED THE EARTH, AND TROD HER DOWN, AND KILLED HER CREATURES
BUT THE OLD WAYS DIDN'T DIE. HERE AND THERE A FEW REMEMBERED, AND REGRETTED, AND PASSED THEIR WISDOM ON
I TH NK OF THESE THINGS AS I GO TO MEET MY ENEMY

THE CITIES OF THE WORLD ARE THE LAST REFUGES OF A CRAZED CIVILISATION
THEY FLY IN THE FACE OF LOGIC. THEIR TEEMING BILLIONS ALWAYS ON THE MOVE, FRANTICALLY GOING NOWHERE, TRYING DESPERATELY TO REMEMBER WHAT IT IS THEY FORGOT
THEY ARE OUT OF HARMONY THEY'LL ALL DIE, AND THEY'LL **NEVER** KNOW WHAT THEY NEVER KNEW.
BUT ONE MAN WILL JUDGE DREDD **WILL** REMEMBER
SHORTLY BEFORE HE DIES.

THEY WAIT LIKE VULTURES, COLD EYES HOODED --
NOTHING TO DECLARE ? OKAY, CHARLIE CHAN - STRIP OFF AN' WE'LL SEE !
YOU - OPEN THE CASE !
CHECK
PURPOSE OF VISIT ?
SEE BROTHER. LIVE AT BILLY REICH CITY-BLOCK. YOU CHECK.
WE WILL LENGTH OF STAY ?
TWO WEEK ONLY HOLIDAY FOR ME AND BABY
BODY-SCANNER SHOWS YOU'RE CLEAN
OKAY, YOU GOT YOUR TWO WEEKS BE OUT BEFORE THEY'RE UP, OR YOU'LL REGRET IT.
LOOK OUT--!
AAAH !
DROKK !

YOU .YOU SAVE BABY! OH, THANK YOU!
THANK YOU, GREAT JUDGE! FROM BOTTOM OF HEART--
SAVE IT!
JUST TAKE THE KID AN' SCRAM — AN' BE GLAD YOU'RE NOT DOIN' TIME FOR CARELESSNESS
HE COULD BE DEAD NOW. ANY ONE OF 17 PRESSURE POINTS, AND MY TASK WOULD BE DONE. BUT FOR THIS ONE, DEATH IS NOT ENOUGH
THIS ONE MUST SUFFER.
EXIT
GETTIN' GREEDY IN YOUR OLD AGE, DREDD?
WHAT YOU UP TO — RENTIN' YOURSELF OUT FOR AD SPACE?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, MEHER?
THE FLY-SHEET IS WHAT?
HELL!
WHAT'S WRONG? NOT YOUR BRAND OF RICE?
RICE MY BUTT!
THAT'S THE SYMBOL FOR DEATHFIST — THE ASSASSIN, STAN LEE!

SECURITY! I WANT A PRIORITY ALERT ON EVERY PERSON LEAVING THE SPACEPORT! YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A CHINESE GIRL, ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE, SLIM BUILD
SHE'S CARRYING A BABY, ABOUT A YEAR --
SPACEPORT
WAAAAH!
TRASH
WAAAAH!
SECURITY? SCRUB THE BABY -- SHE'S GONE SOLO!
I SLIP THROUGH THEIR FINGERS LIKE SMOKE --
NOT ABOARD HERE! ON YOUR WAY!
THE WORLD IS A CONTINUUM IN WHICH EVERYTHING IS LINKED. A BABY WILL LIVE
AN OLD MAN WILL DIE
NEXT PROG: DEVIATION FROM NORMAL!

JUDGE DREDD

THE ART OF GEOMANCY

PART TWO

SUPRISE – THE UNEXPECTED – TELLS ME NOTHIN' I DON'T ALREADY KNOW. STAN LEE'S KWOON'S LOOKIN' TO MAKE UP LOST FACE –
ONLY THIS TIME, I GOT A FEMALE ON MY CASE!
DREDD? CONTROL GOT A CITIZEN ON LINE, INSISTS ON SPEAKING DIRECT TO YOU.
PATCH HIM THROUGH
HEY, J.D.! HEY, BABY!
MAX? MAX NORMAL?
HAVEN'T HEARD FROM YOU IN YEARS!
♪SO – DIDJA MISS ME, MAN, WHILE I WAS AWAY? DIDJA HANG A MY PICTURE ON YOUR WALL? ♪ DIDJA MISS ME, MAN, EVERY SINGLE DAY? ♫
NO. I DIDN'T MISS YOU AT ALL
NOW GET TO THE POINT WHAT DO YOU WANT?
JUST THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, BABY – I'M LEAN AN' I'M MEAN AN' I'M BACK ON THE SCENE. NOTHING ABNORMAL ABOUT MAX NO MORE, Y'DIG? LIKE – NO SURPRISES!
WHEN CAN WE MEET?

CONTROL? I'M MEETING INFORMANT MAX NORMAL AT THE MONTALBAN RECLAMATION SITE. COULD BE HE KNOWS SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS WU WANG.
IT COULD ALSO BE A TRAP. I'LL GO IN ALONE. BUT HAVE BACK-UP STANDING READY. GIVE ME A TWO-MINUTE CHECK, JUST IN CASE
WILCO, DREDD
J D ! I TELL YOU NO LIES — YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! FIVE YEARS ON AN' STILL THE GRIMMEST MAN IN TOWN!
THANKS TELL ME, MAX--
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SURPRISES?
I-I'M SORRY, J D ! I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD IT THIS WAY FOR ALL THE JEWELS IN ARABY — BUT I'M NOT A BRAVE MAN, MAN --
AAAAAGH!

GEOMANCY IS HARMONY WITH THE ENVIRONMENT --
BEING EXACTLY WHERE YOU SHOULD BE --
OKAY, CREE--
NOT BEING WHERE YOU SHOULDN'T--
DROKK!
TCHOK!
ARRGHH!
IT IS ABOUT GOING WITH THE FLOW, KEEPING THINGS NATURAL, UNFORCED --
AND SIMPLE
KLUNG!
WHUPP!

CONTROL TO DREDD! CHECK CALL AS PER REQUEST GO AHEAD
WRIST'S BROKEN! I'M MEAT. UNLESS--
DREDD? YOU THERE?
DREDD..?
UNGH!
TOO DANGEROUS TO... LET THIS LAST!
THOK!
WHUP!
BACK-UP'S ON ITS WAY!
KRAK!

NICE... SHOW, LADY! NOW LET'S SEE HOW YOU--
WHAT THE EYES CANNOT SEE, THE EARS MAY HEAR. THE ARROW THAT FLIES IN ITS OWN TIME--
FLIES TRUE
WAAAKK!
YOU THINK HE'S OKAY?
SHOULD BE. BUT STAN LEE'S KWOON BREEDS 'EM TOUGH--
AND JOE DREDD'S NOT GETTIN' ANY YOUNGER!
NEXT PROG UNDER THE SKIN

JUDGE DREDD

THE ART OF GEOMANCY

PART THREE

A WARRIOR IS AT ONE WITH THE WORLD

SHE TAKES NO PLEASURE IN INFLICTING PAIN — YET NEITHER DOES SHE SHIRK IT

SHE DOES HER DUTY.

AN OLD MAN HAS SHAMED US.

HE MUST APOLOGISE BEFORE HE DIES

ALL RIGHT, NORMAL — WHAT'S THE STORY? WHERE'S DREDD?

ALAN GRANT

JOHN BURNS

TOM FRAME

AIN'T HE WITH YOU? DIDN'T HE ICE THAT CRAZY CHINEE CHICK?

OH MAN, I'M GETTIN' A **BAD VIBE** ON THIS!

YOU'LL BE GETTIN' A **RAP** IN THE **MOUTH** IF YOU DON'T START TALKING **SENSE**, CREEP! WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

WASN'T MY FAULT, MAN! THIS CHICK TURNED UP, SAID SHE HEARD I USED TO BE J D'S MAIN MAN.

SAID SHE'D SHOW ME HOW TO **SKIN** A GUY WITH A **RUSTY PIPE** 'LESS I LURED THE GOOD JUDGE HERE! SO TELL ME, WHAT COULD A POOR BOY DO? I'M NO HERO, BABE--

AND THE LADY STOMPED ME ANYWAY!

OKAY. BETTER GET HIM TO A MED-CUBE.

HEY, LEGAL EAGLE! WHAT'S WITH THE HYPHEN-**CUBE**? I WAS UNDER DURESS, MAN— **SEVERE** DURESS!

THAT'LL BE FOR DREDD TO SAY -- IF HE'S STILL ALIVE.

CONTROL? SEEMS DREDD HAD A RUN-IN WITH WU WANG ALL RIGHT. NO SIGN OF HIM, THOUGH.

THIS IS A BIG SITE. BETTER SEND ALL THE BACK-UP YOU CAN SPARE!

SHE . HASN'T SEEN IT...

THAT'S IT! GNAW !

SLIIISHH!

WE KNOW SHE'S FROM YOUR KWOON, LEE — AND WE KNOW SHE'S GOT DREDD!

WHAT WE **WANT** TO KNOW IS **WHY**? IF IT'S JUST REVENGE, WHY'D SHE **TAKE** HIM?

C'MON, LEE! SPIT IT OUT!

YOU HEAR ME SLANT? I SAID **SPIT IT OUT!**

TCHANG!

STRIKIN' A JUDGE, HUH?

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE!

WITHHOLDIN' INFORMATION!

I KNEW WE WOULDN'T GET ANYTHIN' OUT OF HIM!

DAMN CHINEES ARE ALL THE SAME -- INSCRUTABLE!

YOU ARE THE MAN WHO BEAT STAN LEE HAD WE MET A FEW YEARS AGO, YOU MIGHT HAVE BESTED EVEN ME

YOU ARE AN **OLD** MAN. YOU HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO PROVE WHY NOT RELAX — GO WITH THE FLOW? DO THIS, AND YOUR DEATH WILL BE SWIFT AND EASY

APOLOGISE.

GO ..TO HELL!

DO YOU KNOW HOW I BEAT YOU? BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT ONE YOU ARE OUT OF TOUCH WITH YOURSELF.

YOU ARE GETTING OLD. YOU HAVE **DOUBTS** ABOUT THE LIFE YOU HAVE LED — DOUBTS ABOUT ITS VALIDITY. YOU NO LONGER KNOW IF YOU'RE HERO — OR TYRANT!

PERHAPS, AFTER ALL, YOUR LAW IS **NOT** GOD. THAT FRIGHTENS YOU — BECAUSE IF IT IS TRUE, THEN AT BEST YOU ARE A MINDLESS **PAWN**...AND AT WORST, A CYNICAL **MASS-MURDERER!**

SO TELL ME, OLD MAN — WHY CAN'T YOU SAY "SORRY"?

NEXT PROG: **SURPRISE! SURPRISE!**

JUDGE DREDD

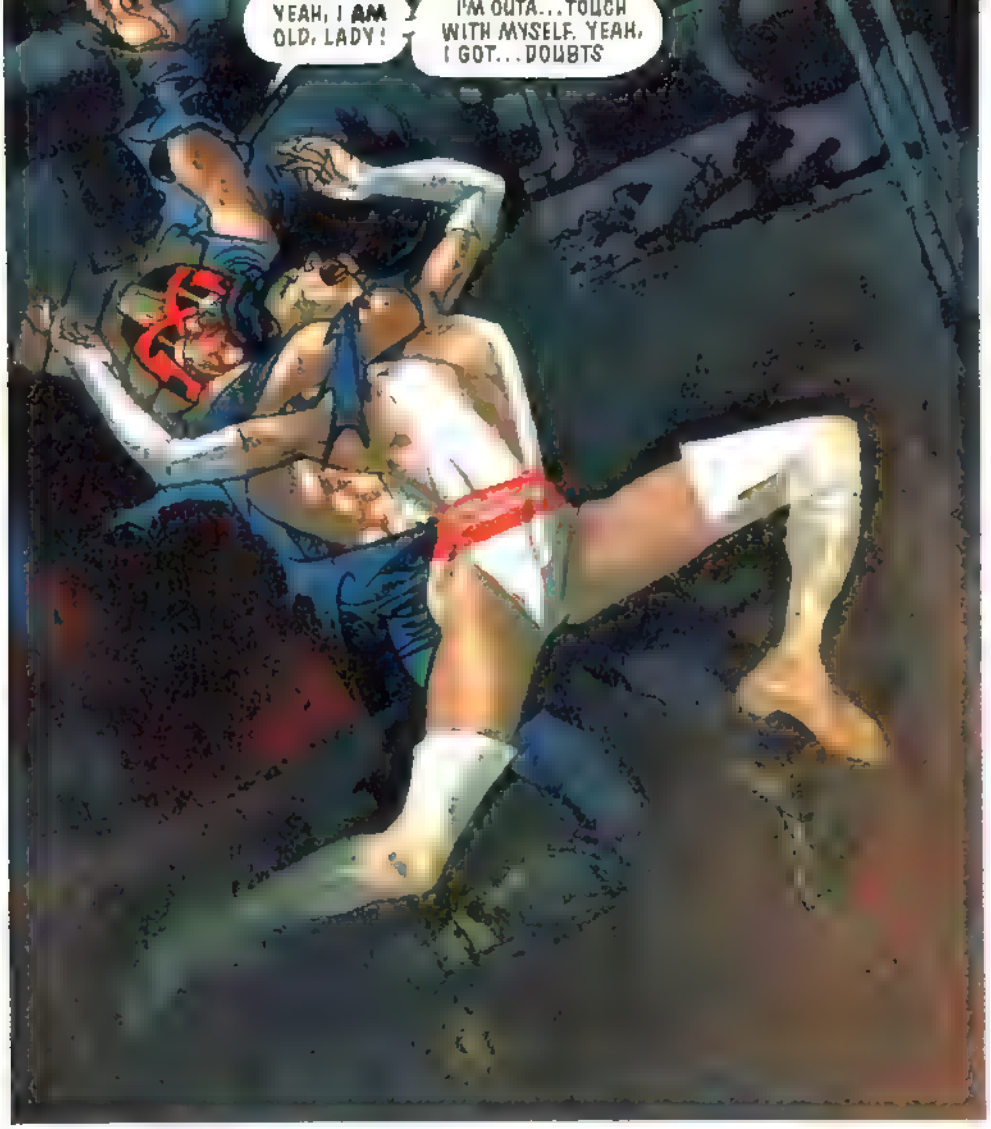
THE ART OF GEOMANCY

PART FOUR

THAT'S IT! S S SORRY
S S
SHOVE IT!
I SEE YOU'RE A MASOCHIST, THEN
AAAGH HHHHHH
YOU DO ENJOY IT.
SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM BELOW.
GIMME A HAND TO CLEAR THIS AWAY!
DREDD! DREDD – YOU DOWN HERE?

HERE! HE-MMFFF!
DO NOT BUILD UP YOUR HOPES, OLD MAN. THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY DOWN TO THIS LEVEL—AND I HAVE ENSURED IT WILL NOT BE FOUND!
NOT HERE!
MAYBE THAT DOOR--
ROPE THE RAT... GNAWED...
PROBABLY MY LAST CHANCE !
NO GO—MUST BE BLOCKED BY RUBBLE ON THE INSIDE NO WAY SHE COULD'VE GOT DREDD IN THERE!
FORGET IT, DREDD! YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE THE LAST STRAND SNAPS!
WATCH THE FLOOR!
KRAKKK!

HEY—!
THE UNEXPECTED! MY CHANCE—
WHAAP!
AHH! WRIST'S BROKEN...!
IGNORE ..PAIN! CAN'T... PASS OUT
BARKER? WHAT THE GRUD'S GOIN'— AUUGH!
NOW!
WHAT IN THE NAME—?

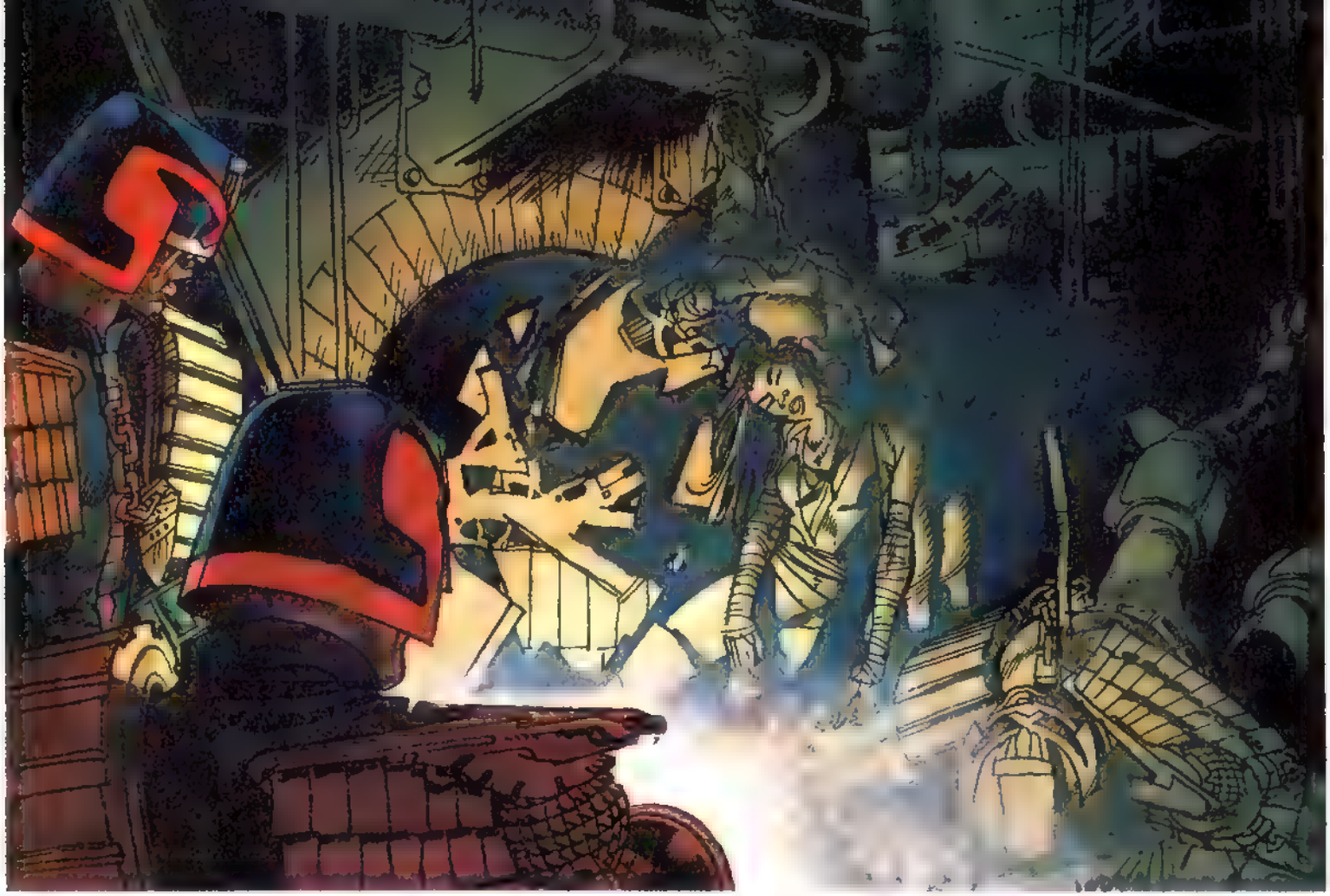

YEAH, I AM OLD, LADY!
I'M OUTA... TOUCH WITH MYSELF, YEAH, I GOT... DOUBTS

BUT ONE THING . I'M NOT .

IS A QUITTER!
KRAK!

BARKER? MEISSEN?
THERE--!

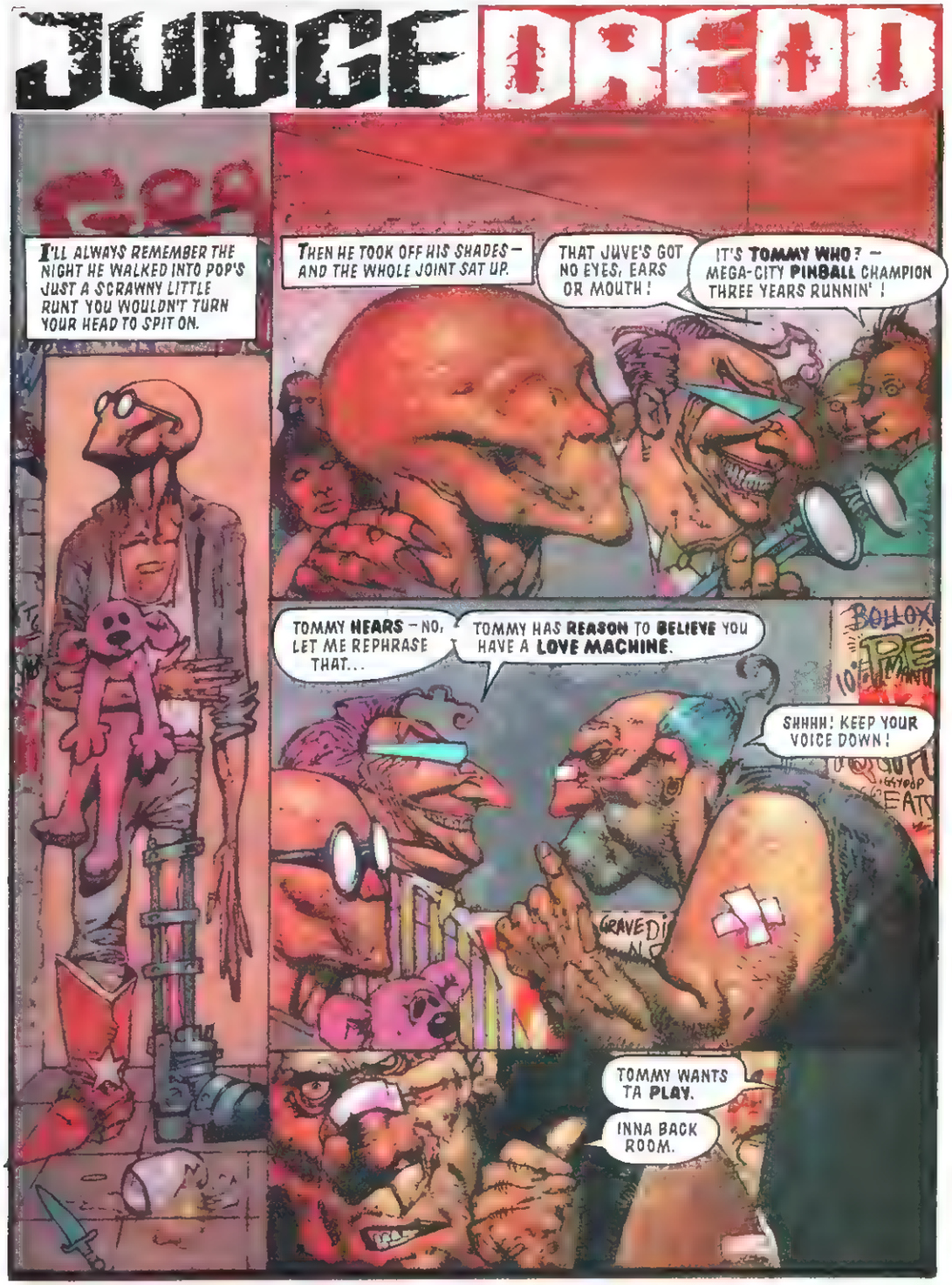
HOLY MOTHER OF GRUD!



NEXT PROG **DREDD IN SPACE!**

JUDGE DREDD
"ON DUTY"
S. BENNETT 91

JUDGE DREDD



I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THE NIGHT HE WALKED INTO POP'S JUST A SCRAWNY LITTLE RUNT YOU WOULDN'T TURN YOUR HEAD TO SPIT ON.

THEN HE TOOK OFF HIS SHADES — AND THE WHOLE JOINT SAT UP.

THAT JUVE'S GOT NO EYES, EARS OR MOUTH!

IT'S **TOMMY WHO**? — MEGA-CITY **PINBALL** CHAMPION THREE YEARS RUNNIN'!

TOMMY **HEARS** — NO, LET ME REPHRASE THAT...

TOMMY HAS **REASON** TO **BELIEVE** YOU HAVE A **LOVE MACHINE**.

SHHHH! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!

TOMMY WANTS TA **PLAY**.

INNA BACK ROOM.

LOVE MACHINES ARE ILLEGAL, OF COURSE AND THIS WAS A REAL **HOT** NUMBER SMUGGLED ALL THE WAY FROM **SIN CITY**.

FIFTY CREDS A TIME AND PLEASURE GUARANTEED —

EARTHSHAKER
MASTER BLASTER
JOY RIDER
ALL THE WAY
JE T'AIME
IN THE PINK

OH, MAN, IT'S **GOOOD**!

KEEP PUMPIN', BLASTAAR!

ROCK ON, BOY!

POP! SCHIZZOS!

JUST REST YOUR DIGITS ON THOSE NEURAL PADS AND LET THOSE LECTROPULSES RIP!

THE TRICK WAS TO IGNORE THE PLEASURE PULSES, BUILD YOUR BONUS — TAKE IT ALL IN ONE BIG HIT.

KEEP GOIN', BLASTY!

I CAN'T! I CAN'T HOLD OUT ANYMORE!

TAKE LOVE BONUS

KACHONK!

IF YOU LOST YOUR COOL BEFORE YOU TOOK THE BONUS, ALL YOU GOT WAS COLD TURKEY.
THREE WEEKS POP HAD HAD THAT MACHINE AND THE HIGHEST ANY OF US HAD EVER SCORED WAS SLAP AND TICKLE.
UHH...UHH...UHH... I THINK... I'M... GONNA... GONNA...
DROKK- I DIDN'T!
AND THEN THAT DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND JUVE STEPPED UP TO PLAY—
TOMMY'S ON THE LOVE MACHINE!
OH, MAN, THIS I GOTTA SEE!
SHHHHH!
THE FAT MAN STUCK A FIFTY IN THE SLOT— AND THAT SINGLE, SILVER BALL CAME FLASHING UP THE LINE.
FRAK!
SPRANG! BONKA BON WHANGG! THRASH!
HE STOOD THERE LIKE A STATUE, BECAME PART OF THE MACHINE—
HE'S PAST SLAP AND TICKLE ALREADY!
HOW DOES THAT DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND JUVE DO IT?

OF COURSE, THERE WAS NO WAY POP COULD KEEP SOMETHIN' THIS BIG QUIET FOR LONG—
DREDD TO CONTROL— LARGE NUMBER OF SUSPICIOUS JUVES CONVERGING ON POP SCHIZZO'S. I'M GOING TO CHECK IT OUT.
IN THE PINK — JE T'AIME — ALL THE WAY — HIS SCRAWNY LITTLE ARMS WERE JERKING NOW. HIS FACE WAS TINGED ELECTRIC BLUE.
HE'LL NEVER KEEP THIS UP!
TAKE YOUR BONUS WHILE YOU CAN, TOMMY!
ZZT!
BUT TOMMY COULDN'T HEAR A WORD WE SAID. HE JUST TWITCHED A LITTLE MORE AND PLAYED ON!
OHHH! LOVE!
TADJA-TADJA-TADJA
BONKA BONG! PONG WHANGG!
OH NO...!
CLEAR THE WAY!

WE WATCHED HIM HIT MASTER BLASTER...
TOMMY'S KNEES STARTED TO TREMBLE. WE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO PASS OUT. BUT THE FAT GUY GRABBED HIM AND HELD HIM UP – AND TOMMY PLAYED ON!
I'D ONLY EVER REACHED SLAP AND TICKLE ONCE, AND THE BONUS HIT ME SO STRONG IT NEAR KNOCKED ME OUT.
GRUD ALONE KNEW WHAT TOMMY WAS IN FOR.
HE'S GOIN' FOR THE BIG ONE!
COME ON, TOMMY, YOU CAN DO IT!
ONE SIDE!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
KRAK!
WE HARDLY NOTICED JUDGE DREDD COME IN. EVERY EYE WAS GLUED TO THE SPECTACTLE THAT WAS UNFOLDING BEFORE US –
EARTHSHAKER! HE'S THERE!
TAKE THAT BONUS, TOMMY, TAKE IT!
A LOVE MACHINE!
YOU! STOP OR I SHOOT!
... AND WE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.
MASTER BLASTER
SHOOT YOUR LOAD
BUT TOMMY COULDN'T HEAR HIM.
TAKE THE BONUS
WHAT?
HE JUST PLAYED ON!
AND THAT DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND JUVE –

BLAM!
BLEW HIS FREAKIN' HEAD OFF!
I GUESS THAT'S WHY LOVE MACHINES ARE ILLEGAL
DROKK TOO LATE!
TOMMY-- CAN YOU HEAR ME?
THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE GUYS IN THE GANG WERE BORED THAT DAY – AND WHEN THE GUYS ARE BORED IT USUALLY MEANS TROUBLE
'COS WHEN THE GUYS ARE BORED THERE'S NOTHIN' THEY LIKE BETTER THAN BLANKIN' OUT THEIR COLOURS, GUNNIN' UP THEIR HOVERHAWGS –
–AND GOING OUT ON A CH-CH-CH
CHICKEN RUN
JOHN MAJOR BLOCK
MAJOR MINORS ONLY
I SAY, CHAPS! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THEM!

SOME BLOCKS JUST SEEM TO BREED NORMS
JOHN MAJOR BLOCK
RUN, CHICKENS!
PUK-PUK-PUK-PUK!
I SAY! THAT'S UNCALLED FOR!
BOOT
I'LL TALK TO THEM I'M SURE WE CAN ACHIEVE SOME SORT OF ACCEPTABLE SOLUTION TO THIS PROBLEM.
WHA-P-P
YERK!
OWW!
HOOLIGANS!
EEK!
GOOD GRIEF! I DO BELIEVE THE BLOCK IS VICTIM OF SOME UNPROVOKED AGGRESSION!
DISGRACEFUL!
John Major Batgliding Club
PRIME MAJOR

WE'LL SOON SORT THEM OUT! TALLY HO, CHAPS!
DREDD TO CONTROL! JUVE CONFLICT IN PROGRESS, JOHN MAJOR BLOCKTOP!
ASSAILANTS ON HOVERHAWGS! AERIAL UNIT REQUIRED!
I SAY, YOU BOUNDERS! THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH OF THAT UNRULY BEHAVIOUR!
I CANNOT CONDEMN IT STRONGLY ENOUGH! IT MUST CEASE FORTHWITH! DO YOU HEAR, FORTHWITH!
IZZAT SO?
I SAY!
THAT'S WHEN BIG SHARKY PULLED HIS PARTY PIECE –
I SAY!
CHOMP!
SEE, SHARKY GOT HIS JAW BLOWED OFF IN A SPATTERGUN BATTLE WITH THE TOM JONES HOME BOYS. AND NO STANDARD PROSTHETIC WAS GONNA DO SHARKY –

THRASH
EEK
EEK
JUDGE: LET'S BURN!
THUD
THUD
THUD
SEE, WE'D BEEN HAVING SO MUCH FUN WE'D STAYED TOO LONG.
THAT'S THE FIRST RULE ON A CHICKEN RUN – HIT AND RUN.
MARK!
IN AND OUT – BLAT THOSE NORMS, THEN BURN.

AN H-WAGON PICKED US UP AS WE HEADED FOR CITY BOTTOM. BUT ONCE WE HIT THE CONCRETE MAZE THERE WAS NO WAY IT COULD FOLLOW
CONTROL TO DREDD! H-WAGON LOST YOUR PERPS. GET ANY I.D. FROM THE WITNESSES.
NEGATIVE. ATTACKERS HAD ALL GANG INSIGNIA BLANKED OUT.
ONE OF THE ATTACKERS IS DESCRIBED AS HAVING AN OUTSIZE LOWER MANDIBLE, METALLIC CONSTRUCTION
SPURT
BUT THAT COULD DESCRIBE TEN THOUSAND JUVES IN THIS CITY.
YEAH, IT WAS ALL THE RAGE LAST YEAR.
STILL, I'VE GOT ONE LEAD —
WHEN WE GOT BACK TO THE BLOCK OL' SHARKY STILL HAD THAT HEAD IN HIS MOUTH. HE SAID IT WAS JUST TOO BIG TO SWALLOW
STILL, WE STUCK IT ON THE WALL OF THE GANG'S SQUAT AND EVERYONE AGREED IT LOOKED A TREAT
THEY SHOT DOWN LARRY AND DORK — THE JUDGES CAN TRACE US THROUGH THEM!
NO CHANCE, MAN! THEY WAS CLEAN VAPED! NOTHIN' LEFT TO TRACE!
TAKE IT FROM ME, WE'RE HOME AND DRY!

WE WAS JUST SETTIN' DOWN TO PARTY WHEN OUR WORLD— NOT TO MENTION THE SQUAT DOOR—CAME CRASHING IN.
KRASH!
YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST FOR THE CRIMES OF MURDER, MAYHEM AND OTHERS TO BE SPECIFIED!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE SHARKY ALIVE, DREDD!
OKAY.
SPLAT
HELL, JUDGE, HOW DIDJA KNOW IT WAS US?
TWITCH TWITCH
OZZY OSBOURNE
BAD BOYS
WHEN SOMEBODY BITES THE HEAD OFF A BATGLIDER, I FIGURE THE FIRST PLACE TO START LOOKING IS OZZY OSBOURNE BLOCK.

THE END

£1.65 No.18 March 1992

JUDGE DREDD

THE MEGAZINE

XV

FIFTEEN YEARS OF DREDD

WIN ORIGINAL ARTWORK! Entry Form Inside

JUDGE DREDD

THE MAN WHO KILLED JUDGE DREDD
WELL, ALMOST
SORT OF
WELL, AT LEAST HE TRIED.
HE KNEW THERE WAS ONE SURE, QUICK WAY FOR A FIGHTING MAN TO GET A REP IN THIS CITY.
HE KNEW HE COULD GET THIRTY IN AN ISO-CUBE FOR IT, BUT HE DIDN'T CARE.
'COS HE KNEW WHEN OTHER FIGHTING MEN PASSED HIS CUBE THEY'D LOOK IN WITH RESPECT IN THEIR EYES, AND THEY'D SAY: "WELL HARD, WELL HARD!"
AND BY GRUD THEY'D MEAN IT.
'COS THEY'D KNOW HE WAS THE MAN WHO KILLED JUDGE DREDD - WITH HIS BARE HANDS.
YOU! GET OFF THE STREET!
GRRRRRR!
MAKE ME.

CLUNK!
NAME ?
WELL HARD!
SNAARL!
YOUR IDENTIFICATION SAYS PONCELY MANILOW.
I SPIT ON PONCELY MANILOW!
Sptoo!
I'M WELL HARD!
WELL, WELL, YOU GOT SIX MONTHS ON THE TRAFFIC VIOLATION – SIX MORE FOR DISOBEYING A JUDGE --
AND WE'LL THROW IN THREE EXTRA FOR SPITTING!

FIFTEEN MONTHS. KID'S STUFF; HE COULD DO IT STANDING ON ONE LEG
WHICH HE HAD TO.
HOP!
HOP!
HOP!
BESIDES, IT GAVE HIM TIME TO THINK – TO FIGURE OUT WHERE HE'D GONE WRONG.
HE'D MADE A BAD MISTAKE LAST TIME. HE WOULDN'T MAKE IT AGAIN
HOP!
THIS TIME THERE'D BE NO WARNING.--
HONKK!
DROK!
SKWALTCH!

WELL, WELL WELL!
JUST BORN TO BE A TRAFFIC HAZARD, AREN'T YOU?
HE BROKE OVER TWO DOZEN BONES, LOST AN ARM AND HIS OTHER LEG – AND GOT AN EXTRA YEAR FOR THE TRAFFIC OFFENCE.
BUT HE DIDN'T CARE. HE WAS WELL HARD.
BESIDES, IT GAVE HIM TIME TO THINK – TO FIGURE OUT WHERE HE'D GONE WRONG.
HE'D MADE A BAD MISTAKE LAST TIME. HE WOULDN'T MAKE IT AGAIN.
GRRAARRR!
HEY, DREDDY!
ROARRRR!
BUDDABUDDA
YOU BEEN TOP DOG TOO LONG!
MAKE WAY FOR WELL HARD!
FWSSH!

HE COULD'VE DONE IT, TOO. WELL, ALMOST. SORT OF.
GRRRRRR!
FWWOOOSSHH
WELL, HE DEFINITELY MIGHT HAVE — IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THOSE ROCKET-POWERED WHEELS GOING HAYWIRE.
I'M WELL HARDDDD!
BUDDABUDDABUDDA
CREEP'S CAUSING A MASSACRE! GOTTA BRING HIM DOWN--
HI-EXPLOSIVE-!
BAKKOOOM!
HE NEVER DID GET THAT REP BUT HE DIDN'T CARE.

PLOMP!
PLOPP!
COS HE WAS WELL DEAD.
THE END

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 766
50p
18 JAN 92
SPACE PATROL!
IT'S MURDER OUT THERE

JUDGE DREDD

JUSTICE ONE

PART 1

AT LAUNCH PAD J, SECTOR TWELVE SPACEPORT, THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT STARSHIP **JUSTICE ONE** IS READIED FOR TAKEOFF ON A ROUTINE CIRCUIT TOUR OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S SPACE COLONIES.

THE MISSION WILL LAST FIVE WEEKS. A TEAM OF STREET JUDGES WILL TRAVEL WITH THE CREW TO CHECK ON LOCAL COLONY LAW ENFORCEMENT AND DEAL FORCIBLY WITH MAJOR INFRINGEMENTS OF GALACTIC LAW.

IT SHOULD BE NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY. JUSTICE ONE AND HER CREW MAKE SEVERAL TRIPS LIKE THIS EVERY YEAR — BUT THIS TIME OUT, THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT.

THIS TIME, WHAT HAPPENS ABOARD JUSTICE ONE WILL BE **UNIMAGINABLE.**

GARTH ENNIS
PETER DOHERTY
TOM FRAME

TANKS ARE FULL, I SHOW GREEN ON ALL FEEDLINES. ALL SUPPLIES SECURED.
WEAPON SAFETIES CHECK.
ROBOTS FUNCTIONAL... ALL SYSTEMS A-OKAY.
FINE...
LOOKS LIKE SHE'S HOT.
HAWKINS, WE'RE CLEAR THIS END. YOU READY?
YES SIR. BOOSTERS WARMING UP... F.T.L. TURBINES ON STANDBY.
GOOD. ALL WE NEED NOW ARE THE STREET JUDGES TO SHOW AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
WE HAVEN'T GOT HERSHEY AGAIN, HAVE WE? HOURLY SYSTEMS CHECKS I CAN DO WITHOUT
THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY UP, WHOEVER THEY ARE. ELEVATOR CAMERAS'LL SHOW...
AW, NO.
WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHO IS IT?
"IT'S, UH...
"IT'S NOT HERSHEY"
CAMERA 4
MAC x 2

GOOD TO HAVE YOU ABOARD, JUDGE DREDD. THE COMPUTERS HAVE GOT HER ON HOLD WHILE YOUR BIKES ARE BEING STOWED AWAY.
THIS IS THE CREW — REED'S GUNNERY OFFICER, LEWIS IS CARGO CHIEF AND ALSO HANDLES ALIEN RELATIONS. AND CARSON HERE IS OUR NAVIGATOR.
AND THE ENGINEER.
HAWKINS IS JUST MAKING A FEW FINAL TOUCHES ON THE DRIVES. HE'S A BIT OF A PERFECTIONIST
GOOD. I EXPECT THIS TRIP TO BE SMOOTH AND EFFICIENT, HAYES.
THAT GOES FOR THE REST OF YOU, TOO. I SEE NO POINT IN WASTING TIME. LET'S GET GOING.
I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE BEEN ABOARD BEFORE...?
CORRECT. THE JUDGE CHILD MISSION.*
JUDGES PROUDFOOT, LOGAN AND KINCAID ARE ALL NEW TO CIRCUIT DUTY, BUT THEY KNOW THE DRILL.
THE JUDGE CHILD...THAT'S ABOUT TEN YEARS BACK, ISN'T IT? WE'VE HAD A FEW CHANGES SINCE THEN.
*THARGNOTE - SEE PROGS 156-181
I TOOK OVER FROM LARTER, ACTUALLY. THE SHIP'S BEEN REFITTED A COUPLE OF TIMES, JUST TO KEEP HER UP TO DATE WITH HEAVY CRUISERS LIKE THE FARGO AND THE SOLOMON.
HOW ABOUT THE CREW?
THEY'RE THE BEST.

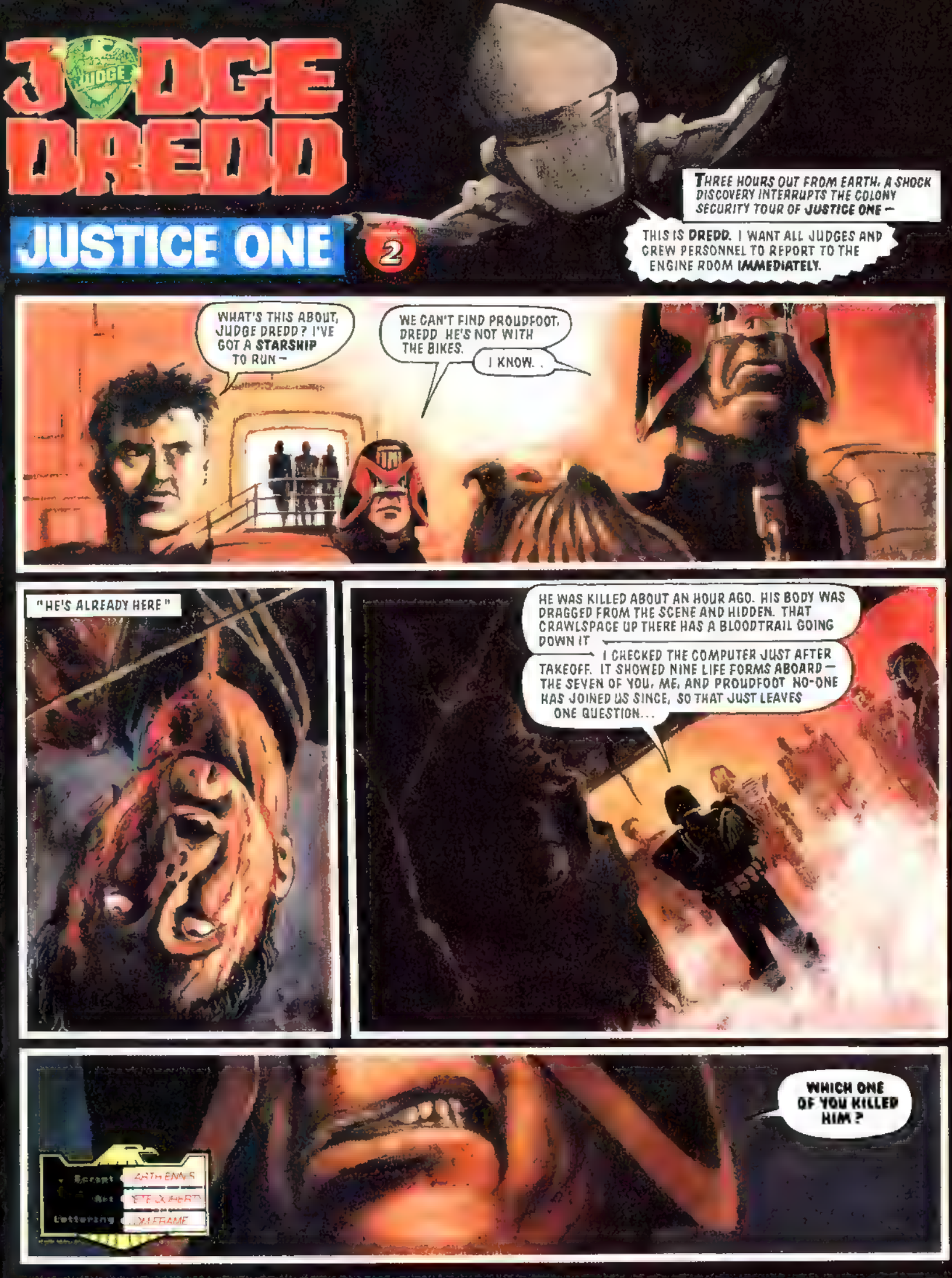
HAWKINS REPORTS FULL POWER AVAILABLE. BOOSTERS RUNNING.
ALL BOARDS GREEN.
TRAFFIC CONTROL, JUSTICE ONE REQUESTING TAKEOFF CLEARANCE, OVER.
CONTROL TO JUSTICE ONE. YOU ARE CLEAR. GOOD LUCK. OUT.
LAUNCH PAD CLEARED. STRUTS RETRACTING.
BOOSTERS TO MAXIMUM.
ONE KILOMETRE, ON ASCENSION.
HOW'RE THE TURBINES, HAWKINS?
OPTIMUM POWER IN TEN SECONDS, SIR.
THANK YOU .. WE'RE CLEARING ATMOSPHERE. PEOPLE BRACE FOR THE JUMP.
COURSE FOR EPSILON SYSTEM SET AND LOCKED WE CAN GO ANY TIME YOU LIKE.
GIVE HER THE HAMMER

LIGHT SPEED PLUS TEN. ALL SYSTEMS STEADY.
HYPERSPACE ACHIEVED.
NICE ONE JUST SETTLE BACK AND ENJOY THE TRIP.
WRONG, HAYES.
I DON'T WANT YOU FLYBOYS GETTING SLOPPY.
I'M ORDERING HOURLY SYSTEMS CHECKS — CARSON, YOU BEGIN. MEANTIME, REED AND LEWIS CAN SHOW ME ROUND THE SHIP.
WE'LL START WITH THE ARMAMENT. WHAT'S THE STATUS THERE, REED?
UH, STANDARD BLASTERS AND PROJECTILE CANNON. JUDGE DREDD. NUCLEAR PAYLOAD IN AUXILIARY BAYS.
PROUDFOOT. THIS IS DREDD. I WANT THE LAWMASTERS CHECKED FOR OUR FIRST PLANETFALL. YOU'VE GOT 17 HOURS.
WILCO, DREDD.
HAD A FEELING OLD STONEYFACE WOULD WORK US HARD ON THIS TRIP.
LIGHTEN UP, PROUDFOOT. IT WON'T BE HALF AS BAD AS HE'S WORKING THE CREW.

THREE HOURS LATER, AS JUSTICE ONE CLEARS THE SOLAR SYSTEM...
PRETTY BAD LEAKAGE FROM THE ENGINES, HAWKINS. NOTHING YOU CAN DO?
'FRAID NOT, SIR WE'D NEED DIAMOND SEALS TO KEEP ALL THE COOLANT IN — BUT THE LEAKS JUST MESS THE PLACE UP A BIT. DOESN'T AFFECT PERFORMANCE.
OKAY. WHERE DO WE REFUEL THIS TRIP?
THERE'S A RENDEZVOUS ARRANGED WITH A TANKER, JUST OFF ALMEIRA...
UH, JUST A SECOND...
PROBLEMS?
SHOULDN'T BE... JUST WONDERING WHY THIS PANEL'S LEAKING LUBRICANT. THERE'S NO FEEDLINES UP THERE TO LEAK
STRANGE... THIS ISN'T LUBRICANT LOOKS MORE LIKE —
OH MY GRUD!
DROKK! PROUDFOOT!
NEXT PROG · WHODUNNIT?

JUDGE DREDD

JUSTICE ONE 2

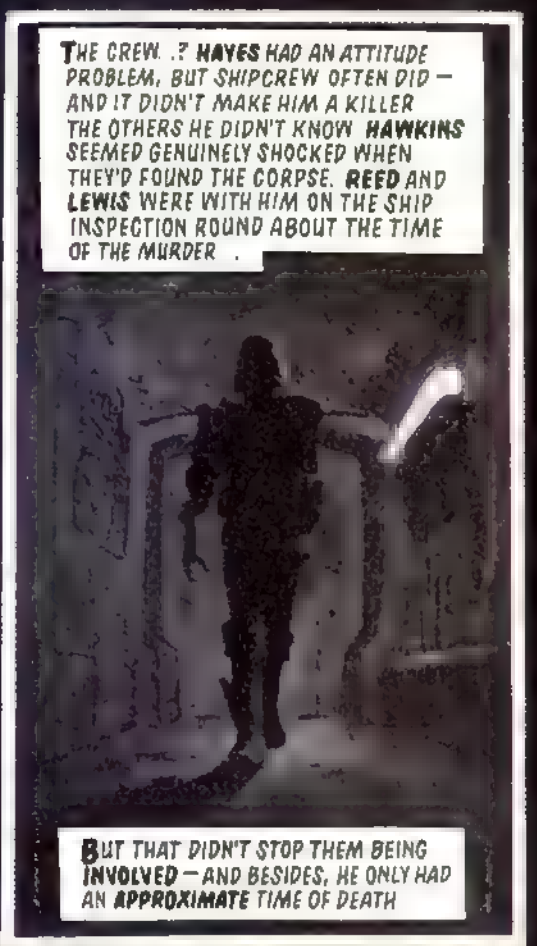


WHAT? ARE YOU CRAZY, DREDD?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! JUDGE KILLING JUDGE?
IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME, LOGAN
AS OF NOW YOU ARE ALL UNDER SUSPICION IT COULD BE ONE OR MORE OF YOU, BUT IT'S THE ONLY PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION — SO THIS MISSION IS OVER.
JUST HOLD ON A MINUTE, HERE! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IT'S OVER?
I MEAN I'M CANCELLING THE SECURITY TOUR, HAYES. THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN CONTINUE UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES
CARSON, WHERE'S THE NEAREST MEGA-CITY ONE OUTPOST?
UH, THAT WOULD BE THE DEEPBASE MISSILE SILOS OVER ON PLUTO, BUT IT MIGHT BE BETTER TO...
PLUTO IT IS
EVERYONE HAND IN THEIR LAWGIVERS. CREW MEMBERS WILL CONTINUE RUNNING THE SHIP UNDER MY SUPERVISION. LOGAN AND KINCAID ARE CONFINED TO THEIR QUARTERS.
TELL ME ONE THING, DREDD. YOU'RE THE ONE GIVING ALL THE ORDERS.
HOW DO WE KNOW IT WASN'T YOU?

YOU'RE TALKING YOURSELF INTO TROUBLE, HAYES. SO FAR I'VE BEEN PRETTY PATIENT WITH YOU, BUT I'VE GOT A MURDERER TO FIND AND I DON'T HAVE TIME TO PLAY GAMES
I'M SENIOR JUDGE HERE AND I KNOW I DIDN'T DO IT. THAT'S ALL THE REASON I NEED TO STOP THE MISSION NOW GET BACK TO YOUR POST
AREN'T YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING?
SAME GOES FOR THE REST OF YOU. LET'S HAVE 'EM.
SO WHO DID IT? AND WHY?
HE'D CHECKED THE PERSONNEL PROFILES THE NIGHT BEFORE — STANDARD PROCEDURE BEFORE TAKING COMMAND OF A SECURITY TOUR — AND NONE OF THEM LOOKED ANYTHING LIKE BEING UNSTABLE.
BUT THEN, THIS WAS TOTALLY UNHEARD OF, AND NORMAL RULES JUST DIDN'T APPLY

I'M RIGGING THE DOOR TO THE SHIP'S ALARM SIREN — SO IF YOU TRY AND GET OUT, I'LL KNOW ABOUT IT
THIS IS A BIT MUCH, DREDD —

IF YOU TURN OUT INNOCENT, LOGAN, YOU'LL HAVE MY APOLOGIES
HE WAS PRETTY SURE IT WASN'T KINCAID OR LOGAN. THEY JUST WEREN'T THE TYPE. TOO YOUNG. BOTH JUST TWO YEARS OUT OF THE ACADEMY — NOT MANY JUDGES WENT BAD THAT QUICK.
NOT MANY JUDGES WENT BAD, PERIOD


THE CREW...? HAYES HAD AN ATTITUDE PROBLEM, BUT SHIPCREW OFTEN DID — AND IT DIDN'T MAKE HIM A KILLER THE OTHERS HE DIDN'T KNOW. HAWKINS SEEMED GENUINELY SHOCKED WHEN THEY'D FOUND THE CORPSE. REED AND LEWIS WERE WITH HIM ON THE SHIP INSPECTION ROUND ABOUT THE TIME OF THE MURDER.
BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP THEM BEING INVOLVED — AND BESIDES, HE ONLY HAD AN APPROXIMATE TIME OF DEATH

THE TROUBLE WAS, OUT HERE IN SPACE THERE JUST WASN'T THE NECESSARY EQUIPMENT. HE'D NEED FORENSIC GEAR AND LIE DETECTORS — ALL JUDGES WERE TRAINED TO FOOL THE HAND-HELD UNITS.
PROUDFOOT'S LAWGIVER WAS MISSING FROM ITS HOLSTER — THE KILLER WOULD HAVE HANDED IT OVER INSTEAD OF THEIR OWN. SO THEY ANTICIPATED THE CORPSE BEING FOUND, GUESSED THEY'D HAVE TO TURN IN THEIR GUN — BUT THIS WAY THEY WERE STILL ARMED, AND WITH NO ACCESS TO MAC*, HE COULDN'T CHECK THE SERIAL NUMBERS.
TRICKY CREEP...
*MAC — JUSTICE DEPT MAINFRAME COMPUTER

THIS WAS WHERE PROUDFOOT HAD BEEN WORKING — AND IN ALL LIKELIHOOD IT WAS WHERE HE HAD DIED.

COURSE FOR PLUTO LOCKED, GRUDDAMMIT!
WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE STOOD UP TO DREDD? MADE HIM CARRY ON WITH THE MISSION?
ME? WE WOULDN'T EVEN BE IN THIS MESS IF YOU HADN'T CUT PROUDFOOT'S THROAT...
WHAT THE DROKK ELSE WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO? HE'D FOUND THE MONEY — HE'D HAVE BLOWN THE WHOLE PLAN!
OKAY, TAKE IT EASY. NO POINT IN SQUABBLING... WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
CHECKING THE BLASTER TUBES. THEY WON'T HEAR US.
SO WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? IF WE GET TO PLUTO, WE'RE SUNK.
YEAH... WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THAT RENDEZVOUS AT ALMEIRA OR WE'LL NEVER HAVE THE FUEL FOR OUR LITTLE TRIP. DREDD'LL BE CHECKING THE COMPUTER, SO WE CAN'T FOOL HIM INTO THINKING WE'RE HEADING FOR PLUTO WHILE GOING IN THE OTHER DIRECTION...
BEFORE WE ALTER COURSE, DREDD'S GOTTA GO.
TOO RIGHT! HE'S SNIFFING ROUND THE CARGO BAY, RIGHT WHERE I KILLED PROUDFOOT! I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO MOVE OUR STUFF — HE'LL CATCH ON ANY SECOND!
RELAX...
THE ONLY THING DREDD'S GOING TO CATCH IS LEAD POISONING.

NOTHING TOO OBVIOUS... THE TOOLBOX WAS OPEN, SO HE'D ACTUALLY GOT DOWN TO WORK THAT WAS NO REASON TO KILL HIM. HAD HE SEEN SOMETHING HE SHOULDN'T HAVE?
VISIBILITY WAS LOUSY IN THE CARGO BAY. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CLOSE. WHATEVER IT WAS..
UNLESS HE WENT LOOKING POWER LEVELS ON THE TOOLS WERE LOW TO RECHARGE THEM HE'D HAVE GONE OVER TO THE POWER OUTLET
SO MUCH FILTH ON THE WALL. YOU COULDN'T TELL WHAT WAS WHAT. SOME OF IT COULD BE BLOOD
PROUDFOOT WOULDN'T HAVE GONE MESSING WITH A POWER OUTLET IN BAD LIGHT. MAYBE HE WENT TO FIND A TORCH.
THE DRAWER WAS LOOSE—
SOMETHING BEHIND IT... A CASE.
NOT EXACTLY REGULATION ISSUE ON A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CRAFT. WHY CIVILIAN CLOTHES?
AND WHY KILL TO COVER IT UP?
VERY SMART, DREDD... BUT IN JUST ONE SECOND IT WON'T MATTER A DAMN!
NEXT PROG: BATTLE STATIONS!

JUDGE DREDD

JUSTICE ONE PART 3

DROKK!

AS JUSTICE ONE HEADS FOR PLUTO, THE MYSTERY KILLER ON BOARD TRIES TO PUT THE ZAP ON **JUDGE DREDD**

Script G Ennis
Art P Doherty
Lettering T Frame

GRUD ALMIGHTY! HE'S **FAST!**

I'M SWITCHING TO **HEATSEEKERS**, SCUMBAG! **GIVE IT UP!**

WHAT THE HELL DO I DO NOW? HE'S TOO GOOD FOR ME!

GOTTA GET AWAY—

WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING— OH MY **GRUD!**

YOU!

SORRY, REED—
EEARRGHH!
BUT, YOU JUST SAW TOO MUCH!
STOMM!
DID YOU SEE HIM, REED? WHO WAS IT?
UUUHH...HE'S KILLED ..ME...
HE...UNH...LOOKED ME... RIGHT IN...THE...EYES...
H...UHHH...

...YOU GOTTA HELP ME! DREDD'S GONNA CATCH UP ANY SECOND!
GRUD, HE'S OUT FOR BLOOD!
EMERGENCY ONLY
ALERT! ALERT! BULKHEAD DOORS SEALING!
JEEZ-
HOLD IT, CREEP!
KRUNNGG
OVERRIDE'S JAMMED-
HAVE TO IMPROVISE!

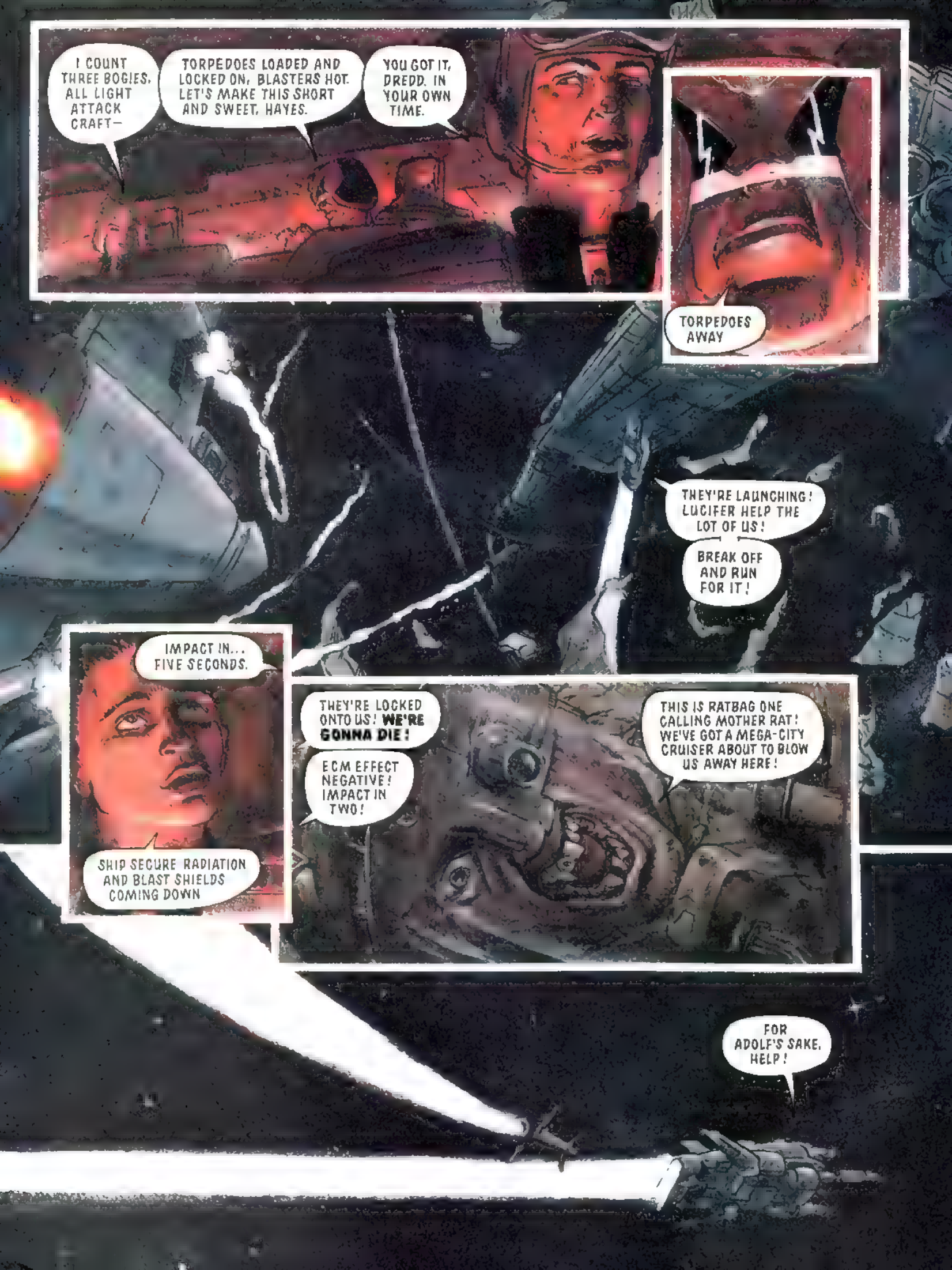
CREW QUARTERS
KINCAID AND LOGAN—
YOU TWO ARE OFFICIALLY INNOCENT! GET YOUR LAWGIVERS FROM MY CABIN AND MEET ME ON THE BRIDGE!
HE'S THROUGH THE DOORS—HE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! GRUD! HE'S BOUND TO KNOW IT WAS YOU!
OH, JEEZ—I GOTTA DITCH THIS!
WHAT IN GRUD'S NAME—?
LEWIS!
SKIP, WHAT'S GOING ON? I THOUGHT DREDD IMPOUNDED ALL THE GUNS?
NOT THIS ONE! CATCH, LEWIS!

HUH?
FREEZE!
IT'S HER, DREDD! SHE CAME CRASHING OUT OF THE HATCH WAVING THAT THING! SHE'S THE KILLER!
WHA-? THAT'S BULL! HE THREW IT AT ME!
NEXT ONE'S THROUGH YOUR HEART, LEWIS! DROP IT!
ON THE FLOOR, HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD
BUT—
NOW.
THE GAME'S UP.
I KNOW IT'S ONE OR MORE OF YOU THREE ANYONE WANNA ACT LIKE A JUDGE FOR ONCE? OWN UP NOW AND YOU'LL SAVE YOURSELF A VERY PAINFUL PSI-PROBE WHEN WE GET TO PLUTO.

NEXT PROG · TORPEDOES AWAY!

JUDGE DREDD IN "DROKK OF AGES"
C'MON, MICK IT'S MY TURN ON THE SEGA GAME GEAR.
NAH, IT'LL TAKE YOU YONKS TO BEAT MY SCORE BESIDES, I WANT TO WATCH SAINT AND GREAVSIE.
YOU CAN'T WATCH TV ON THE GAME GEAR!
I CAN WITH THIS NEW TV ADAPTOR. JUST PLUG IT IN AND IT BECOMES A WICKED, PORTABLE TV
ATTENTION, CITIZENS THIS IS A SPECIAL BROADCAST
J-JUDGE DREDD ..?
I'M ANNOUNCING A 24-HOUR AMNESTY FOR ALL OWNERS OF BANNED SEGA CONSOLES
TURN THEM IN BY MIDNIGHT AND I GUARANTEE YOU WILL NOT BE PROSECUTED
HUH! DREDD CAN GO FRY NO WAY AM I PARTING WITH MY GAME GEAR
B-BUT HOW DID HE GET ON YOUR SCREEN IN THE FIRST PLACE?
IN A TV STUDIO IN THE 22ND CENTURY –
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO THE BROADCAST AGAIN, DREDD. TEK-DIVISION BEAMED THE SIGNAL BACK TO THE LATE 20TH CENTURY BY MISTAKE!
DROKK IT!
STILL... AT LEAST THEY'LL HAVE AGES TO COMPLY WITH THE DEADLINE!
JUDGE SEGA'S GAME GEAR TV TUNER FOR YOURSELVES – IT'S BUILT TO STAND THE TEST OF TIME!
SEGA

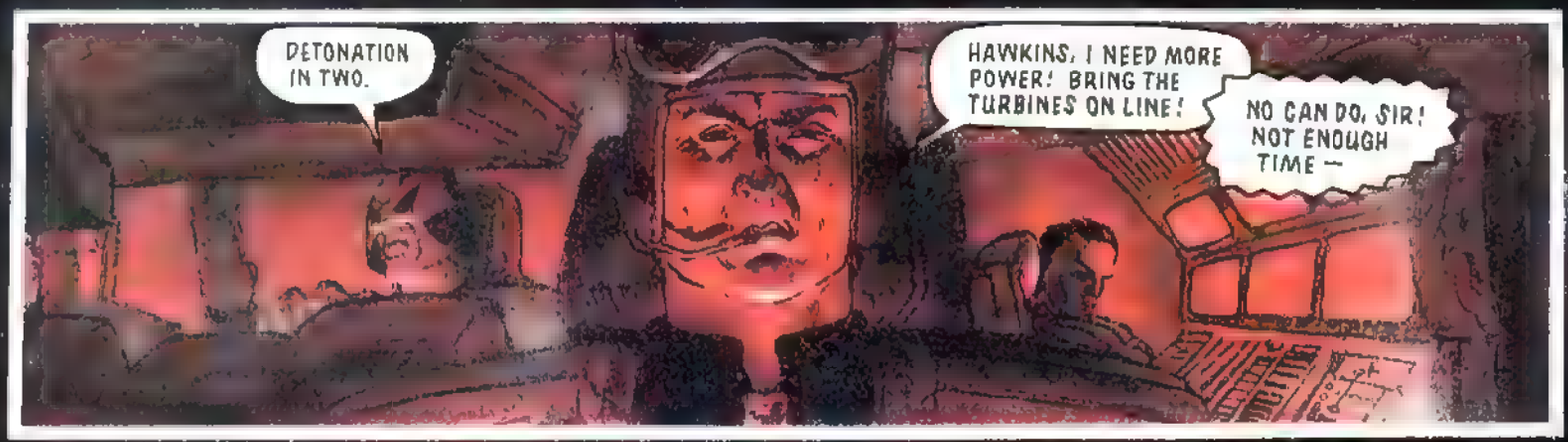
JUDGE DREDD
JUSTICE ONE
4
ON THE EDGE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, JUDGE DREDD IS ON THE POINT OF UNMASKING THE MURDERER ABOARD JUSTICE ONE. JUST THEN, A DISTRESS CALL COMES IN FROM THE FREIGHTER ANDORRA –
ONE MORE PASS AN' WE'LL BOARD HER, LADS!
AIM FOR JUST BEHIND THE BRIDGE, RIGHT? SEE IF YOU CAN KNOCK OUT THE POWER
HOLD IT!
WHADDAYAMEAN, HOLD IT? WE'RE KINDA BUSY!
RADAR'S SHOWIN' A NEW CONTACT, SARGE! UNKNOWN VESSEL JUST DROPPED OUTTA HYPERSPACE. CLOSIN' FAST!
HUH? WHO THE HELL WOULD THAT BE OUT HERE?
BLACKBEARD'S SPUTUM! IT'S THE LAW!


I COUNT THREE BOGIES. ALL LIGHT ATTACK CRAFT—
TORPEDOES LOADED AND LOCKED ON. BLASTERS HOT. LET'S MAKE THIS SHORT AND SWEET, HAYES.
YOU GOT IT, DREDD. IN YOUR OWN TIME.
TORPEDOES AWAY
THEY'RE LAUNCHING! LUCIFER HELP THE LOT OF US!
BREAK OFF AND RUN FOR IT!
IMPACT IN... FIVE SECONDS.
SHIP SECURE RADIATION AND BLAST SHIELDS COMING DOWN
THEY'RE LOCKED ONTO US! WE'RE GONNA DIE!
ECM EFFECT NEGATIVE! IMPACT IN TWO!
THIS IS RATBAG ONE CALLING MOTHER RAT! WE'VE GOT A MEGA-CITY CRUISER ABOUT TO BLOW US AWAY HERE!
FOR ADOLF'S SAKE, HELP!

INITIAL DAMAGE REPORTS NEGATIVE SHIELDS HOLDING.
STILL WITH US, HAWKINS?
YES SIR! ENGINES ARE FINE, NO COMPLAINTS.
SHORT AND SWEET, JUST LIKE YOU SAID--
KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE JOB, HAYES. THOSE GUNBOATS WERE JUST **SHORT RANGE** CRAFT-- THEIR BASE-SHIP MUST BE CLOSE
ANYTHING ON SCREEN, CARSON?
JUST US AND THE FREIGHTER, DREDD.
CHECK AGAIN. THEY COULD BE CLOAKED.
DROKK!

HOLY GRUD! CONTACT DECLOAKING!
WE CAN SEE THAT, CARSON
WE'RE OUTGUNNED! HAWKINS, ALL POWER TO THE TURBINES!
BELAY THAT, HAYES!
THEY'LL NUKE US BEFORE WE CAN GET ENOUGH JUICE TO JUMP! WE'VE GOTTA GET IN CLOSE SO THEY CAN'T LAUNCH MISSILES!
CLOSE? THEY'LL LASER US IN HALF!
DO IT!
THEY'RE CLOSIN' ON US, CAP'N! IF WE NUKE 'EM NOW WE'LL GO UP ALONG WITH 'EM!
AHH, HE'SH A TRICKY ONE, ME BUCKOSH! SHLORP!
SHTAND BY BLASHTER TURRETSH! GLOPSH! LET'SH PAY HIM BACK FOR THE LADSH!
WE'RE TAKING HITS!
NOTHING SERIOUS! CLOSER, HAYES!

RETURNING FIRE!
KEEP CLOSING, HAYES! GIVE ME A NARROW PASS OVER HER BRIDGE!
SHIVER ME TENTACLESH!
THAT'SH. BLOPSH! THAT'SH WHAT I CALL GOOD SHOOTING ..!
MINES AWAY! FULL POWER, HAYES!
BY BLACKBEARD'S SPLEEN! NUCLEAR MINES!
ABANDON SHIP!



NEXT PROG: ADRIFT WITH A MURDERER...

JUDGE DREDD

JUSTICE ONE

5

GARTH ENNIS
PETER DOHERTY
TOM FRAME

IN A VICIOUS BATTLE, JUSTICE ONE HAS DESTROYED A PIRATE SHIP ON THE EDGE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM — BUT THE MEGA-CITY CRUISER HAS NOT ESCAPED UNSCATHED...

WE'RE HOLED! DEPRESSURISATION AMIDSHIPS!

BULKHEADS HOLDING! HULL STABLE -- SO FAR!

ENGINES ARE DOWN!

HAWKINS, GET ON IT! SECURE THE BREACH!

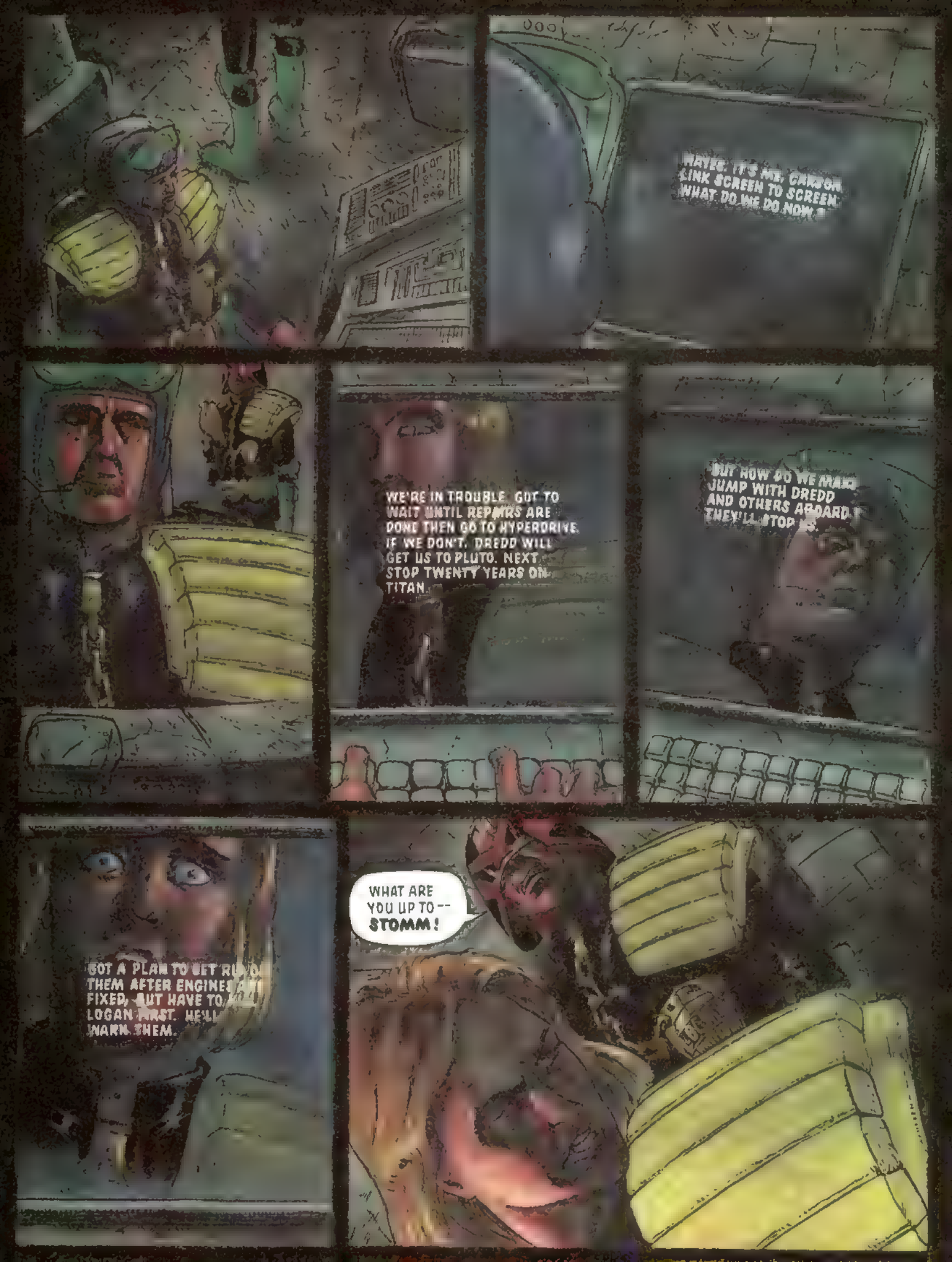
ROJ -- SEALANT SPRAYS ACTIVATED! ROBOTS ON STANDBY!

SEALANT COVERAGE GOOD! IT'S WORKING!

BREACH SEALED!

HAWKINS, REPRESSURISE THE HOLED SECTION -- SEND IN THE DROIDS. SOON AS YOU GET IN I WANT AN INITIAL DAMAGE REPORT.

OKAY, WE'RE AT THE IMPACT POINT IT'S NOT AS I EXPECTED -- CONTROL LINES TO THE ENGINES AND STABILISERS ARE CUT, AND WE'VE GOT SOME STRUCTURAL DAMAGE. BUT IT'S FIXABLE!
ESTIMATED TIME FOR REPAIRS?
TEN TO FIFTEEN HOURS TO GET THE ENGINES BACK ON LINE. I COULD USE SOME ASSIST, JUDGE DREDD.
ON OUR WAY.
GOOD LEWIS AND KINCAID WITH ME LOGAN, YOU STAY HERE AND WATCH THE OTHERS.
HUH?
REMEMBER, LOGAN, ONE OF 'EM COULD BE THE KILLER I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON LEWIS -- BUT IF IT'S CARSON OR HAYES AND THEY TRY SOMETHING, DON'T HESITATE TO SHOOT.
DAMN STRAIGHT.
SIGNAL FROM THE FREIGHTER ANDORRA, DREDD -- SHE'S SECURE AND MAKING REPAIRS.
IF ONE OF YOU TWO KILLED PROUDFOOT, I'LL BE GLAD TO!


MAYER. IT'S MR. CAWSON. LINK SCREEN TO SCREEN. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE'RE IN TROUBLE. GOT TO WAIT UNTIL REPAIRS ARE DONE THEN GO TO HYPERDRIVE. IF WE DON'T, DREDD WILL GET US TO PLUTO. NEXT STOP TWENTY YEARS ON TITAN.
BUT HOW DO WE MAKE JUMP WITH DREDD AND OTHERS ABOARD? THEY'LL STOP US.
GOT A PLAN TO GET RID OF THEM AFTER ENGINES ARE FIXED, BUT HAVE TO ASK LOGAN FIRST. HE'LL WARN THEM.
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO -- STOMM!

AAAUUGH!
HOLD HIM, CARSON!
GET THE GUN!
SWALLOW-THIS-
LOGAN-
NOOO-!
GRUD DAMN YOU.
UHHH...
OKAY. LET'S...LET'S GET ON WITH IT...
I KNEW IT'D COME TO THIS SOONER OR LATER, SO I FITTED THE SHIP'S ROBOTS WITH HOSTILITY CIRCUITS BEFORE WE TOOK OFF. ONCE THE REPAIRS ARE DONE I'LL ACTIVATE THEM -- THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF THE OTHERS.
'TIL THEN, WE WAIT.

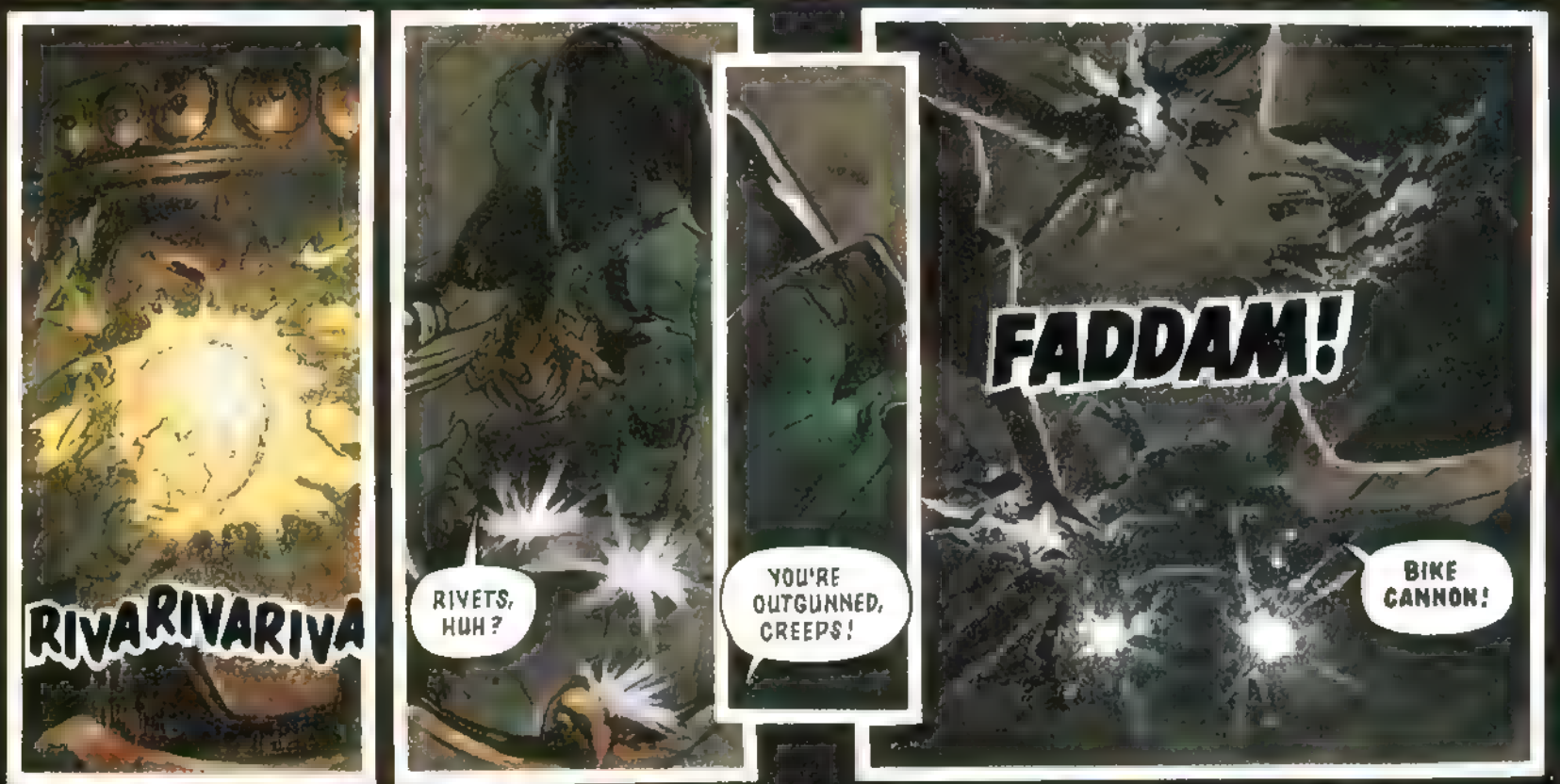
JUST THE FINE TUNING TO GO NOW, JUDGE DREDD.
NINE AND A HALF HOURS. GOOD WORK, HAWKINS.
I WANT TO CHECK THE DOORS DOWN IN THE CARGO BAY. IF WE WERE SHAKEN UP TOO MUCH BY THE IMPACT, THEY'LL BE THE FIRST TO GO.
HAWKINS, GET THE ROBOTS TO PUT THE LAST PATCH ON. I'M GOING WITH LEWIS.
DON'T WANT YOU GETTING UP TO ANY MISCHIEF BY YOURSELF...
INFORM LOGAN YOU'RE FINISHED AND TELL HIM I'LL BE WITH HIM IN FIVE.
KINCAID, YOU MAKE SURE HAWKINS DOESN'T TRY ANYTHING.
HUH!
JUDGE LOGAN, THIS IS HAWKINS. WE'RE ABOUT DONE HERE.
DID YOU GET THAT? JUDGE LOGAN, PLEASE ACKNOWLEDGE.
JUDGE L—
AAAIIEEEE!
AARGH!

NEXT PROG: THE REASON WHY

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 771
50p
22 FEB 92
FACE-TO-FACE WITH JUSTICE!

STOMM!
ABOARD JUSTICE ONE, THE MURDERERS CARSON AND HAYES HAVE WIPED OUT THE ENTIRE CREW. NOW ONLY ONE OBSTACLE REMAINS TO THEIR ESCAPE — JUDGE DREDD.

BACK OFF, TINHEAD!


RIVARIVARIVA
RIVETS, HUH?
YOU'RE OUTGUNNED, CREEPS!
FADDAM!
BIKE CANNON!

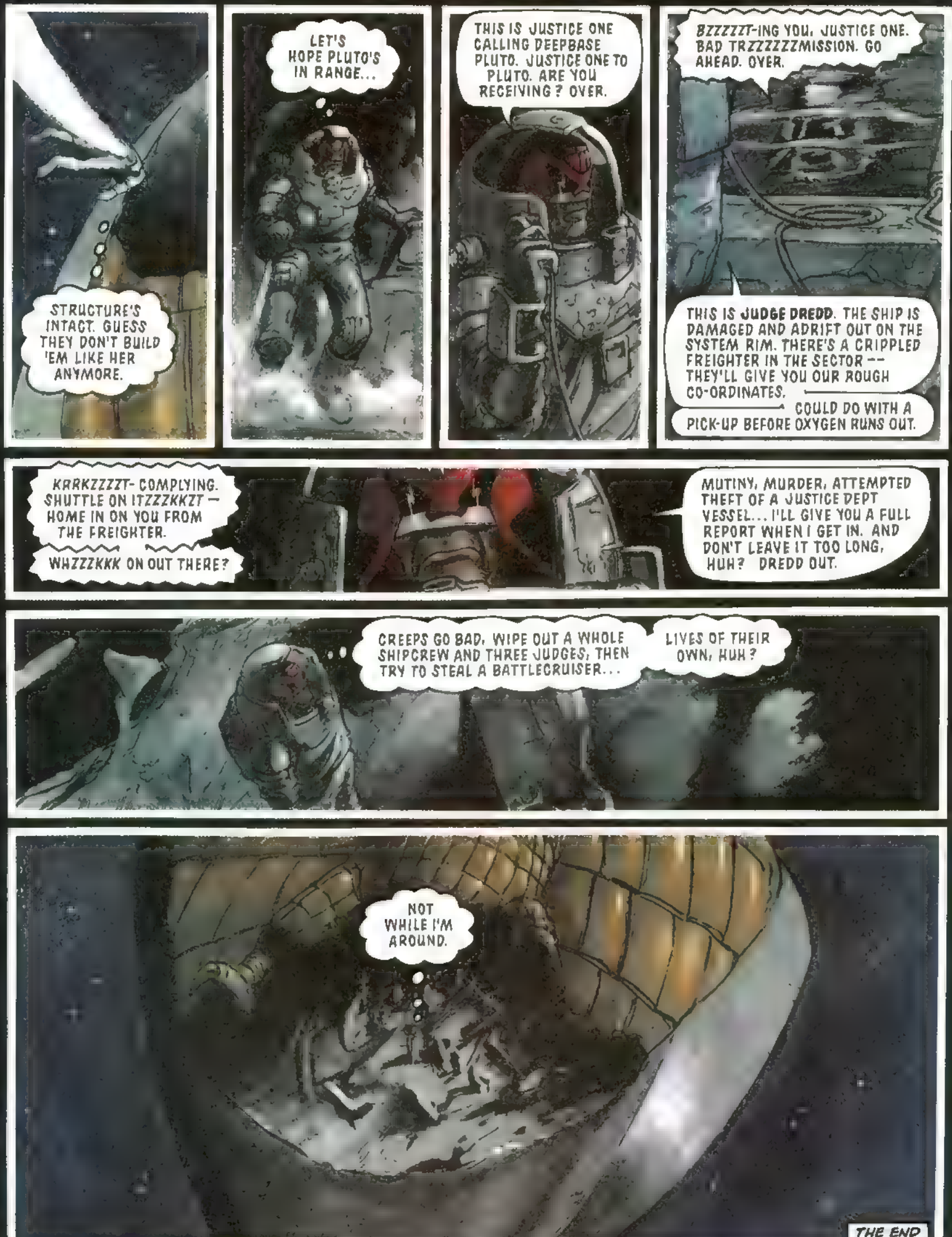
MY GRUD! HE'S GOT THREE OF THEM!
I'M CUTTING THIS SHORT!
JUDGE DREDD
PART 6
JUSTICE ONE

ALERT! ALERT!
BAY DOORS OPENING!
CLEAR THE BAY!
ALERT!
HELL! GONNA BE DRAGGED OUT-!
DOOR'S GONNA GO-
NO TIME TO CHECK THE SUIT SEALS HERE'S HOPING.

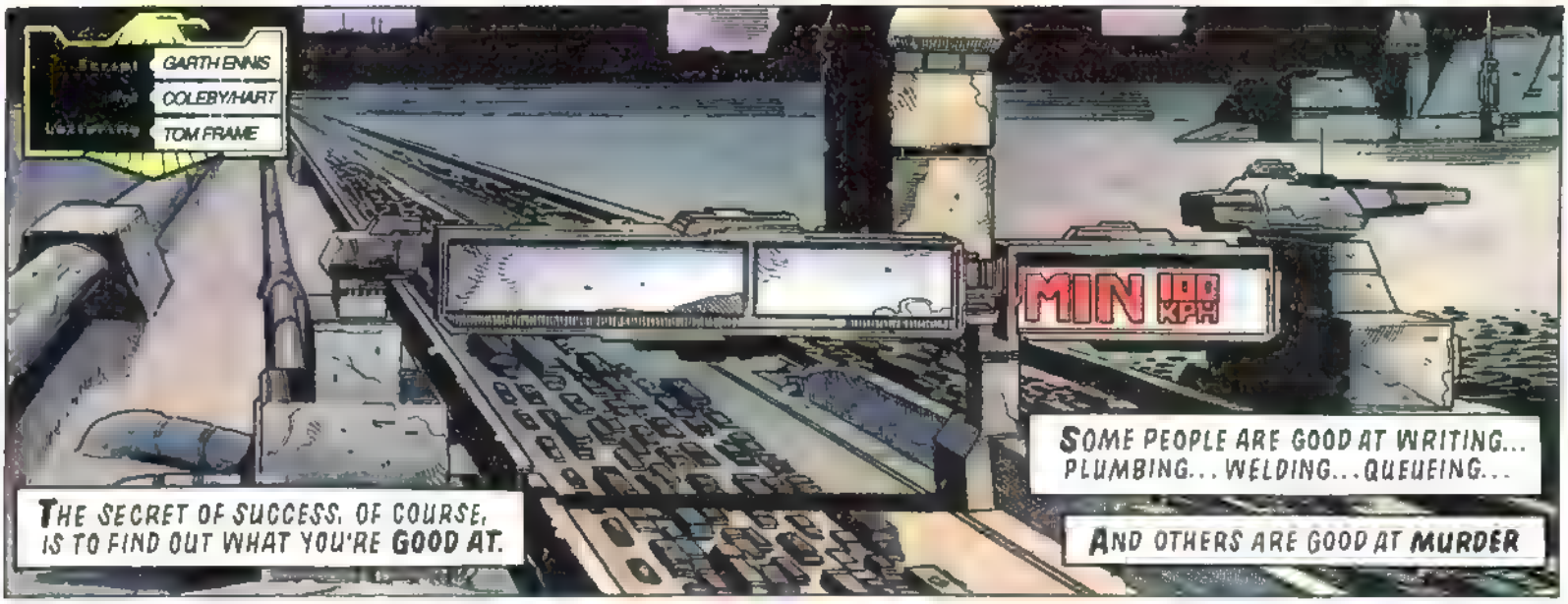
DEPRESSURISATION COMPLETE. ANYTHING NOT NAILED DOWN IS CURRENTLY SUCKING VAC.
DREDD'S DEAD.
LET'S HOPE HAWKINS' REPAIRS HOLD... ENGINES ARE COMING ON LINE. SET COURSE
COURSE FOR ALMEIRA SET AND LOCKED
TURBINES ARE HOT. WE REFUEL AT ALMEIRA AS PER SCHEDULE, THEN HEAD FOR THE OUTER SYSTEMS.
AND THEN WE WILL REALLY START LIVING, CARSON.
TOO BAD ABOUT THE OTHERS GETTING RUN OVER ON OUR ROAD TO FREEDOM, HUH?
OH, A TRAGEDY.
HIT IT, CARSON.
ONE MOVE NEARER THOSE CONTROLS AND YOU'RE DEAD, CARSON!
RAISE 'EM, BOTH OF YOU!
FTL ENGAGE
DREDD!

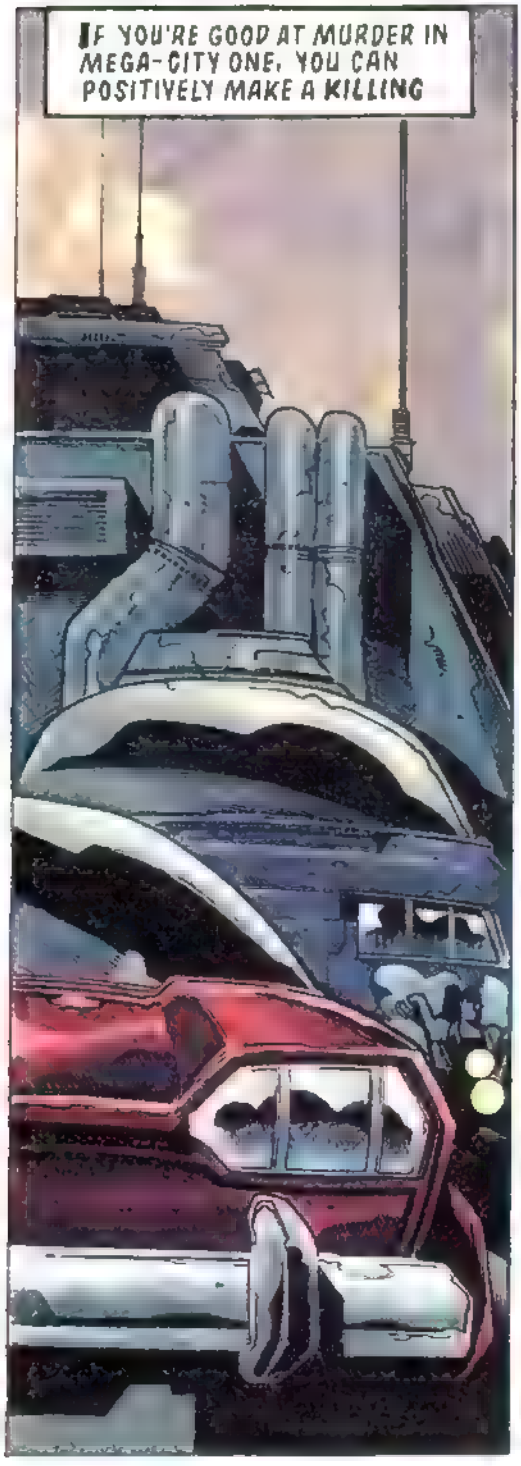
YOU'RE CRAZY, DREDD! THE INSTANT WE BRING UP THE TURBINES YOU'LL BE SPLATTERED ALL OVER THE SHIP!
JUST TRY IT, HAYES!
COME ON, DREDD – BE REASONABLE! WE'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS FOR TWO YEARS – WE'VE HAD A BELLYFUL OF SHUTTLING SECURITY TOURS ROUND THE GALAXY! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THE SHIP AND START LIVES OF OUR OWN!
WE'LL PAY YOU! WE'VE BUILT UP TWO HUNDRED GRAND FOR THIS TRIP – GIVE US SAFE PASSAGE AND IT'S ALL YOURS!
I'VE HEARD GARBAGE LIKE THAT BEFORE, HAYES! THE ONLY THING BENT JUDGES GET FROM ME IS A BULLET!
THREE SECONDS TO GIVE IT UP!
GO FOR IT!
NO –
YOUR MISTAKE, CREEP!

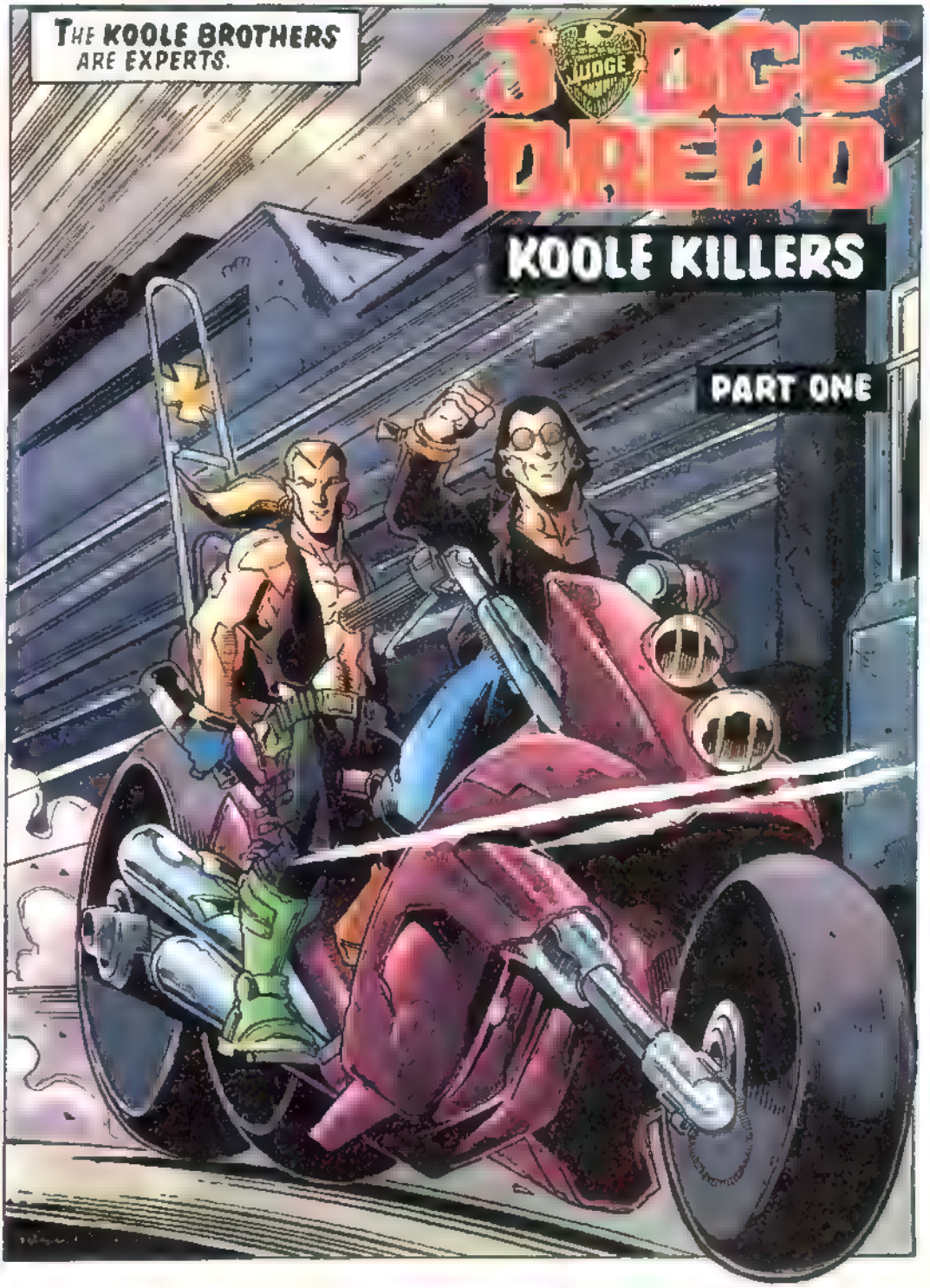
ARMOUR PIERCING!
CARSON!
OH MY GRUD – AAACCH
BETTER GET SOME DISTANCE!
EMERGENCY! BRIDGE HOLED! DEPRESSURISATION IN PROGRESS!
BLOW-OUT IMMINENT!



NEXT PROG: THE KOOLE KILLERS

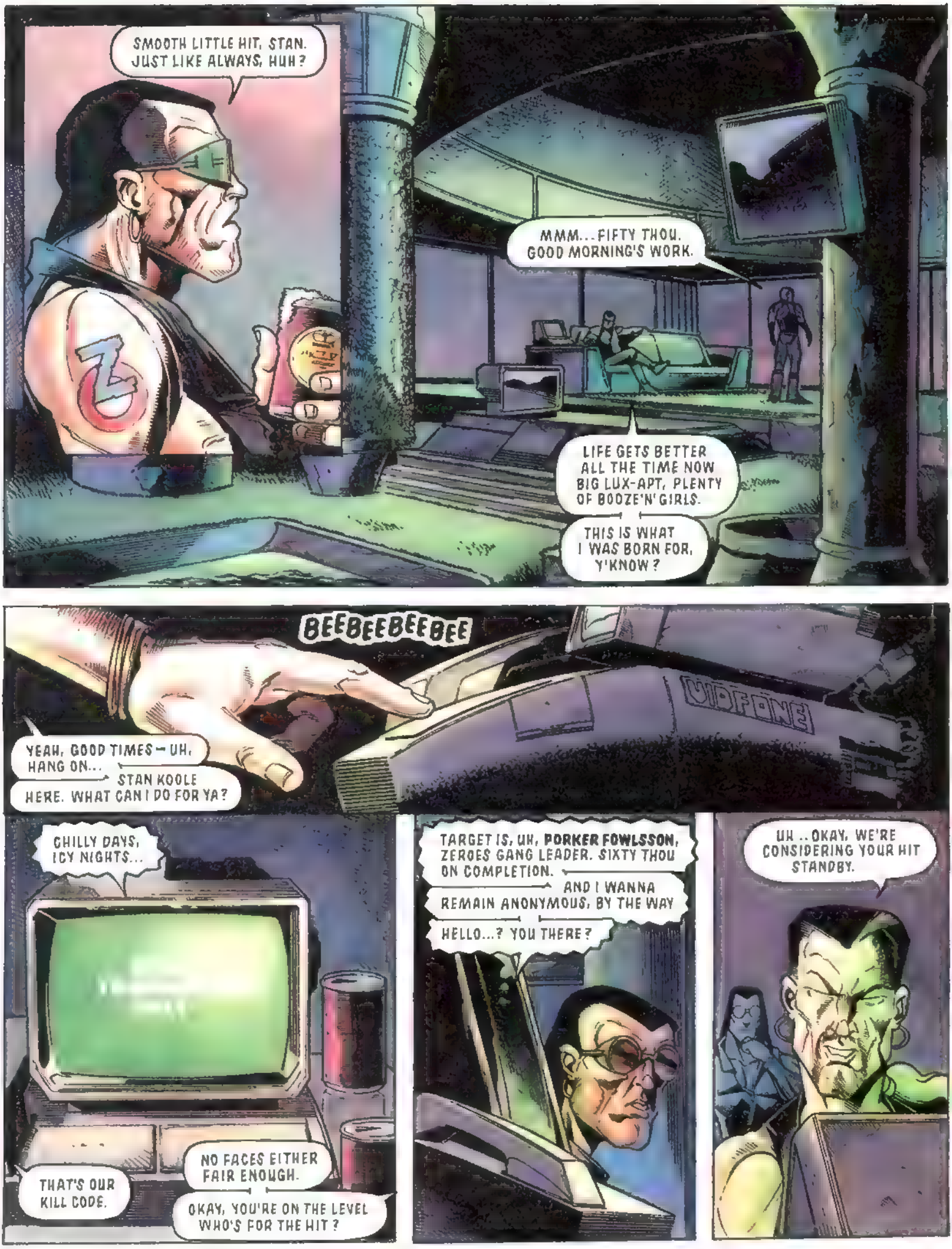

GARTH ENNIS
COLEBY/HART
TOM FRAME
MIN 100 KPH
THE SECRET OF SUCCESS, OF COURSE, IS TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU'RE GOOD AT.
SOME PEOPLE ARE GOOD AT WRITING... PLUMBING... WELDING... QUEUEING...
AND OTHERS ARE GOOD AT MURDER


IF YOU'RE GOOD AT MURDER IN MEGA-CITY ONE, YOU CAN POSITIVELY MAKE A KILLING


THE KOOLE BROTHERS ARE EXPERTS.
JUDGE DREDD
KOOLE KILLERS
PART ONE

THAT'S THE ONE, OLLIE-- THE RED BOOSTERBIRD TURBO
GOTCHA, STAN!
THE KOOLE'S AREN'T BLITZERS -- HEY, WHO WANTS A BOMB IN THEIR HEAD THAT GOES OFF WHEN THEY SURRENDER? AND THEY TEND TO GET A LITTLE WILD AT TIMES, TOO.
BUT THEY'RE CHEAP
AND THEY DO THE JOB
GROOVY!
BAKOOOM!

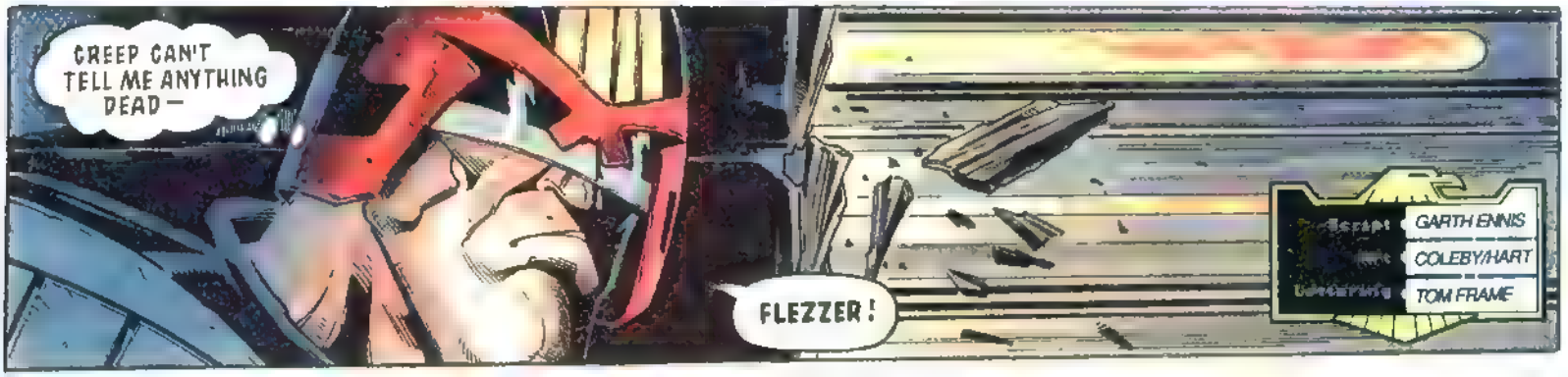
NEAR AS WE CAN TELL, IT ALL STARTED WHEN A BOOSTERBIRD EXPLODED — THE REST OF 'EM JUST PLOUGHED INTO THE WRECKAGE.
ALWAYS DIFFICULT TO STOP SUDDENLY WHEN YOU'RE DOING TWO HUNDRED.
ANYTHING ON THE BOOSTERBIRD ITSELF? LIKE WHY IT BLEW UP?
BIT EARLY—
DREDD!
GOT A WITNESS HERE -- CLAIMS HE WAS ON THE SKED WHEN IT HAPPENED
LET'S HEAR IT, CITIZEN
YEAH, RIGHT. I'M DRIVING ALONG, SEE, NEXT LANE OVER FROM THE RED TURBO -- ALL OF A SUDDEN THESE TWO GUYS ON A BIG HARLEY POWERHOG PULL UP BESIDE HIM. THEY WERE THERE FOR MAYBE THREE SECONDS, THEN WHAMMO!
DESCRIBE THEM.
DIDN'T GET MUCH OF A LOOK AT THEIR FACES — LOTTA BLACK LEATHER, REAL COOL CATS. TELL YA ONE THING... THE FRONT GUY, HE HAD THIS BIG TATOO ON HIS SHOULDER. KINDA LIKE A "Z" OVER AN "O". GET ME?
TRUCKIN HELL!
HUH? HEY, ISN'T THAT A STREET GANG MARK?
YEAH
ZEROES.


SMOOTH LITTLE HIT, STAN. JUST LIKE ALWAYS, HUH?
MMM... FIFTY THOU. GOOD MORNING'S WORK.
LIFE GETS BETTER ALL THE TIME NOW BIG LUX-APT, PLENTY OF BOOZE'N'GIRLS.
THIS IS WHAT I WAS BORN FOR, Y'KNOW?
BEEBEEBEEBEE
YEAH, GOOD TIMES — UH, HANG ON...
STAN KOOLE HERE. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YA?
CHILLY DAYS, ICY NIGHTS...
THAT'S OUR KILL CODE.
NO FACES EITHER FAIR ENOUGH.
OKAY, YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL WHO'S FOR THE HIT?
TARGET IS, UH, PORKER FOWLSSON, ZEROES GANG LEADER. SIXTY THOU ON COMPLETION.
AND I WANNA REMAIN ANONYMOUS, BY THE WAY
HELLO...? YOU THERE?
UH .. OKAY, WE'RE CONSIDERING YOUR HIT STANDBY.

JEEZ, I DUNNO I MEAN, THE ZEROES -- THAT'S OUR OLD GANG, STAN! WE USED TO LEAD 'EM!
I KNOW. BUT THIS GUY SEEMS LEGIT. HE'S GOT OUR CODE AN' HE'S PUTTIN' UP THE CREDS...
A JOB'S A JOB, RIGHT? AN' WE AIN'T IN THE ZEROES ANYMORE.
WE'VE STILL GOT THE MARK, STAN. GONNA FEEL A BIT STRANGE, JOIN' OL' PORKER.
COME ON, OLLIE -- WE LEFT THE GANG 'CAUSE THEY WERE STRICTLY SMALL-FRY. WE GOT A NEW LIFE NOW, RIGHT?
GOOD TIMES, OLLIE...
YEAH. YEAH, WHAT THE HELL.
GOOD TIMES, STAN.
THAT'S MY BOY!
TAKE THE TRUCKER DOWNTOWN, SEE IF YOU CAN GET A DEFINITE I D ON THESE BIKER PUNKS -- AND LET ME KNOW IF FORENSIC TURN UP ANYTHING IN THE WRECKAGE.
YOU GONNA CHECK OUT THE ZEROES?
NOT EXACTLY. YOU START SNIFFING ROUND THOSE SCUM, THEY JUST CLOSE RANKS.
IF I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT THE ZEROES ARE UP TO...
..I'LL HAVE TO PLAY IT COOL.

NEXT PROG: KOOLE HEARTS, HOT LEAD!

THIS IS THE LAW, FLEZZER! OPEN UP!
KA-CHIK!
GUN BREECH!
DREDD
BDOW! BDOW!
SHOVE YOUR LAW, CHINFACE!
JUDGE DREDD
KOOLE KILLERS: PART 2


CREEP CAN'T TELL ME ANYTHING DEAD—
FLEZZER!
Script GARTH ENNIS
COLEBY/HART
Lettering TOM FRAME

GET LOST, LAWMAN! NEVER GIVE A GUY A BREAK, DO YA? COUPLE O' LOUSY HOLD UPS, AN' YOU GOTTA COME TO KICK MY BUTT FOR 'EM!
BUDDABUDDABUDDA
GOT TO KEEP THE JERK'S HEAD DOWN—
THAT'S NOT IT, FLEZZER I JUST WANT TO TALK!
TALK? WHAT ABOUT?
TWO PUNKS FROM YOUR OLD GANG WERE INVOLVED IN A SKED SMASH THIS MORNING— WITNESSES RECKONED THEY CAUSED IT. LEATHER GEAR, BIG BIKE, SMOOTH OPERATORS
ANY IDEAS?
SOUNDS LIKE THE KOOLE BROTHERS— BUT THEY LEFT THE ZEROES LAST YEAR
AND DON'T THINK THIS MEANS I'M COMING QUIETLY, LAW JOCKEY! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!
ARMOUR PIERCING!
BADAAM!
I TOLD YOU WHAT YOU WANNNGH!
MUCH OBLIGED.

CONTROL — DREDD. RUN A CHECK ON TWO EX-ZERO MEMBERS... BROTHERS BY THE NAME OF KOOLE.
AND GET A MEAT WAGON TO APARTMENT SIX ONE NINE, ALF NEUMAN BLOCK.
ON ITS WAY FLEZZER DIDN'T SQUEAL, THEN?
CREEP HAD PLENTY TO SAY. .
I JUST OBJECTED TO THE WAY HE SAID IT.
THE KOOLE BROTHERS, MEANWHILE, ARE BUSY EARNING A LIVING AS HIRED KILLERS —
WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT PORKER FOWLSSON DEAD? I MEAN, SURE, HE'S A SCUMBAG, BUT SIXTY THOU AIN'T NO SMALL CHANGE...
THAT'S TRUE... WHO WOULD BE BOTHERED TO PAY THAT FOR A TWO-CRED PUNK LIKE PORKER?
AND WE WERE HIS BUDDIES IN THE ZEROES — WHY GET US TO DO HIM?
THERE'S SOMETHIN' BOTHERIN' ME, STAN...
YEAH?
THIS IS BEGINNING TO STINK OF A SET UP

STAN! OLLIE! GOOD TO SEE YA!
SO WHAT BRINGS YOU TWO BACK TO THE ZEROES, HUH? THOUGHT YOU WERE GONE FOREVER – TOO COOL FOR STREET TRASH LIKE US.
AW, DON'T BE DUMB, PORKER. WE WANTED TO SEE OUR OLD BUDDIES, Y'KNOW?
WE'D LIKE A WORD, PORKER PRIVATE.
AHHH!
WHAT'S UP, FELLAS?
YOU ANNOYED ANYONE IMPORTANT RECENTLY, PORKER? ANYONE RICH?
RICH..? NAH WE BEEN HITTIN' THE OTHER GANGS NOW AN' AGAIN, BUT THAT'S NOTHIN' NEW, REALLY
WHY YOU ASKIN'?
'CAUSE SOMEONE'S PUT A SIXTY THOUSAND CRED CONTRACT ON YOUR HEAD..
AN' WE'RE THE ONES THAT TOOK IT, PORKER.

WHAT?
OH, I GET IT! A JOKE! VERY FUNNY, FELLAS!
AS IF, HUH? LIKE YOU'RE REALLY GONNA KILL OL' PORKER, RIGHT?
'COURSE NOT, PORKER
NO 'COURSE NOT
AK—!
CONTROL TO DREDD— WE RAN THAT CHECK.
THE KOOLE BROTHERS, STANLEY AND OLIVER. LEFT THE ZEROES IN MARCH OF LAST YEAR. HAVEN'T CROPPED UP SINCE. DID SOME TIME FOR ASSAULT WHEN THEY WERE JUVES... JUST THE USUAL GANG STUFF.
PRESENT WHEREABOUTS?

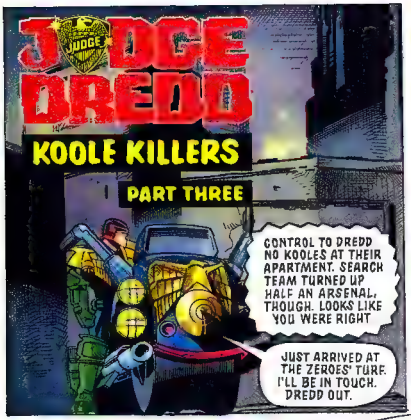
NEXT PROG: LAST STAND

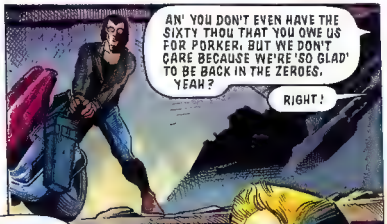
DID A GOOD JOB ON PORKER, FELLAS. REAL SWEET.
WHAT THE DROKK'S GOIN' ON HERE, SLASH? IF YOU KNEW WE WERE AFTER PORKER, WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP US?
SIMPLE, STAN. THE PEOPLE WHO HIRED YOU TO KILL HIM... WELL, THAT WAS US
WHAAAT?
YOU FLIPPED, SLASH?
NOPE. EVER SINCE YOU GUYS LEFT US, WE GONE STRAIGHT DOWN THE JOHN...
OTHER GANGS'RE MOVIN' IN ON US, MONEY'S GONE, UMPTY SUPPLIER'S PACKED HIS BAGS — HELL, PORKER REALLY SCREWED THINGS UP LIKE THE STUPE HE WAS.
BUT YOU TWO! THE KOOLE BROTHERS!
YOU GUYS ARE ON THE WAY UP! TOP CONTRACT KILLERS! LIVIN' THE HIGH LIFE!
YOU GUYS ARE WINNERS!
WE NEED YOU BACK, FELLAS... WE NEED YOUR MAGIC.

JUDGE DREDD

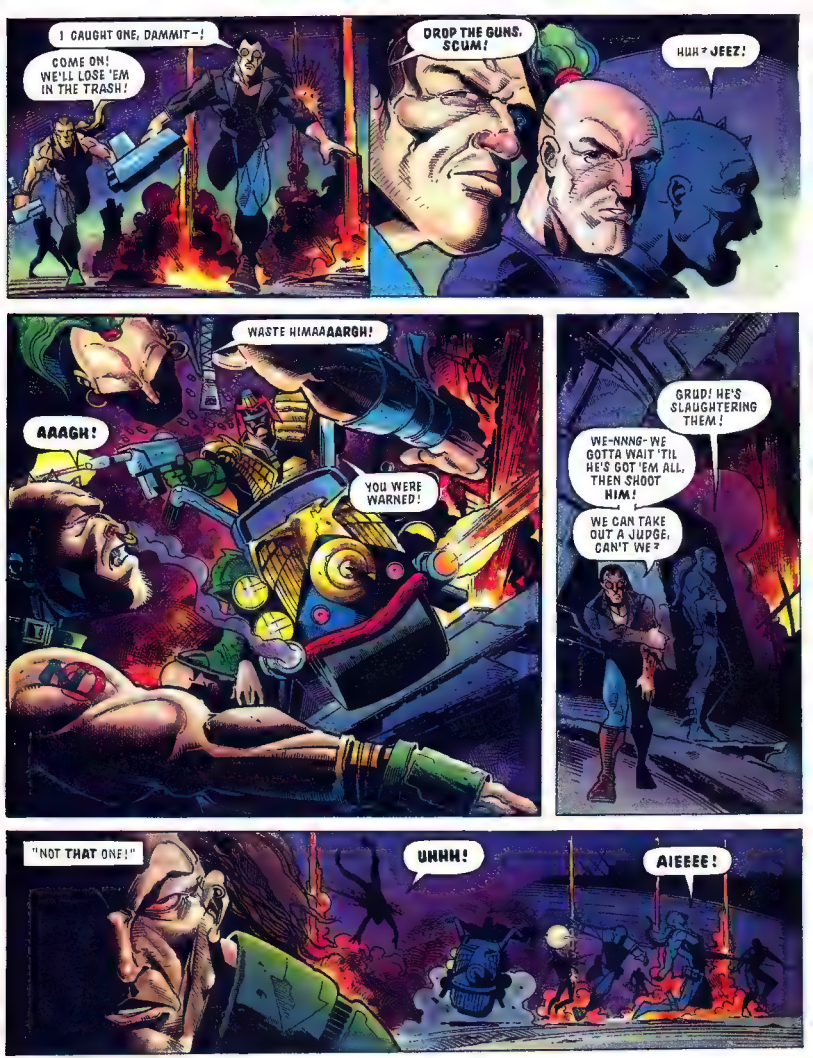
KOOLE KILLERS

PART THREE





AAARGHH!
MY EYES — OH GRUD MY EYES!
EXPLOSION INSIDE—!
BIKE LASER!
OUT THE GATE AN' WE'RE CLEAR! GO, OLLIE!
UNGHH!
NOOOARR!
"HOLY GRUD! THE LAW!"
BODAMM!
THE YOUNG GODS
YOU CREEPS! HALT OR I FIRE!
WE'RE SCREWED! WE'LL NEVER OUTRUN A LAWMASTER!
OLLIE, WATCH IT— THE REST'VE THE GANG ARE—
BACKSTABBERS! DIRTY SCUMBAG TRAITORS!
BLAMM! BLAMM!


I CAUGHT ONE, DAMMIT-!
COME ON! WE'LL LOSE 'EM IN THE TRASH!
DROP THE GUNS, SCUM!
HUH? JEEZ!
AAAGH!
WASTE HIMAAAARGH!
YOU WERE WARNED!
GRUD! HE'S SLAUGHTERING THEM!
WE-NNNG- WE GOTTA WAIT 'TIL HE'S GOT 'EM ALL, THEN SHOOT HIM!
WE CAN TAKE OUT A JUDGE, CAN'T WE?
"NOT THAT ONE!"
UNHH!
AIEEEE!

STAN AND OLLIE KOOLE – WHERE?
TH-TH-THAT'S THEM WE'RE... AAOOOW... CHASIN', MAN –!
DON'T GO AWAY, MEATHEAD.
I C-CAN'T GO ANYWHERE--
YOU KOOLES! THIS IS JUDGE DREDD!
YOU TWO CREEPS HAVE CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE! I'M GIVING YOU ONE CHANCE TO GIVE IT UP – THEN I'M SENDING YOU TO RESYK!
DROKK IT! EVERYTHING WAS GOING SO WELL – NOW WE GET ONE BAD DAY – JUST ONE – AND EVERYTHING GOES SOUR ON US!
SO WHAT'S THE PLAN?
THERE... SPUG IT, THERE ISN'T ONE.
I MEAN, WE CAN'T GET OUT, 'CEPT BY THE MAIN GATE – AN' THAT MEANS GOIN' THROUGH HIM.
THEN THAT'S IT.
YEAH. I GUESS... OLLIE, I JUST WANNA SAY –
SAVE IT.
GOOD TIMES, STAN.

THE GOOD TIMES ARE OVER.

NEXT PROG: FIRST OF THE MANY!

JUDGE DREDD

THE HAND OF FATE

BUT THE MAJOR DRAWBACK--
WHAT ISH IT? YOU GOT A DRINK OR SHOMETHIN'?
YEAH. SOMETHING
THE ONE I HATE MOST--
H-H-HUH .?
IS HAVING TO MURDER ALL THESE PEOPLE
IN THE NAME OF SATAN ANTI-GRUD — THE HORNED ONE — THE EVIL MEGA-GOAT --
DIE!
I HATE THE BLOOD, AND THE GORE, AND THE MESS --

I HATE THE AWFUL SQUELCHING NOISES THAT THE GRINDERS MAKE WHEN I DISPOSE OF THE EVIDENCE--
SKRUNCH!
SQUULSH!
BUT, BALANCED AGAINST INFINITY, I GUESS IT'S NOT SUCH A HEAVY PRICE TO PAY.
YOU!
STAND AWAY FROM THAT GRINDER! TURN ROUND SO I CAN SEE YOU!
THE DEVIL, OF COURSE, LOOKS AFTER HIS OWN.
HE ADVISED ME TO TAKE PRECAUTIONS. HENCE THE PHOSPHOR FLARE GIMMICK I RIGGED INTO MY ROBE--
WHAT THE DROKK--?
HOLD IT, CREEP!
AAAGH!
KRASH!
AAH! AAH!

CONTROL? DREDD.
ALERT ANY UNIT, VICINITY ED CALLEY ALLEY. BE ON LOOK-OUT FOR FLEEING PERP, WEARING A CAPE.
NOT MUCH OF A DESCRIPTION, DREDD. CAN'T YOU GIVE US ANY MORE?
GRUNDER
SURE. GET A FINGERPRINT TEAM DOWN HERE!
--PRINTS I.D. HIM AS ONE ADAM E. TERNO
MINOR CONVICTION THREE YEARS BACK, POSSESSION OF BANNED LITERATURE. RUNS A BOOKSHOP OVER ON METHUSALEH STREET.
AS FOR HIS VICTIM--
THAT'S GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE LONGER!

IT HURTS... BUT I'M ALIVE. AND MAYBE — JUST MAYBE — IMMORTALS CAN GROW NEW LIMBS.
METHUSELAH St.
WHY DID HE SAVE ME? COME TO THAT, WHY DID HE CHOOSE ME IN THE FIRST PLACE?
WHAT MADE ME SO SPECIAL THAT HE SHOULD OFFER ME EVERLASTING LIFE?
CLOSE
MAYBE I SHOULDN'T LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH. BUT I CAN'T HELP WONDERING... AM I ALONE.
METHUSELAH St.
HOW MANY OTHERS MIGHT THERE BE? HOW MANY CORPSES BEING STUFFED IN GRINDERS EVERY NIGHT BY GUYS LIKE ME?
HOW MANY MORE OF US ARE THERE, KILLING OTHERS SO WE CAN LIVE FOREVER?
HOW MANY MORE IN THIS CITY HAVE MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL?

ADAM E. TERNO OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
WHAT--?
I MEAN NOW, CREEP!
KRAASH!
HOME, ALL RIGHT!

SWEET GRUD..

HE'S BEEN BUSY—AND THEN SOME!
SATAN ANTI-GRUD, HEAR MY PRAYER! GUIDE MY AIM--
THERE!
SHRAANG
STABB!
AARRRGH!
--IN A COMA DOCS SAY HE'LL DIE IF THEY OPERATE.
JUSTICE DEPT VAULT

SO YOU WANT HIM FROZEN IN SUS-AN TILL THEY HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY TO CURE HIM?
HE MUST'VE BEEN PRETTY BAD ..!
ACCORDIN' TO HIS DIARY, HE THINKS HE MADE A PACT WITH THE DEVIL.
HE GETS IMMORTAL LIFE IN RETURN FOR KILLING A VICTIM A DAY
CREEP DID BETTER THAN A THOUSAND!
IMMORTAL LIFE, HUH? GUESS SUSPENDED ANIMATION'S THE NEXT BEST THING.
MICKS
MIND IF I ASK WHY? IF THEY EVER DO BRING HIM OUT OF IT, YOU'LL ONLY EXECUTE HIM.
WHY NOT JUST LET HIM DIE NOW?
ADAM E. TERNO
NO. D17/05
BECAUSE IF HIS DIARY IS TELLING THE TRUTH, I WANT A LINE ON HIS ACCOMPLICE!

THE END!

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

PROG 775

50p

21 MAR 92

PERP ONE!

DREDD'S FIRST BUST

-INSIDE!

JUDGE DREDD

FIRST OF THE MANY

DREDD TO CONTROL— BEEN ON THE STREETS A HUNDRED HOURS STRAIGHT. NOW SIGNING OFF.

ROJ. DREDD.

YOU'RE LOGGED OFF AT OH TWO THIRTY— DUE BACK ON AT SEVEN. SLEEP WELL.

YOU'VE EARNED IT.

Script: Garth Ennis
Art: Robinson Hart
Lettering: Tom Frame

ER... EXCUSE ME JUDGE DREDD?

YEAH.

I... I WONDER IF YOU REMEMBER ME?

SHOULD I?

WELL, YEAH. I'M BERT DUBINSKI.

I'M THE FIRST GUY YOU EVER ARRESTED.

HE REMEMBERED. JUST.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. HE WAS EIGHTEEN.

HE WAS OLD MORPH'S ROOKIE...

IT'S AN HONOUR TO SERVE AS YOUR ROOKIE, SIR.

YOU MIGHT NOT THINK SO AFTER A FEW HOURS ON THE STREETS WITH ME, SON. LET'S GO.

THEY LEFT THE GRAND HALL THAT MORNING, SWUNG THEIR LAWMASTERS LEFT ON TO THE SKED AND HEADED DOWNTOWN. THE CITY OPENED ITS HEART TO THEM, LIKE AN OLD FRIEND.

HE KNEW AS SOON AS HE HIT THE STREETS THAT HE BELONGED THERE

ORDINARY CITY STREET— COULD BE UP TO A HUNDRED PETTY CRIMES GOING ON RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES

WATCH **EVERYONE** — THE NERVOUS ONES, THE WISEGUYS, EVEN THE **NORMAL** ONES...

YOU SEE SOMEONE SHIFTY, THROW THEM THE **STARE**—

WE'VE GOT ONE, JUDGE MORPHY.

STAY AWAY, YA MORONS! STAY THE DROKKIN' HELL **AWAY FROM ME!**

OH GRUD!

HE-HE **KILLED** THOSE GUYS IN THERE!

WHAT'S THE PLAN, SON?

DON'T WANT TO START A FIREFIGHT IN A CROWDED STREET IF WE CAN HELP IT. I'LL TRY AND TAKE HIM QUIETLY.

I'M WARNIN' YOU! I DON'T TAKE NO GARBOLA! THEM TWO HADDA BE NASTY. THEY GOT WHAT WAS COMIN'!

THAT'S IT! BACK TO YER BUSINESS! YOU NEVER SAW ME, OKAY?

PAYS TO LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', MEATHEAD.

DROP IT.

Y-Y-YOU BET!

DONT WALK

WALK

CONTROL, MORPHY. THE ROOKIE'S JUST PULLED IN A GUNMAN. CATCH WAGON TO VINER STREET.

ON ITS WAY. YOU'VE HARDLY BEEN OUT TWO MINUTES, MORPH. KID MUST BE QUITE THE HOTSHOT.

YEAH.

THINK HE'S STARTIN' LIKE HE MEANS TO GO ON.

AS I RECALL, YOU KILLED TWO PEOPLE IN THAT SHOP, DUBINSKI. WE GAVE YOU A **THIRTY-FIVE** STRETCH.

YEP. JUST GOT OUT TODAY, JUDGE.

WHAT D'YOU **WANT**, CREEP?

AW, DON'T BE LIKE THAT! I JUST CALLED BY TO SEE HOW YOU'RE DOIN' — Y'KNOW, CATCHIN' UP ON AN OLD BUDDY!

I'M **NO** BUDDY OF YOURS, SCUMBAG. GET LOST BEFORE I RUN YOU IN FOR **LOITERING**!

WHOA, WHOA! I WAS JUST CURIOUS TO SEE YOU, MAN! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME!

I MEAN, YOU JUST GONE FROM COOL TO COOLEST. I FOLLOWED YOUR CAREER...

THE CURSED EARTH CROSSING! THE JUDGE CHILD! BLOWIN' AWAY EAST-MEG ONE! HELL, I EVEN HEARD IT WAS YOU PUT THE ICE ON THE **NECROPOLIS**!

YOU DONE **WELL** FOR YOU YOURSELF, JUDGE DREDD!

"HEY, YOU GOTTA HAVE DONE BETTER THAN ME! KNOW WHAT I BEEN DOIN' FOR THE PAST THIRTY-FIVE YEARS?

"AIN'T A WHOLE LOTTA PROSPECTS FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT IN THE **ISO-CUBES**. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

LAST WARNING, DUBINSKI. **BEAT IT**!

SURE, FAIR ENOUGH. THOUGHT YOU'D BE GLAD TO SEE ME, ME BEIN' YOUR FIRST COLLAR AN' ALL. NO PROB.

I MEAN, I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE.

YOU COULDA BEEN FRIENDLY, THAT'S ALL. I'M A BIT UPSET NOW. I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN PEOPLE ARE NASTY.

LIKE THEM TWO GUYS IN THE SHOP...THAT'S WHY I KILLED THEM, Y'KNOW? THEY COULDN'T BE NICE, JUST KEPT YELLIN' AT ME FOR GETTIN' IN THE WAY...

WHY CAN'T PEOPLE BE FRIENDLY, DAMMIT?

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

HUH? WHERE'D HE GO...?

GETTIN' A SENSE OF **DEJA VU**, DUBINSKI?

HOW ?

SAME AS BEFORE, DOUGHBALL. YOU DIDN'T KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN — OR ON **ME**.

DROP IT.

I-I AIN'T TOO SURE I WANNA GO BACK TO THE CUBES, JUDGE DREDD. PEOPLE AIN'T ALL THAT **FRIENDLY** IN THE CUBES...

IT'S YOUR CHOICE.

YEAH-!

BADAM!

GET A MEAT WAGON TO ROWDY YATES CON-APTS, CONTROL. JUST DUSTED ONE **BERK DUBINSKI**.

WILCO. UH... WOULD THAT BE THE DUBINSKI WHO WAS RELEASED FROM ISO-BLOCK TEN THIS MORNING? ONE OF **YOUR** OLD PERPS?

YEAH. MIGHT'VE BEEN BETTER IF I'D PUT A BULLET IN HIM THE FIRST TIME ROUND.

WOULD'VE SAVED US **BOTH** A LOT OF TROUBLE.

NEXT PROG: **MEGA-CITY BABES!**